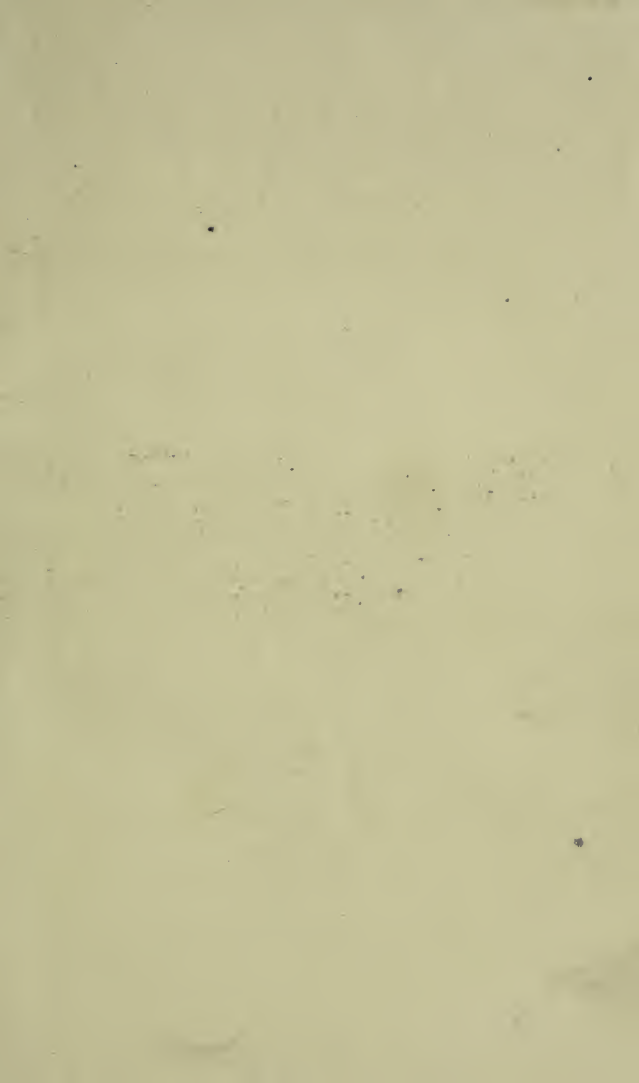


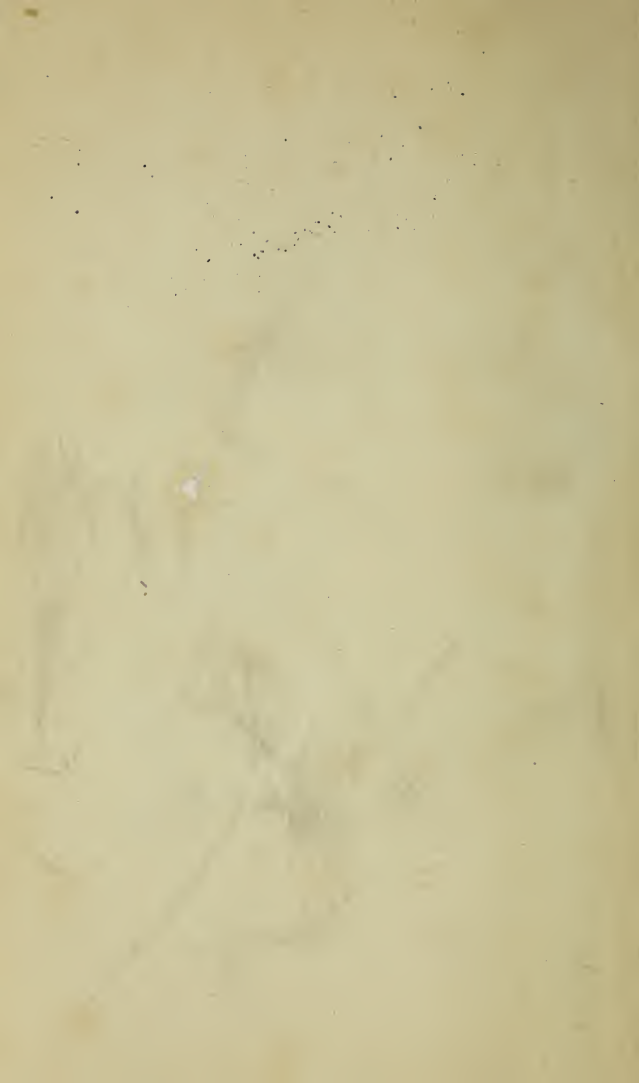
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MDCCCXLIII.



TO THE  
CHANCELLOR, MASTERS, AND SCHOLARS  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

*This Poem*

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

25 Jul. 44 Ep. 20th. 1844



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## PREFACE

TO

THE THIRD EDITION.

---

“ Oh ! none whose souls have felt a mighty name  
Thrill to their centre with its sound of fame,  
Whose hearts have warmed at wisdom, truth, or worth,  
And half that makes the heaven we meet on earth,  
Can tread the ground by genius often trod,  
Nor feel a nature more akin to God !”

A THIRD edition of the present work having been required, the Author has endeavoured to correct some inaccuracies which prevailed in the first, and to remove those verbal innovations

“ quas aut incuria fudit  
Aut humana parum cavit natura.”

The writer needs no oracle to remind him of the many imperfections in this work which yet remain, or to convince him how unequal it is to the dignity

and interest of his subject. Oxford is indeed a city of intellectual romance, and hallowed by memories of surpassing worth in every sphere which science, learning, and imagination command. Her past teems with the proudest records of genius, and you cannot unfold the great volume of mental biography without finding its pages starred with the bright names of those whose minds were cradled in her ancient University. If Cicero could feel a fine glow of classical enthusiasm on the haunted ground of Athens, and say, "*quàcunque ingredimur in aliquam historiam vestigium ponimus,*" surely we may look on Oxford with the triumph of patriots, and the sympathy of scholars; and imagine every grove to be peopled with the forms of sages, poets, and philosophers;—

“And tread the sacred walks  
Where, at each step, imagination burns!”

For himself, without assuming a more than ordinary love of the past, the Author cannot bid farewell to Oxford without deep and unaffected emotion. Though he entered College at an age when experience had chilled those local excitements which he would otherwise have felt, and though his days there,

for the most part, have glided away in solitude and anxiety, still he has to thank her for many an hour of pure and elevated delight, and, above all, for the unseen presence of those associations which hang like a spell round her walls. Oxford

“Has many a worthier son than he;”

but none who entered on her scenes with more enthusiasm, or who will leave them with more regret. Often, from the loud turmoil of the world, will memory look back on the quiet of her sacred retreats, and hear

“The many-mingled chimes  
Swell into birth, like sounds of other times!”

Long may her venerable spires point to heaven; long may she be the nursing mother of the wise, the good, and the great; and still continue, from age to age, to enrich the annals of mind with the names of those who adorn the world,

“When thrones are crush’d, and kings forgot!”

LINCOLN COLLEGE,  
*December, 1833.*



O X F O R D.

PART I.

## ANALYSIS OF PART I.

---

INTELLECTUAL greatness—the homage due to any establishment tending to promote it—OXFORD—feelings and associations awakened by its first appearance—its mental quiet—its literary Past—studies—ancient and modern learning—classical bigots—system of study and examination—the necessity of one general standard—reason why men of genius have often contemned it—mind independent of circumstance—the University—present appearance—view from the Radcliffe—New College Chapel and service—Biographical associations—Illustrations of the same in Addison, Steele, Collins, Johnson, Sir Philip Sydney, Ben Jonson, and Locke—Origin of Locke's famous Essay—intellectual society—a Contrast—Canning—Davenant—Wesley—Hervey—Denham—Chatham—Thomas Warton—Lisle Bowles—Country clergymen—their seclusion how fondly anticipated—a scene suggesting such anticipation—Blenheim—Balliol—Ridley and Latimer—their martyrdom—Evelyn—Southey—the wisdom of literary retirement, contrasted with the rivalries of the literary world—female authorship—a characteristic sketch—return to biographical associations, which conclude with Heber—his early life—collegiate course—pastoral character and death in India.

# OXFORD.

## PART I.

PREVAILING glory of triumphant mind!  
Around thee ring the praises of mankind;  
For what though empires spread their vast control  
Far as the winds exult, or waters roll;  
Though Tyrian merchandise their ports bedeck,  
And navies thunder at their awful beck!  
The pride of commerce and the awe of power  
Melt into dreams, at desolation's hour:  
Then, what remains of kingdoms that have been?  
Lo! deserts wave, where capitals were seen!  
The wild-grass quivers o'er each mangled pile,  
And winter moans along the archless aisle;  
Where once they flourish'd ruins grimly tell,  
And shade the air with melancholy spell,  
While from their wreck a tide of feeling rolls  
In awful wisdom through reflective souls!

What then alone omnipotently reigns,  
When Empires grovel on deserted plains,

In morning lustre, to outdare the night  
That time engenders o'er their vanish'd might?  
'Tis mind!—an immortality below,  
That gilds the past, and bids the future glow;  
'Tis mind!—heroic, pure, devoted mind,  
To God appealing for corrupt mankind,  
Reflecting back the image that He gave  
Ere sin began, or earth became a slave!

If then from Intellect supremely rise  
The standing worth a Nation's heart may prize,  
In tow'ry dimness, gothic, vast, or grand,  
Behold her palaces of learning stand!  
When day was dying into sunset glow  
I first beheld them in their beauteous show,  
The solemn turrets of each ancient pile,  
And thought—how noble is our native Isle!  
A silent worship o'er my spirit came,  
While feelings, far too exquisite for name,  
Exultingly began their rapt control,  
And flutter'd, like faint music, in the soul.  
Where Greatness trod, is hallow'd ground to me;  
There can I lift the heart, and bow the knee,  
\*Awake the past to all its living might,  
And feed my fancy with unearthly sight,

\* Sapiens nunquam solus esse potest; habet secum omnes  
qui sunt, quique unquam fuerunt boni; et animum liberum

Restore the features of the famous dead,  
Nor take a kingdom for the tear I shed!

And how poetic is the haunted spot  
Where life is mental, and the world forgot!  
A spirit wafted from collegiate bow'rs  
And the dim shadow of her ancient tow'rs  
To ALMA MATER holy calm impart,  
And make her scene harmonious with the heart.  
The very air seems eloquently fraught  
With the deep fulness of devoted thought;  
While all around her, famed as eye desires,  
The mind ennobles, or the heart inspires.\*  
And here, how many a youthful soul began  
To sketch the drama of the future man;  
How many an eye o'er coming years hath smiled,  
And sparkled, as incessant hope beguiled!  
The star-like spirits, whose enduring light  
Beams on the world, and turns her darkness bright,

quocunque vult transfert: quod corpore non potest, cogitatione complectitur; et si hominum inops fuerit, loquitur cum Deo. Nunquam minus solus erit, quam cum solus fuerit.—*Hier. adv. Jovin.* I. 28.

\* How admirably does a sentiment of the philosophical Reynolds (“*Discourse at the Royal Academy*”) harmonize with what the scenery of Oxford suggests!—“Every seminary of learning is surrounded with an atmosphere of floating knowledge, where every mind may imbibe somewhat congenial to its own original conceptions.”

In radiant promise here began to rise,  
And glow ambitious for eternal skies!  
Oh! none whose souls have felt a mighty name  
Thrill to their centre with its sound of fame;  
Whose hearts have warm'd at wisdom, truth, or worth,  
And half that makes the heaven we meet on earth,  
Can tread the ground by genius often trod,  
Nor feel a nature more akin to God!  
Here in their blended magic float along  
Pindaric rapture and Virgilian song;  
Still Homer charms as when he first prevail'd  
And honour'd Greece her idol poet hail'd:  
See Athens in her classic bloom revive,  
Her sages worshipp'd, and her bards alive!  
See Rome triumphant, but with banner furl'd,  
Awake her genius to enchant a world!

There are who see no intellectual rays  
Flash from the spirit-light of other days;  
Who deem no age transcendent as their own,  
And high the present o'er the past enthrone,  
Yet, not in vain the world hath aye adored  
The treasured wisdom ages gone afford;  
Or loved the freshness of that youthful time  
When Nature thrill'd, as man became sublime!  
For then the elements of mind were new,  
And fancy from their unworn magic drew;

Creation's self was one unrifled theme  
To fire a passion, or to frame a dream;  
As yet unhaunted by inquiring thought,  
Each track of mind with mental bloom was fraught;  
The first in nature were the first to feel  
Impassion'd wonder and romantic zeal;  
Hence matchless vigour nerved their living page,  
That won the worship of a future age;—  
From ancient lore see modern learning rise,  
The last we honour, but the first we prize.

Then long enshrined in this august retreat  
May Greece and Rome for high communion meet;  
Long may their forceful page and free-born style  
From year to year enamour'd youth beguile;  
The judgment form, uncertain taste direct,  
Teach truth to feel, and fancy to reflect;  
And Learning, hallow'd by immortal fame,  
See England glory in her Oxford name!  
Yet not forsaken be the proud career  
That circles through the realm of thought severe;  
The studies vast which measure earth and sky,  
Or open worlds on the undaunted eye!  
Which more offends?—the bigot who can read  
No volume from the dust of ages freed;  
Or he who owns no intellectual grace,  
But makes a cargo of the human race,

And values man like produce from the ground?  
'Tis hard to say,—yet both, alas! are found.  
The dark idolater of ancient time,  
And solemn epicure in prose or rhyme,  
The groping pedant with a gloomy eye,  
Who whines an elegy o'er days gone by,—  
Oh! still from Oxford be the race removed,  
And nobler far her gifted scions proved.

What soul so vacant, so profoundly dull,  
What brain so wither'd in a barren skull,  
As his who, dungeon'd in the gloom of eld,  
From all the light of living mind withheld,  
Can deem it half an intellectual shame  
To glow at Milton's worth, or Shakspeare's name!

Farewell to bigots!\* whatsoe'er their hue,  
Who darken learning, and disgrace it too;  
Another charge let ALMA MATER own  
By frequent sages on her wisdom thrown:†

\* *Eruditum vulgus.*—*Plin. Nat. Hist.*, lib. 2.

† Since the second edition of this work, the Author has met with the "Oxford Spy," a poem in five dialogues, the first of which was published in 1818, and has been generally attributed to the pen of Mr. Boone. As the "Spy" touches on many local topics which the present writer has chosen not to introduce in the body of the poem, he will venture to enlarge on them in the more convenient form of a note. Mr. Boone's

Alike one standard for the great and small  
Her laws decree, by which she judges all;

work is pregnant with poetical beauty, and exhibits great energy of expression, in unison with much fine sentiment and elevated thought, while here and there flashes forth a line of exquisite satire; but the writer was evidently charmed with an Utopian dream of some heaven-like University, where wisdom was to be perfect, education complete, prejudice annihilated,—youth, just budding into manhood, philosophically sage,—and every trait of local bigotry extinct! Now, such a University as this may be founded in poetry, but, alas! for him who thinks that while human nature, human means, and human prejudices, remain unaltered, that reality will ever present us with the like. “*Paulatim*” is the motto to the Academy of Science at St. Petersburg, and this may be considered as the one most applicable to the spirit and system of our University. The “Spy” seems to have forgotten that every man receives (or ought to receive) two educations, (*vide Bolingbroke*)—the first he receives from others, the second he must give himself. The course of study pursued at College is but preliminary, and if not followed up by future reflection, has effected little for the real expansion of the mind; and hence it is, that many who have tasked health and time to a most dangerous excess, in order to enjoy the brief laurels of a class, after they have gained distinction, relapse into their original mediocrity, and gradually subside into oblivion. Now, let a right estimate of the aim and end of the collegiate studies and honours be duly made, and much unsound speculation would be avoided. The author of the “Spy” speaks of the time spent in the University as if it were the “be-all and end-all” of a man’s life, and seems to hint that it might embrace the whole circle of the sciences, and comprehend the acquisition of both ancient and modern languages, in addition to the inductive philosophy of Bacon, and the metaphysics of Locke! Perhaps there may be some truth in his censure on the absurd

Hence in one mould must oft confound at once  
The daring thinker with the plodding dunce;

devotion paid to classical literature, and the mechanical structure of verse and prose; but, since his work appeared, the system of examination has been much liberalized; more room is allowed the candidates for originality and reflection in their essays, while in divinity, history, ethics, poetry, and criticism, more profound analysis and bolder inquiry are allowed. The plan of introducing the study of living languages is very questionable; they are best acquired in their several countries, and would only tend to embarrass the mind, by overtasking its powers with a multitude of exercises and attainments. It is easy to libel the classics, and pen severe remarks on the nothingness of mere verbal science; but no man who is capable of imbibing the true spirit of ancient literature will ever lament that during his residence at Oxford it formed the prime and essence of his studies. That love for severe accuracy which scholarship promotes, becomes a valuable habit in after life; and a fine taste for ancient learning, acquired in youth, seldom fails to adorn the language and enrich the style of the future man, in whatever sphere of literature he may reveal his powers.—The “Spy,” in a dialogue which professes to examine, with an impartial eye, the imperfections and advantages of a University, ought not to have forgotten the generous spirit of emulation which a collegiate course awakens. “There is,” says Johnson, in allusion to Oxford, “such a progressive emulation; the students are anxious to appear well to their tutors; the tutors are anxious to have their pupils appear well in the College; the Colleges are anxious to have their students appear well in the University; and there are excellent rules of discipline in every College. That the rules are sometimes ill observed, may be true, but is nothing against the system.”

We shall now take the liberty of commenting on a few extracts from the “Spy,” which allude to some “*Oxford Abuses*,”

The soaring Mind must sink into a plan,  
Forget her wings, and crawl where dulness can;

which occasionally enliven the dulness of a Review, or awake the groans of a radical press, whose clamours so often remind us of the man who cried out "fire!" in Noah's flood!

The "Spy," it appears, entered the shades of Oxford

—————"To find  
Peace for the soul and wisdom for the mind,"

yet found it not!—and here he pours out his vial on the heads of those vehicles for a young man's laugh—the "Dons." We fear few of them darkened the High-street, and that some of them were confined to their beds after reading the following:—

"What bade these feelings ebb, ye pedants, say?  
What broke the dream, and rent the veil away?  
What dash'd these hopes to nothing?—'Twas to see  
Such folly cloth'd in such solemnity;  
To see, amid the foldings of the gown,  
Lurk the same failings which disgrace the town;  
Spleen, envy, meanness, pride but ill repress,  
And all the meaner passions of the breast,  
Mix'd with the calm, which leaves no trace behind,  
The sullen, sad monotony of mind."

And then we are savagely informed—

"Oh! though remote from Isis, toil, and strife,  
And all the deeper interests of life,  
Ye souls to feeling, and to nature true,  
Who love retirement,—'tis no place for you."

And why, forsooth?—because the dull pomposity of some benighted Don annoys them! Really this is a complimentary allusion to the power of "brief authority!" What though a "Don" should cross them with arrogant strut and unmeaning stare, or a Proctor be inconveniently peremptory, or a Dean annoy them with the intrusiveness of his petty dominion, can

Those bolder traits, original and bright,  
Fade into dimness when they lose the light  
Of open, free, and self-created day,  
Where all the tints of character can play.

these "*souls to nature and to feeling true*," when they breathe the intellectual air of Oxford, and commune with the shadows of her glorious past, allow themselves to be deprived of all her local magic, because bigotry and dulness, robed in awful gowns, occasionally interrupt their delights?

Mr. "Spy" is no admirer of "Convocation," and verily he ought to have been knocked down with one of those golden maces we lately beheld in that sepulchral domain, for the impertinence of the following passage:—

"Hail, Synod grave, which Heads of Houses keep,  
To talk, and legislate,—'perchance to sleep!'  
Hail, Heads of Houses, whom your stars have made  
To seem philosophers in masquerade!  
I hail you all, ye Dons of high degree,  
Puff'd with the conscious pride of dignity;  
Solemn, and sage, and portly, to a man,  
The worthy semblance of the Turk's Divan!"

In reference to the magisterial powers of the Proctor, the "Spy" has introduced a description of a scene where the privacy of a sick-room was broken by the bear-like intrusion of those cloaked mysteries (as Mr. Galt would term them), yecept "*bull-dogs*." We do not deny the fact; but it was a solitary case; and we will venture to add, that no office in the University is generally executed with more urbanity than that of the Proctor:—to arrest the progress of imposing young dandies, gownless and capless, who delight to brave authority, however wholesome, and to fumigate the High-street with the "spicy gales" of a cigar, is a task of responsibility, and not to be irreverently mocked.

In his fourth dialogue, Mr. "Spy" examines the course or

Yet, what could Education's art provide  
For countless minds by varying standard tried ?

study pursued at Oxford, and moans over the barren result,  
which he attributes to

“ Dates, places, names, a valley, or a plain,”  
and

“ Little points, where still suspicions lurk,  
That some old women must have been at work.”

We have no space to analyze his sentiments, but they all  
tend to one point—*viz.*, the necessity of introducing more  
science, history, and modern philosophy, into the examinations  
for degrees—and then he adds—

“ For must we only Aristotle quote,  
And all his treatises be learnt by rote ?”

also

—————“ Can aught be found,  
To strengthen reason, in itself more sound,  
While Bacon, Paley, pour their flood of light,  
To shame the doctrine of the Stagyrte ?”

Now all this is very crabbed, and by no means philosophical.  
Aristotle was as great an original in his profound analysis of  
the mind, as Shakspeare was in his poetical interpretations of  
the heart ; and surely no one who has accurately studied those  
matchless treatises, the “ Ethics” and “ Rhetoric,” but has  
(though unconsciously, perhaps) strengthened and expanded  
his reasoning powers. It really is a noisome infliction to  
read the raw and ignorant remarks which appear in certain  
publications of the day, about the “ gloom of the Stagyrte,”  
the “ fetters of Aristotle,” &c., &c., as if the mind that has  
reigned triumphantly over nearly two thousand years, were  
suddenly to be unthroned by the windy nonsense of a modern  
scribbler!—Neither Locke, nor Paley, underrated the vast

For public weal, not individual mind,\*  
As mental nurse was Oxford first design'd ;

intellect of Aristotle; and though we can now enjoy the cloudless noon of Gospel truth, yet may we not disdain to look back from time to time on the dawn of reason, as emerging gradually into the glorious morn of revelation. The fate of Aristotle has indeed been strange. In the early ages of the church, the writings of Aristotle were condemned as allowing too much to reason and sense†—and now we are informed that they allow too little! Having tilted at the Stagyrte, the author proceeds to annihilate poor Aldrich! Now, if our Juvenal had told us that the Dean's Latin was by no means Ciceronian, and that "red-hot syllogisms" were frequently overrated—there would have been some truth, if no discovery, in his statement,—but it is mistaken irony to satirize logic as a science

"Where, in the maze of subtle jargon lost,  
The strongest reason could but err the most."

After the admirable defence accompanying Archbishop Whateley's "Logic," it would be absurd presumption to offer any remarks on its tendency to promote argumentative accuracy, and arm the mind against the sophistry and dogmatism of opinion;—so far from hoping that the sciences of Aristotle and Logic may cease to be prominent in the studies of Oxford, we ought to desire that every term should extend their legitimate sway over the intellectual character of the University.

And here, *candide lector!* we terminate a rambling note, for which you may conceive an apology, framed after your own delightful style—and furthermore, should you be in the amphibious state of an Under-graduate, we devoutly wish that

---

\* Il est bon de frotter et limer notre cervelle contre celle d'autrui.—*Montaigne*.

† Herschel's "Preliminary Discourse," &c.

And blindly wrong would be her guardian eye,  
To love the great, but pass the lesser by ;  
From each due toil impassion'd genius save,  
And crown for merit what mere nature gave.  
Not all alike discerning Heav'n endows,  
Nor equal mind to equal heart allows :  
Full oft th' ingenuous pang, the noble tear,  
Or modest doubt, the phantom child of fear,  
To humble Worth a consecration lends,  
That proves for lost renown sublime amends ;—  
Let mind be nursed, though doom'd a narrow sphere,  
And what his Maker gives, let man revere !

Allow that genius feels a curbless soul,  
That chafes in fetters, and defies control ;  
And, haughty as the mountain eagle chain'd,  
Hath ev'ry empire but her own disdain'd :—  
Though customs old, like ancient roots, are found  
With stubborn grasp to cling to native ground,  
Fain would her boldness to herself be rule,  
And Energy her own majestic school !

you may never PERSONALLY *explain* that definition of man, so quaintly given by a sapient wag\*—in other words, may you never be “ a two-legged animal *without feathers* ! ”—a species of zoological curiosity occasionally issuing from the schools !

\* In explanation of this definition, it is recorded that a rival sage plucked a cock bare, and placing it in a philosopher's school, observed,—“ Behold a philosophic man ! ”

But when hath Mind *such* education lost,  
However cabin'd, and however cross'd ?  
Alike triumphant over college wall,  
The mouldy cellar, and plebeian stall,  
We mark the soul of Inspiration rise,  
Expand her wings, and revel in the skies !\*

Then vainly let the pow'rless sophist frown,  
To hide one ray of Oxford's fair renown,

\* It was in prison that Boëthius composed his excellent work on the Consolations of Philosophy; it was in prison that Goldsmith wrote his "Vicar of Wakefield;" it was in prison that Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote," which laughed chivalry out of Europe; it was in prison that Charles I. composed that excellent work, the "Portraiture of a Christian King;" it was in prison that Grotius wrote his "Commentary on St. Matthew;" it was in prison that Buchanan composed his excellent "Paraphrase on the Psalms of David;" it was in prison that Daniel de Foe wrote his "Robinson Crusoe;" (he offered it to a bookseller for ten pounds, which that liberal encourager of literature declined giving;) it was in prison that Sir W. Raleigh wrote his "History of the World;" it was in prison that Voltaire sketched the plan and composed most of the poem of "The Henriade;" it was in prison that Howel wrote most of his "Familiar Letters;" it was in prison that Elizabeth of England and her victim, Mary Queen of Scots, wrote their best poems; it was in prison that Margaret of France (wife of Henry IV.) wrote an "Apology for the irregularities of her conduct;" it was in prison that Sir John Pettas wrote the book on metals, called "Fleta Minor;" it was in prison that Tasso wrote some of his most affecting poems. With the *fear* of a prison how many works have been written !

Or quote some verse to vindicate his cause,  
Of scornful meaning at her ancient laws.  
Spirits have lived, who could not suffer chains ;  
The fire that fever'd their electric veins  
Burn'd all too restless for obedient thought,<sup>a</sup>  
And hence the solace indignation brought.  
Yet when was order known, or due control,  
To force divinity from out the soul ?  
Oh ! little think they, how sublimely pure,  
In godlike state above the world secure,  
That earthless nature which they genius call;  
In vain the tides of circumstance appal,—  
Though clouds repress, and darksome wo detain,  
The Soul remounts, and is herself again!  
Go, ask of Ages what made dungeons bright,  
Vile suff'rance sweet, and danger a delight,  
Created thunders to o'erawe the sky,  
Unloosen'd storms, and let the whirlwinds fly ?—  
'Twas Spirit, independently sublime,  
The King of nature, and the Lord of time!

The Sun is up ! behold a princely day,  
And all things glorious in its glorious ray;  
Ascend the RADCLIFFE'S darkly-winding coil  
Of countless steps, nor murmur at the toil ;  
For lo ! a scene, when that ascension's o'er,  
Where few can feel as they have felt before :—

There, from the base of her commanding dome  
O'er many a mile the feasting eye may roam,  
While music-winged, the winds of freshness sound,  
Like airy haunters of the region round.  
Yon heav'n is azured to one dazzling die,  
Beneath, a splendour that surpasses sky!  
Spire, tow'r, and steeple, roofs of radiant tile,  
The costly temple, and collegiate pile,  
In sumptuous mass of mingled form and hue,  
Await the wonder of thy ling'ring view.  
Far to the west, autumnal meadows wind,  
Whose fading tints fall tender on the mind ;  
And near, a hoary tow'r with dial's side,  
And nearer still, in many-window'd pride,  
ALL SOULS',—with central tow'rs superbly grand ;  
But see! the clouds are borne,—they break,—expand!  
And sunshine, welcomed by each ancient pile,  
Like Past and Present when they meet to smile,  
With tinting magic beautifully falls  
On fretted pinnacles, and fresco'd walls,  
Till dark ST. MARY, with symmetric spire,  
Swells into glory as her shades retire,  
And MAUDLIN trees, that wave o'er CHERWELL  
stream,  
Flash on the view and flutter in the beam :—  
In yellow faintness, lo! that sun-burst dies,  
The vision changes with the change of skies ;

Again have cent'ries their dominion won,  
And shadows triumph o'er the failing sun.

And ev'rywhere time-hallow'd temples rise,  
Whose classic pomp corroding age defies.  
What solemn beauty by the spirit felt!  
While feelings into adoration melt,  
As in their depth of Gothic gloom we tread  
Amid the hush of ages which are dead!  
I well remember, when a stranger, first,  
A stately vision on my senses burst;  
From tow'ring lamps a noon-like radiance shone  
O'er pavement mottled with mosaic stone,  
And white-robed choristers in due array,  
Whose vestments glitter'd like the sheen of day.  
There, silver-voiced, in many a heav'nward note,  
I heard rich music in soft billows float,  
Now faintly ebb, then loudly swell again,  
And grow resistless as the organ strain  
Came river-like, in one impassion'd roll  
From the deep harmony of Handel's soul!

And tell me, thou whose wand'ring feet have  
trod,—

Like his who trembled on the ground of God,—  
The hallow'd earth, where classic glories shine  
Back on thy spirit with their beam divine,—

Hath Oxford, haunted by her long array  
Of memories that cannot glide away,  
No local magic to entrance thy mind,  
And make it prouder of thy human kind?  
Whate'er of good and glorious, learn'd or grand,  
Delighted ages and adorn'd the land,  
Was foster'd here :—the senate, pulpit, bar,  
The scenes of ocean, and the storms of war,—  
Wherever Mind hath high dominion shewn,  
To counsel kingdoms, or secure a throne,—  
There may Oxonia sons of glory hail,  
And see the spirit which she nursed, prevail!\*

Forget awhile the fever of the hour,  
Wake her dim gloom, and lo ! the Past hath pow'r :  
Around thee Bards or Sages muse or stray,  
And wind the garden that is walk'd to-day.  
The pilgrim clouds, the time-worn trees that wave  
On banks whose beauty constant waters lave,  
*Their* eyes beheld :—do burning thoughts begin?  
Then dare to rival what you dream within!

Too vast her list, might pen achieve it all,  
Each form of mem'ry into life to call ;  
Yet fain would fondness with some imaged few  
Partake a moment, and believe it true.

\* See “ Biographical Summary” at the end of the volume.

Adown yon path, beside the grassy sweep  
Of MAUDLIN park, where light deer couch and  
    leap,  
And giant elms the haughty winds delay,  
There gentle ADDISON was wont to stray :—  
And where the mill-stream turns the restless wheel,  
As writhing on the broken waters steal,  
His tree-lined walk of beauteous length began,  
For ever hallow'd by that holy man!  
In many a whirl hath autumn's driving blast  
From these fond trees their summer foliage cast,  
And leafy show'rs now mournfully abound,  
In sallow redness scatter'd o'er the ground ;  
Yet here full oft, the branches waving green,  
And heav'n's blue magic smiling in between,—  
The pensive Rambler dream'd an hour away,  
Or wove the music of his Attic lay,  
Saw<sup>b</sup> Cato's grandeur on his soul arise,  
And heav'n half open to a heathen's eyes :—  
Or, happier themes, whose ethic pureness glows  
With ev'ry tint that character bestows,  
From ancient lore his tender heart beguiled,  
And lit his features when his fancy smiled!  
Nor be forgot who all his worth could feel,  
The friend of Addison, delightful STEELE,  
Whose classic morn let MERTON's annals claim,  
Where first the drama woo'd him on to fame :

More roughly hewn than his Athenian friend,  
And vent'ring oft where virtues never tend;  
Yet warm of soul, and child-like to a tear,<sup>c</sup>  
As when it dropp'd upon a parent's bier ;  
Now madly sunk in passion's deep excess,  
Now high in wisdom which a saint might bless ;  
A mixture wild of all that man admires,  
Whose faults may warn him, while his fame inspires.

Ere Steele began what Addison pursued,  
A path still fresh with England's gratitude,  
Those day-born graces, whose refinement blends  
The charm of manner with the soul of friends,  
La Casa first in Italy awoke,  
And sketch'd the courtier with a master stroke ;  
But next the Gallic Theophrastus\* threw  
A playful archness o'er the scene he drew,  
Dissected truth with satire's keenest knife,  
And mirror'd nature on the glass of life:  
Then rose on English ground the gifted pair,  
Who taught to either sex a softer air,  
Proved elegance to virtue's self allied,  
And laugh'd at Dulness, till her follies died!  
O'er weeds and thorns that social life beset,  
And tease their martyr into vain regret,

\* La Bruyère.

Their morning smile satirically pass'd,  
Till fools turn'd wise, and fops were cured at last!  
Nor small the debt Society should pay  
To him who flaps her buzzing flies away;  
Those noisome insects on eternal wing,  
That hum at banquets, or in ball-rooms sting,  
Which, though they cannot heart or mind o'erpower,  
May fret the smoothness of the calmest hour.

Here COLLINS, too, whose wizard numbers roll'd  
An earthless music o'er the dreaming soul,  
In melancholy liveness pined and thought  
Amid the darkness which his genius brought :  
E'en now the curse was breeding in his brain,—  
A nerveless spirit, and a soul insane !  
While moon-born fairies would around him throng,  
And genii haunt him in the hush of song :  
Ill-fated bard ! like Chatterton's thy doom,  
To seek for fame, and find it in the tomb !

To PEMBROKE turn, and what undying charm,  
Breathed from the past, shall there thy spirit warm !  
There JOHNSON dwelt ! the dignified and sage,  
The noblest honour of a noble age ;  
Whose mien and manners, though of graceless  
kind,  
Were all apart from his heroic mind ;

They were the bark around some royal tree,  
Whose branches towering in the heav'ns we see !  
Here lived and mused that unforgotten man!<sup>c</sup>  
Might language speak, what only feeling can,  
As here I view these venerable walls,  
And slow, as in some fane, my footstep falls,  
Young hearts would echo to a welcome strain,  
And feel, as I do,—Johnson live again!  
O'er Time's vast sea a cen'try's waves have roll'd,  
And many a knell hath unregarded knoll'd,  
Since, fondly wrapt in meditative gloom,\*  
The sage of England sat in this lone room :  
Yet, well may Fancy, at yon ev'ning fire,  
Behold him seated ; and when moods inspire,  
(As Sorrow droop'd, or Hope her wings unfurl'd,)  
His spirit hover through the varied world  
Of life and conduct, fortune, truth, or fate,  
His future glory, and his present state :  
Or when the noonshine reign'd in golden power,  
And dimly smiled some melancholy tower,  
Muse at his window with far-wand'ring eye,  
And drink the freshness of the open sky ;  
Or round the gateway woo admiring ears  
To listen, while he charm'd beyond his years,

\* Quis enim est cui non interdum obrepat mœror ac  
tædium quoddam intuenti mala quibus undique plena sunt  
omnia ?—*Erasmus*.

By spoken magic, or electric wit\*  
That flash'd severe, yet sparkled where it hit :—  
A bright deception ! far too often seen  
To hide the heart where agony has been :  
Oh ! hideous mockery the mind endures,  
To forge the smile whose merriment allures,  
To gild a moment with fictitious ray,  
† Yet feel a viper on the spirit prey !  
Departed Soul ! how oft when laughter fed  
Upon the frolic which thy fancy bred,  
And happy natures, as they saw thee smile,  
Seem'd mingling with thy sunny heart awhile,  
Back to thy chamber didst thou darkly steal,  
And *there* the blight of thine own bosom feel !  
Then sink to slumber with a heated brain,—  
To morrow wake, and wear that smile again !<sup>f</sup>

I know not why, but since a dream of fame,  
My heart hath gloried in great Johnson's name,

\* Johnson was a classical punster, and used to assert that his conversational rival, Burke, could not accomplish the enviable art of manufacturing puns—yet is not Burke's pun on Wilkes being carried on the shoulders of the mob—transcendent?—*e. g.*, “*numeris que fertur LEGE solutis*”—*i. e.*, a lawless mob !

† A plague of the sense, a convulsion of the soul, an epitome of hell—I say of the melancholy man, he is the cream and quintessence of human adversity !—*Burton's Anat.*

And deeper worship to his spirit vow'd  
Than others have to loftier worth allow'd.  
In what a mould was his high nature cast,  
Who never ventured, but he all surpass'd!  
And reign'd amid the realms of thought alone,  
Nor left an equal to ascend his throne.  
How truly deep, how tenderly divine!  
The lofty meaning, the majestic line!  
A moral sweetness, a persuasive flow  
Of happy diction, whether joy or wo  
Call'd energies from his unfathom'd mind,  
Where'er they muse, delighted myriads find;  
And though the bleakness of his spirit threw  
Round earth's rare sunshine too severe a hue,  
How Life and Character before him stand,  
Their myst'ries open, and their scenes expand!  
And well for wisdom, could the loud pretence  
Of puny language with profoundest sense,  
Such massy substance in the meaning shew,  
As that which ages to a Johnson owe!

Descend from learning to the nearer view,  
Where Man appears in vital colours true;  
And where was piety more deeply shrined,  
Than in the temple of his awful mind,  
Whence day and night eternal incense rose  
To HIM from whom the tide of being flows!

That self-respect, around whose constant sway  
The purest beams of happiness must play,  
He ever felt; the same proud dream it gave  
To hours that wither'd in the toils of Cave,  
And him, in aidless fortune high and free,  
Who taught a lord how mean a lord could be!\*

And, mix'd with harshness, irritably loud,  
That came like thunder from the social cloud  
Which pride or pertness round the moment threw,—  
His faith, how firm!—his tenderness, how true!  
For Goldsmith's worth, or Garrick's lighter grace,  
The tears of fondness trembled down his face;  
And when did Want or Wo to him appeal,  
Nor find a hand to give, a heart to feel?  
While Truth he worshipp'd with severest awe,—  
Of fame the glory, and to life the law.<sup>g</sup>  
So great he lived; yet round the greatest soul  
How weakness hovers with a vile control!  
A grinning demon, whose contrasted sway  
Supreme wisdom cannot scorn away.  
As when some organ of the frame appears  
In matchless strength beyond the mould of years,  
A weakness balancing that strength is found;  
So oft in mind, where miracles abound,  
The lying pettiness of nature seems  
Revenged in mocking what perfection dreams.

\* Lord Chesterfield.

In Johnson thus: the piety that trod  
Each path of life, communing with his God,  
In gloomy hours could childish phantoms see,  
And give to penance what was due to tea!<sup>h</sup>  
The mind that reason'd on the fate of man,  
And soar'd as high as wingless nature can,  
Would oft descend, the petty bigot shew,  
And wrench his spirit to out-talk a foe!  
Or else, in whirlwind fury sweep along,  
And risk the right, to prove a victor wrong.  
The soul that spake angelically wise  
When Truth and he were throned amid the skies,  
In human life his Rasselas forgot  
To wear the meanness of our common lot,  
By passion bow'd, each prejudice obey'd,  
And grew ferocious when a smile was made!  
Yet peace to such! of all by men adored,  
Than Johnson, who could better, faults afford?  
Let earth exult that such a man hath been,  
And England follow where his steps are seen!

To swell the records of collegiate fame,  
See LINCOLN rise, and claim her DAVENANT's name;<sup>i</sup>  
Within her walls the minstrel student wove  
Poetic dreams of melody and love.  
On him, as yet a verse-enchanted child,  
The prince of nature, Shakspeare's self, had smiled!

Oh! to have listen'd to that glorious tongue,  
And\* seen the man on whom a world has hung,  
Till admiration, too intensely wrought,  
Became a worship, and adored in thought!  
And, WESLEY!<sup>k</sup> often in thy room I see  
A holy shadow that resembles thee;  
Let others laugh at that o'erheated mind,  
Which never gloried but to bless mankind;  
Be ours the tribute to as pure a soul  
As Fame recordeth in her sacred roll.  
A kindred line to pious HERVEY<sup>l</sup> pay,  
Whom Lincoln boasted in his morning day:  
When night begins, and starry wonders teem,  
My fancy paints him in some holy dream,  
With eye upturn'd to where th' Almighty shone,  
While vision'd angels warbled round His throne!

From CHRIST CHURCH, lo! a dazzling host ap-  
pears,  
Whom time has hallow'd, and the world reveres,  
Of prelates, orators, and statesmen high,  
To be forgotten,—when the world shall die!  
'Twas here the muse of tragedy divine  
Bade<sup>m</sup> JONSON rise, and picture Catiline;—

\* Τῆς φύσεως γραμματεὺς ἦν, τὸν κάλαμον αποβρέχων εἰς  
ροῦν—(*Suidas.*)

Immortal Ben! to SELDEN dear, and fraught  
With all that Homer loved, or Plato taught.  
A later age, and LOCKE's eternal mind  
Here soar'd to reason, such as Heav'n design'd,  
Help'd UNDERSTANDING to redeem her sway,  
And out of night call'd intellectual day!<sup>n</sup>

One ev'ning, when delightful converse glow'd,  
As friend on friend his gleam of thought bestow'd,  
A spark was struck that set the soul on fire,<sup>o</sup>  
Whence sprang the work fond ages shall admire!  
Hours worthy Heav'n! when cultured spirits meet  
Within the chamber of divine retreat;  
There friendship lives, there mental fondness reigns,  
And hearts oblivious of their lonely pains,  
By feeling blended, one communion make,  
To keep the brightness of the soul awake!

But who can languish through the leaden hour  
When heart is dead, and only wine hath pow'r?  
That brainless meeting of congenial fools,  
Whose highest wisdom is to hate the Schools,  
Discuss a tandem, or describe a race,  
And curse the Proctor with a solemn face,  
Swear nonsense wit, and intellect a sin,  
Loll o'er the wine, and asininely\* grin!

\* That *asinine* feast of sow-thistles and brambles.—*Milton's Prose Works.*

Hard is the doom when awkward chance decoys  
A moment's homage to their brutal joys.  
What fogs of dulness fill the heated room,  
Bedimm'd with smoke, and poison'd with perfume!  
Where now and then some rattling tongue awakes  
In oaths of thunder, till the chamber shakes!  
Then Midnight comes, intoxicating maid!  
What heroes snore, beneath the table laid!  
But, still reserved to upright posture true,  
Behold! how stately are the sterling few:—  
Soon o'er their sodden nature wine prevails,  
Decanters triumph, and the drunkard fails:  
As weary tapers at some wondrous rout,  
Their strength departed, winking go out,  
Each spirit flickers till its light is o'er,  
And all are darken'd, who were drunk before!

Oh! thou, whose eloquence and wit combined  
To make their throne the heart of all mankind;  
Whom Mem'ry visions in his wonted place  
Where passions lighten'd o'er a speaking face,  
And sounds of feeling from the soul were heard,  
While music hung on ev'ry magic word,—  
Regretted CANNING! oft has Christ Church seen  
Thy glance of lustre sparkle round her scene;  
From<sup>p</sup> Eton famed, where dazzling merit shone  
In each young theme thy genius smiled upon,

Her walls received thee; where thy talents grew,  
Bright in the welcome of her fost'ring view,  
Till glowing Senates mark'd thy spirit rise,  
And England hail'd it with applauding eyes!  
Alas! that in thy manhood's noble bloom,  
The shades of death hung grimly o'er thy doom,  
Thy frame, too weak, a fiery spirit wore,  
Though mind prevail'd till life's last pulse was o'er!

Thy funeral knell,—oh! when I heard it moan  
Like the deep echo of a nation's groan,  
Beheld the sky, where Sorrow loves to gaze  
When myst'ry wraps us, or the world betrays,  
And thought how soon thy glorious sun had set!  
I felt a sadness, that doth linger yet:  
But had I, demon-like, e'er wing'd the dart  
Whose poison fed upon thy feeling heart,  
Inflicted pangs where only praise was due,  
And vilely thwarted ev'ry soaring view;  
A more than melanch'ly for him who died,  
Slain by the weapons which renown supplied,  
My soul had borne; and, wrung with inward  
shame,  
Cursed the dark hour that wounded Canning's fame!

The yew-tree'd walk, and wilderness of shade,  
Where rosily the twilight hues have play'd,

By <sup>q</sup>DENHAM haunted,—TRINITY! revere;  
There wander'd he, no step invasive near,  
The world forgot, to frame a poet's skill,  
And dream'd the melodies of COOPER'S HILL.  
And haughty <sup>r</sup>CHATHAM, at whose humbling word  
E'en Walpole trembled, when its pow'r was heard;  
Who baffled Spain, America, and Gaul,  
To throne his England like a Queen o'er all,—  
Thy paths have echo'd his immortal feet,  
Thy shades enjoy'd him in sublime retreat.  
Here <sup>s</sup>WARTON'S soul emparadised his hours,  
And strew'd antiquity with classic flow'rs;\*  
Where'er he went, saw dim cathedrals rise,  
Or Gothic windows in their sunset dyes.

And thou, whose ever-gentle page is fraught  
With the sweet lore poetic sadness taught,  
Not unremember'd let thy name be found,  
<sup>t</sup>Where Genius hallows an enchanted ground.  
Upon that brow the seal of time hath set  
A mournful grace, but left no dark regret  
For wither'd years,—whose flow'ry bloom remains  
In the pure freshness of Aonian strains.  
Yet oft thy mem'ry, in creative gloom,  
May fondly sigh o'er many a distant tomb,

\* Nor rude, nor barren, are the winding ways  
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.—*Warton.*

Where moulder forms that brighten'd other days,  
Whose eyes have glisten'd o'er thy youthful lays!  
Thy noontide spent, serener twilight glows  
Around thy spirit, like a soft repose,  
And oft I turn, when fancy wanders free,  
Romantic BOWLES! to spend a thought with thee:  
Oh! long in Bremhill may the village chime  
Sound the sweet music of departing time,  
And fairy echoes, as they float along,  
Awaken visions that were born in song,  
Of hope and fame, when first thy feeling youth  
Their beauty painted on a world of truth.<sup>u</sup>

Thy pleasing life, in past'ral quiet spent,  
Where heav'n and earth comminglingly are blent,  
A pray'r evokes, that England long may see  
In wood-hung vales, from city murmur free,  
Her landscape charm in varied shadow drest—  
The village steeple with its tow'ry crest,  
When dimly taper'd to romantic height,  
Or grayly melted into morning light.  
Not Windsor vast, with battlemented tow'rs,  
With charm so deep a pensive gaze o'erpow'rs,  
As village spires, in native valleys seen,  
And nature all around them, hush'd and green:  
How oft some eye, as o'er the wheel-track'd road  
The whirling coach conducts her motley load,

Hath wistful gazed where neat the pars'nage rose,  
With Church behind it in revered repose.

Ah! little know they, whom the harsh declaim  
Of Folly leads to scorn a Curate's name,

\*In hamlets lone what lofty minds abound,  
To spread the smiles of charity around!—

\* “For about three quarters of a century, the public laboured under the delusion that Pope was a poet, and, moreover, a man of tolerable morals, till an amiable clergyman took upon himself to disabuse the world of its errors.”—Such is the lame sarcasm with which Dr. Madden, in his “*Infirmities of Genius*” (vol. i.), introduces the name of Bowles. Having some years ago been enabled to offer a few critical remarks on the “Pope controversy,” in a periodical since defunct, we may be permitted, perhaps, to recover our sentiments on the present occasion. Now, has Dr. Madden *really perused* Bowles’ edition of Pope? or has he merely quoted the article which appeared in the “Quarterly” on this subject? We suspect the latter, from the style in which he alludes to Mr. Bowles’ edition, which, in fact, so far from aiming to impress the reader with a dark idea of Pope’s moral character, breathes throughout of generous appreciation, and candid inquiry. True, Pope is not imaged forth to our imagination as a sun without a spot, but there is no mean tendency in the occasional remarks on various and somewhat dubious passages in his life. It is a mock generosity, and a miserable desertion of the high and peerless cause of truth, to deify the dead at the expense of the living; and we may recal to Dr. Madden a passage which he himself has quoted with singular complacency:—“Truth is to be sought only by slow and painful progress; but error is, in its nature, *flippant and compendious*;

It was not that a frowning chance denied  
 An early wreath of honourable pride:

*hops with airy and fastidious levity over proofs and arguments, and perches upon assertion, which it calls conclusion."*

With reference to the question of Pope's rank and height on the debateable Mount of Parnassus, Dr. Madden luxuriates in the idea that Lord Byron fired off one or two epistles to his publisher which were intended to annihilate Mr. Bowles and his creed altogether. But, after the contrast exhibited between Lord Byron's *private* opinion of poets, as expressed in the correspondence edited by Moore, and his *public* sentiments on the *same* authors, men will estimate at its due worth the aristocracy of taste. For instance, in various parts of his "Letters," it appears that his lordship DID think very highly of Southey and Wordsworth—and yet with what savage and ungenerous contempt does he ever allude to these men in his poetry? Yes, he could lavish unneeded eulogies on Pope, who was beyond his praise, and, from his peculiar style, utterly removed from rivalry with him—but for Wordsworth, at the fountain of whose intellect he had taken so many clandestine draughts, there was no epithet too mean, and no ridicule too coarse, which he did not employ to underrate his worth! For our own part, we are free to confess, that the perversion of his popularity to blind the public against the genius of Wordsworth, Southey, &c., was an odious trait in Lord Byron's life. But these times are over, and, in the increasing popularity of Wordsworth, is to be recognised the dawn of nobler taste, and higher appreciation for philosophic poetry.

As to the "Letters" to Murray, no one can read them without being amused by their animation, point, and drollery; but, we believe, it is generally allowed that the advantage of argument and solid criticism was on Bowles' side. Bowles considered Pope as the *first* in the *second* rank of poets, that is, next to Shakspeare and Milton!—was this depreciation?

In College rolls triumphantly they shine,  
And proudly Alma Mater calls them, mine!

Were we to place his exquisite but artificial verse beside the sublime revealings of Milton, or the dramatic creations of Shakspeare? We believe no man but Lord Byron would do so, if, indeed, he actually felt all he wrote about Pope, for there is much vanity in applause, and Lord Byron began to consider himself as the *sole* defence and support of Pope's immortality! But, had not the genius of Pope animated, as it were, the poetical life-blood of the country long before his lordship became illustrious? And though the heretics of Cockneyism presumed to invalidate the claims of the bard of Twickenham, and (as at the present) pale-faced young gentlemen, panting to be "Corsairs" enamoured of the "dark-blue sea," and prating, in parrot-like tones, of "passion," "pride," and "discontent,"—uttered their puerile nonsense, on the subject and sources of Pope's muse,—still there was not a leaf withered in the laurel of his fame.

We shall not conclude without an allusion to one or two more passages in Dr. Madden's "Infirmities." He remarks,—  
"There is a paradox in the conduct of literary men, which makes it necessary to draw a distinction between their actions and their sentiments, between the author with a pen in his hand, and the man without it." Is not the "paradox" the Doctor's own charming property?—Does he expect a poet to come into drawing-rooms, and be the incarnation of his poetry? and wonder why the glow, the exultation, and purity of his mind, while composing, are so rarely visible in the intercourse and social morals of daily life? We suspect Dr. Johnson has unravelled the mystery in that pithy sentence—  
"It is easy to despise death when there is no danger, and to glow with benevolence when there is nothing to be given." Here is the difference between the abstract and concrete!—  
"Poetry," says de Staël, "is the apotheosis of sentiment!"—it is a love and a veneration for the ideal, a passion for the

But heavenlier dreams than ever fame inspired  
 Their spirit haunted, as the world retired ;

beautiful and unearthly—a consciousness and belief of the “immortal powers that lie folded up in man!” And surely it is no unfathomable paradox that a poet should be able to know, feel, and express all this, and, while surrounding himself with dreams of loveliness in the hush of retirement, picture forth the noblest specimens of man’s mind — and yet, when the power of inspiration is past, come forth with all the imperfections of prose, and flesh, and blood.

Dr. Madden’s work is not devoid of interest, and in its main tendency is benevolent ; but he has attributed too much to the moral influence of malady. Indigestion has been admirably defined as “the remorse of the stomach ;” and, doubtless, under its various inflictions, the most amiable hearts may for a while do injustice to their nature, and the most musical of tongues be out of tune ; but this does not apply to all those cases cited by the author of “The Infirmities.” He says, (vol. 2,) “Who knows under what *paroxysm of disease* he (Pope) might have written those bitter sarcasms which he levelled against his literary opponents?” (he might have added, “and against his old friends and acquaintances.”) And does Dr. Madden believe that poets compose under “paroxysms of disease !” Horace thought far differently, and so did Juvenal,\* who was no mean judge in these matters ; but, allowing that Pope DID commit his poetical vengeance to verse under “paroxysms,”—was he obliged to *publish it*? The elaborations which his poems underwent are well known ; they were not written by steam, nor published immediately after their

\* Sed vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena,  
 Qui nihil expositum soleat deducere,—  
 Hunc—————

*Anxietate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi  
 Impatiens, cupidus silvarum, &c., &c.—Sat. 7, l. 5.*

The fameless quiet of parochial care,  
And sylvan home, their fancy stoop'd to share;  
And when arrived, no deeper bliss they sought  
Than that which undenying Heaven had brought.  
On such, perchance, renown may never beam,  
Though oft it glitter'd in some College dream ;  
But theirs the fame no worldly scenes supply,  
Who teach us how to live, and how to die!

In life so calm, unworldly, and refined,  
What pictured loveliness allures the mind !  
Hast thou forgot that balmy summer noon  
That glow'd so fair, and fled, alas! so soon,  
My chosen friend ! in whose fond smile I see  
A spirit noble, and a nature free,

production ; consequently Pope had time to recover from his paroxysms, and to soften down the maledictions of his rhyme—if he thought them unjust or undeserved. In regard to Lord Byron's physical "infirmities," whatever they may have been, the *disposition of heart* which would enable any man to compose such atrocious stanzas as those lately published on Rogers—for whom he professed the deepest regard, and on the altar of whose genius he had often laid the gift of his praise—is not to be explained by dyspepsia, or indigestion. Dr. Madden's practice must have taught him, that genius is not the only thing which undergoes infirmities ; and though there are some mental "infirmities" which are peculiar to the temperament of literary men,—to refer a moral obliquity of mind and meanness of heart to such cause, is frail and imperfect philosophy.

When Blenheim woo'd us to her proud domain,  
Where Hist'ry smiles, and Marlborough lives  
again.

And on the way how sweet retirement threw  
A shade of promise o'er life's distant view?  
How wildly beautiful the bending sky,  
Like heaven reveal'd, burst radiant on the eye!  
A spirit, bosom'd in the winds, appear'd  
To chant noon-hymns, where'er a sound career'd,  
While ev'ry leaf a living gladness wore,  
And bird-like flutter'd as the breeze pass'd o'er;  
The lark made music in the golden air,  
The green earth, yellow'd by a sunny glare,  
In twinkling dyes beheld her flow'ry race  
Dance to the wind and sparkle o'er her face;  
Faint, sweet, and far, we heard the sheep-bell  
sound,

While insect happiness prevail'd around.  
And green monotony of hill and glade,  
Where viewless streams, by verdure oft betray'd,—  
(Like Charity, who walks the world unseen,  
Yet leaves a light where'er her hand hath been,)  
By bank and mead roll'd windingly away,  
'Twas ours to witness in superb array.

Noon glided on, till day's declining glow  
Beheld us sweeping o'er the verdant flow

Of meadowy vales, to where the village hill  
In garden bloom we welcomed, bright and still.  
That sunny eve in smiling converse fled  
Around a banquet generously spread,  
Beneath a roof where elegance combined  
The pure in taste with fancy the refined:—  
The <sup>x</sup>church antique, whose ivied turret won  
The dying changes of departing sun,  
And gleam'd upon us at our parting hour,  
I still remember in its beauteous power.  
Then home we sped beside romantic trees  
Whose leaf-pomp glitter'd to the starting breeze,—  
And fondly view'd in symmetry of shade  
The mimic branches on the meadows laid.  
In wave-like glory burn'd the sunset sky!  
Where rosy billows seem'd to swell and lie  
Superbly vast;—as if that haughty day,  
Ere yet th' horizon saw him sink away,  
His clouds and colours, vassal-like, would see  
Once more awake, and own their Deity !

Where BALLIOL frowns along her ancient road,  
By Evelyn<sup>y</sup> hallow'd, his endear'd abode,—  
I never pass, nor think of them who died—  
Heroic martyrs, burning side by side!  
Upon her walls there hung a crimson glare,  
And red fires raven'd on the breezeless air;

But thou, false bigot!\* in that murd'rous hour,  
Couldst look to Heaven, and on thy victims lour,  
Then feed thy gaze with agonies of fire,  
As, limb by limb, the tortured saints expire!—  
In serpent writhings, lo! the flames awake,  
Hiss as they whirl, and riot round the stake,  
While mitred fiends, as they behold them rise,  
Glare on the martyrs with their wolfish eyes!  
Yet firm they stand:—behold! what glories smile  
Above the fury of that savage pile;  
Ten thousand harps, ten thousand anthems swell,<sup>2</sup>  
And Heav'n is worshipp'd in a scene of hell!

Here Southey,<sup>a</sup> in the spring-like morn of youth,  
His feeling, conduct,—and his fancy, truth,—  
Beheld the orb of Liberty arise  
To gild the earth with glory from the skies;  
What wonder, then, if his Chaldean gaze  
With glowing worship met her morning rays,  
Beheld them bright as freedom's rays should be,  
And thought they darted from a Deity?  
Who did not feel, when *first* her shackles fell,  
The truth sublime that France inspired so well?

\* Doctor Smith, the apostate, who recanted in King Edward's time. In perusing the dark volume of ecclesiastical history, how frequently is that sound maxim of Fenelon verified:—"La force ne peut jamais persuader les hommes; elle ne fait que des hypocrites!"

There is a freedom in the soul of man,  
No tyrant quenches, and no torture can!  
But when high Virtue from her throne was hurl'd,  
And Gaul became the dungeon of the world,  
No mean deserter was the patriot proved,  
Whose manhood censured what his youth had loved.

In bloom of life he sought domestic shade,  
Devoting hours a world had not betray'd,  
In deep affection to delightful lore,  
Which feeling loves, and wisdom may adore.  
While others linger'd in the restless town  
To wear the thorny wreath of young renown;  
Or, spirit-worn, see rivals mount above,  
With few to honour, and with none to love;  
Afar to Keswick's mountain calm he hied,  
And found a haven which a home supplied.  
There nature pure to his pure soul appeals,  
With her he wanders, and with her he feels,  
While earth and sky for poesy unite,  
And the hush'd mountains awe the heart's delight!  
Thus flowingly the fairy hours depart,  
And each day adds a virtue to the heart.  
Ah, blissful lot! which few have lived to share,  
Who haunt the world, and seek to find it there;  
Forgetful that *one* day of life is fraught  
With years of meaning for inductive thought,

In baffled hope the mind exhales away,  
Their each to-morrow a renewed to-day;  
Too fiercely kindled by some loud applause,  
They burn for Glory, but betray her cause.  
True fame is feeling, in its earthless hour,  
Sent from the soul with world-subduing power,  
From heart to heart electrically known,  
Till realms admire, and ages are its own!

Oh! blest resolve, that consecrates a life,  
To leave for studious calm the noisome strife  
Of London's everlasting round of self,  
Pursued by learning, or career'd for pelf.  
In wise seclusion heaven-ward thoughts incline  
To form in man the elements divine;  
From day to day their semblance nearer grows,  
Till kindred mind a kindred Maker knows;  
And then, what beautiful accordance seen  
In all that truth has taught, or time hath been!  
What once was dark becomes divinely clear,  
And earth itself a heaven-reflecting sphere.  
The living principle of Power above  
That issued forth in this fair world of love,  
The Spirit feels within herself abide,  
The will direct, and o'er each thought preside;  
In man or nature, whatso'er befall,  
Her faith can fathom and interpret all!

Turn from the calm secluded life bestows,  
A life which Evelyn loved and Southey knows,  
To London; where a world of living mind  
In one dark fever of excess we find;  
Where talent sparkles with incessant rays,  
And authors\* perish—for the want of praise!  
Though minds there be, whose magical control,  
Like sounds from heaven, beatifies the soul,  
Too rapidly our soaring authors teem,  
For each to fill the circle of his dream.  
Though high the hope which energy awakes,  
And far the flight a free-wing'd spirit takes,  
A thousand hearts o'er disappointment bleed,  
The many venture, but the few succeed.  
Hence of all crimes the last to be forgiven,  
Eternal barrier to some critic's heaven,  
Success is proved;—that hour her star appears,  
In daring brightness to outdazzle years,  
The fogs of hate, the clouds of dulness rise,  
To quench her lustre, and deface her skies;  
Hence martial pens in pugilistic rage,  
And venom oozing from each vulgar page,

\* “Stat contra, dicitque tibi tua pagina—fur est!”—*Mart.*

There came by chance into my company a fellow not very spruce to look on. I asked him what he was? He answered, a poet. I demanded why he was ragged? He told me, *this kind of learning never made any man rich!*—*Burton's Anat.*

Slander abroad on her exulting wings  
 To frighten fools, or flap the face of kings,  
 While faded authors, overcome with bile,  
 Turn into villains, and lampoon the isle!\*

But, hark! to sounds so musically dear,  
 By flatt'ry melted into folly's ear;  
 Behold a LION that doth roar to-night,  
 And doubt if homage be not man's delight!  
 Amid the sweet, soft words, that come and go,†  
 From lord to lady, and from belle to beau,  
 There in thyself a night-throned idol see,  
 'Tis all thou art, and all a fool should be:‡  
 Enamour'd thus, nonsensically dream  
 Thy mental worth a supernat'ral theme;  
 Yet, look around thee ere the night be o'er,  
 Thy heart is free, and thou a fool no more!  
 Thy mien, thy manners, and thy person tend  
 To make no charm Politeness could commend;  
 And, lest they should not quite sufficient see,  
 The faults of others are bestow'd on thee ;

\* Il n'y a point au monde un si pénible métier que celui de se faire un grand nom.—*Bruyere*.

† The pregnant brevity of one of Montaigne's sayings is applicable to these artificial scenes—" *Combien est le langage faux moins sociable que le silence!*"

‡ 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud should be!—*Pope*.

Thus on, till all that once was glory thought  
From tongue to tongue is whisper'd into nought ;  
While each is conscious, as thy fame's o'erthrown,  
To wound another's, is to heal his own.\*

Yet oft ambiguous Hate her truth beguiles,  
And Envy wriggles into serpent smiles !  
Some cringing, cawing, sycophantic sneak,  
With heart as hollow as his head is weak,  
In smother'd voice will chance a rival sue  
To feed the pages of a starved Review:  
“ Dear Sir! I think your genius quite divine,”  
To-morrow, turn, and lash it line by line !  
And can it be, to such ignoble life  
Of ceaseless longing, and chicaning strife,  
Where fever'd passion frets the hour along,  
That woman's gentler soul would fain belong?  
Oh! deem not the assuming pride of man  
Would claim a glory which no woman can;  
Nor think to her soft nature is not given  
The flame of genius with the form of heaven!

\* “ The life of a celebrated man was more glorious in ancient times: but that of an obscure individual is more happy in this modern period.”—*De Staël*. In allusion to the same subject, this acute writer remarks in another place—“ The most glorious triumph the Greeks could obtain excited much less hatred than the limited applause resulting from the niggard hand of modern criticism.”

Her tenderness hath made our harshness weep,  
And hush'd our passions into child-like sleep;  
Her dewy words fall freshly on the soul,  
Her numbers sweet as seraph music roll;  
And beautiful the morn-like burst of mind,  
When first her spirit wakens o'er mankind!  
Now painting clouds, now imaging the sea,  
Bloom on the flower, and verdure on the tree!  
But diff'rent far a genius thus display'd,  
From mind corrupted into menial trade,  
When reputation is the theme adored,  
And pilfer'd learning\* all its charms afford,  
Those hues divine that delicately please,  
The smile unfashion'd, and the soul at ease,  
All, all that language is too frail to tell,  
Which forms in woman what we feel so well,  
In public life too often dies away,  
Like dreams forgotten in the flush of day.  
There, taunting pens dissect her dubious claim,  
Or jeering coxcombs jest away her fame.  
Behold the beauty of yon garden flower  
In lovely bloom beside its native bower;  
What winning freshness in its healthful dye,  
Pure as the spring, and radiant as the sky!

\* One is almost tempted to suppose that human invention is limited, like a barrel-organ, to a specific number of tunes.—*Dugald Stewart*. For an illustration, *vide* one-half of modern literature.

Transplant it thence to some o'erheated room,  
Where hands profane it,—and, alas! the bloom!

Let man his intellectual sceptre wield;  
To him have Ages in their march appeal'd  
To shape the elements of mind and power  
Through the vast scene of Life's unrestful hour.  
\*But thou, fond woman! on affection's throne,  
Behold a kingdom of the heart thine own!  
Their feelings form the subjects of thy sway,  
And all is Eden where thy glances play!  
'Tis thine to brighten far from public strife,  
The daily windings of domestic life,  
The thousand hues that sprinkle ev'ry scene,  
Where Time betrayeth that his touch hath been.

\* Bishop Newton's idea of a "substantial wife" would appear very prosaic to the super-sentimental ideas of a modern Miss—here it is, reader!—"Some clever, sensible woman, who would lay out his money to the best advantage, and be careful and tender of his health; a friend and companion at all hours, and *who would be happier in staying at home, than be perpetually gadding abroad!*"—In Burnet's account of the unfortunate Queen Catherine, (*Reformation*, vol. i. p. 387,) a touch of homely truth occurs, delightfully illustrative of her domestic character—"She was a devout and pious princess;—in her greatness she wrought much with her own hands, and kept her women well employed about her, as appeared when the two legates came once to speak to her. *She came out to them with a skein of silk about her neck, and told them she had been at work with her women.*"

A magic deeper than Creation pours  
Full on the spirit from unfathom'd stores,  
An ecstasy beyond each art divine,  
The painter's vision, or the poet's line,  
'Tis thine to kindle, when the soul is free  
To form an idol, and confess it thee !<sup>b</sup>

Pleasant is Morning, when her radiant eye  
Opes on the world, enchanting all the sky;  
And Ev'ning, with her balmy glow of light,  
The beauteous herald of romantic night:  
And pleasant oft to some poetic mind  
The sound of water, and the sweep of wind,  
A friend renew'd in some heart-welcomed place,  
With years of fondness rising in his face;  
The tear that answers to a tale of wo;  
And happy feelings in their heavenward flow.  
But sweeter far proves his revengeful lot  
Whom Fame hath slighted, or the World forgot,  
In printed bile to let his spirit vent,  
And mangle volumes to his heart's content;  
Corrupt what style, create what fault he please,  
Laugh o'er the truth, and lie with graceful ease!  
Thus envy lives, and disappointment heals  
The gangrened wounds a tortured memory feels ;  
Thus wither'd hopes delightful vengeance wreak,  
While pages thunder more than scorn could speak. .

And thus with thee, whose life I now recall;\*  
Malignant trash,—’twas thine to scorn it all!  
Each reptile started from his snug review  
To spit out poison,—as most reptiles do;  
Oh! how they feasted on each faulty line,  
And generously made their dulness thine!  
From page to page they grinn’d a ghastly smile,  
Yet seem’d to look so heaven-like all the while:  
Then talk’d of merit to the world unknown,  
Ah! who could doubt them, for they meant their  
*own.*<sup>c</sup>

Religion, too!—what right had he to scan  
The scheme of glory which she wove for man;  
Or paint around him, wheresoe’er he trod,  
The glowing fulness of eternal God?  
Indeed, ’twas hinted,—hoped it was untrue,—  
His heart had worn an atheistic hue;  
And still religion, though its hallow’d name  
Had lent a freshness to his early fame,  
Had not alike both heart and head inspired;  
In short, the world was sick, and they were tired;  
And then, to prove his verse had made it vile,  
They mouth’d it in their own sweet monthly style!

\* This passage, with others of a kindred tone, alludes to a state of feeling long passed away. It is not the only place in the volume over which, in all sincerity, the writer need exclaim—“σκιας οναρ!”—(1839.)

Next, Paternoster\* hired a serpent too,  
To sound his rattle in the Scotch review;<sup>d</sup>  
And yet, alas! that such a menial end  
Should wait on all who noble taste defend,  
Though much was thought, and more divinely  
said,  
The poet triumph'd, and the public read;  
And when abuse herself had ceased to pay,  
That public hooted, and she slunk away!

The faded past my fancy haunts again;  
And lo! thine image shadow'd o'er my strain,  
Thou lovely Spirit of celestial worth!  
Whose saint-like pureness so adorn'd the earth,  
And, when it vanish'd, thrill'd a world with wo,  
And thoughts, that never into language flow,  
But silently within the soul retire,  
And all the majesty of grief inspire!

Yet, words and tears have minglingly adored,  
Deep, warm, and true, as feeling hearts afford,  
Those angel attributes that good men prize,  
Lamented Heber! when they leave the skies,  
Awhile some spirit pure as thine array,  
Smile on the world, and heaven-like pass away!

\* Subaud. *Row.*

There is a shadow round the holy dead:  
A mystery, wherein we seem to tread;  
As oft their lineaments of life awake,  
And sorrowing thoughts their hallow'd semblance  
take.

What once they dreamt, when mortal nature threw  
Phantasmal dimness round their soaring view,  
Now, all unearth'd, beatified, and free  
From toil and tears,—the unscaled eye can see:  
No more on them the fitful whirl of things,  
From joy to gloom, eternal trial brings;  
Array'd in light, before the Throne they shine,  
And fathom mysteries of Love Divine:  
*Why* tears were shed, why pangs of wo prevail'd,  
Why Goodness mourn'd, and Virtue often fail'd,  
No longer now a with'ring shadow throws,  
Like that which hovers round the world's repose.

The holy dead! of earth and heaven the dear!  
Whene'er the darkness of our troubled sphere  
'Twixt God and Man will demon-like arise,  
Deject the soul, and doubt away the skies;  
Then Mem'ry points to where their feet have  
trod,  
Redeems our nature, and recalls her God!  
Creation's debt to discontented Time  
They help'd to cancel, by excess sublime

Of worth and wisdom, magically great  
Above the meanness of our mortal state;  
The smile that withers in its cynic play  
Each hope of earth when budding into day,  
By merit awed, in forceless meaning falls,  
Whenever mind exalted mind recalls;  
And era's bright of holiness and love  
Their spirits promise from a world above!

And such was he, whose toiling virtues won  
A tomb of fame beneath a foreign sun.  
In childhood, ev'ry dawning sweetness made  
A tender magic which no truth betray'd;  
While, fond as feeble, blindingly began  
Those mental traits that ripen into man.  
Romance and fairies, red Crusades, inspired  
The poesy which deeper years admired:  
Heaven's awful book for ever would he read,  
And mourn to see the great Redeemer bleed;  
In all he did, benevolence prevail'd,  
And when entreated,—never kindness fail'd;  
Nor form of wo, nor face of grief, he pass'd,  
But pitied all, and pitied to his last!<sup>e</sup>

From Neasden fresh, lo! Oxford hails him  
now,<sup>f</sup>

And fancies new are bright'ning o'er his brow:

Too warmly toned, too feelingly endow'd,  
Companionless to linger in the crowd,  
A brother's fame around him lives and blooms,  
His mind awakes,—and magic fills his rooms!  
Where souls have listen'd as he charm'd the hour,  
And young eyes sparkled to confess his power.  
Still, unentangled by the social net,  
Though smile and banquet of the heart beset,  
Each dawn beheld him at his classic tome,  
And pure, as in his unforgotten home!<sup>s</sup>

Scarce enter'd yet, and honours flower'd his way!  
And soon the music of his master-lay  
From circling thousands woke a thrill divine,<sup>h</sup>  
While England wept o'er weeping Palestine!  
There are, that still in this cold world remain,  
Whose ears are haunted by that holy strain,  
Whose eyes dejected Salem still behold,  
As scene on scene the vision was unroll'd,  
When invocation with her sweetest sound  
Woo'd angel forms,—and angels watch'd around!  
While grandly swelling into giant view,  
“Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric grew!”  
Then Israel harping by her willow'd streams,  
And prophets bright with more than prophet dreams,  
The poet vision'd in his pictured strain  
Amid the glory of Millenium's reign:

Then bade his thunders tell of time no more,  
Till Nature shudder'd at their dooming roar!

Fond eyes were fix'd upon the minstrel now,  
A raptured Sire beheld his laurell'd brow,  
And blest his boy with all that tears bestow,  
When Heaven seems by, and human hearts o'erflow:  
And where was he?—escaped the glowing throng,  
In the proud moment of triumphant song,  
He sought his chamber;—silent and alone,  
A mother saw him at his Maker's throne!<sup>1</sup>

That hour hath pass'd:—a village curate made,  
How nobly seen amid retirement's shade!  
Parochial cares his cultured mind employ,  
Domestic life, and intellectual joy.  
The old men cry—a blessing on his head!  
And angels meet him at the dying bed;  
Let fever rage, disease or famine roll  
Tormenting clouds, that madden o'er the soul,  
Where life exists, there Heber's love is found,  
And heaven created by its welcome sound!

None are *all* blest; without some mental strife  
To ripple, not destroy, the calm of life:  
That heart for ever open to the poor,  
Who weeping came, but smiling left his door,

Was all unapt, when mean annoyments rose  
From rustic fools or mercenary foes,  
By happy lightness to o'erleap them all,  
And melt the clouds which daily life befall.  
For wiser oft, where common nature guides,  
Th' ungifted spirit of the world presides,  
Than he, whose loftiness of feeling fails  
To stoop or wind where subtlety prevails.  
Nor could that soul, though high its lot had been,  
Forget to paint a more expanded scene,  
An atmosphere wherein the mind could sway  
O'er wider realms of intellectual day.  
They dawn'd at length!—a not unclouded dream,  
From golden climes by Ganga's idol stream.  
That Indian soil poetic fancy knew,  
Her sculptured wreck, and mountain's roseate view,  
Her palmy mead by banks of radiant green,  
And dusky cots where cooling plantains lean.  
But when he felt a meek-eyed mother's gaze,  
And thought how soon might end her lonely  
days!  
Beheld his child in cradled hush asleep,  
Too frail to dare the thunders of the deep;  
His books deserted, friendship's riven chain,  
And he,—afar upon the boundless main!  
That strife of soul might well forbid him roam,  
And softly hue the tenderness of home!

Those shading doubts a Providence dispell'd;  
Each home-born fear aspiring goodness quell'd:  
The parting o'er, behold! the billows sweep  
In rushing music as he rides the deep,  
That wafts him onward to his Indian clime,  
While mused his heart on future toil sublime,  
Whereby Redemption and her God would smile  
On heathen lands, and many a lonely isle,  
Where stunted Nature, in her soulless gloom,  
From age to age had wither'd to the tomb!  
And haply, too, when rose the twilight star,  
And billows flutter'd in a breezy war,  
At that dim hour regretted England came,  
Familiar walks, and sounds of early fame,  
And village steeple, with the lowly race,  
Whose fondness brighten'd to behold his face!

The Land was reach'd; and, oh! too fondly known  
How Heber made that sunny land his own,  
Till heathen hearts a Christian nature wore,  
And feelings sprang which never bloom'd before,  
As toil'd he there with apostolic truth,  
Redeem'd her Aged, and reform'd her Youth,  
For praise to honour with a powerless line  
A heart so deep, a spirit so divine!<sup>k</sup>  
He lived; he died; in life and death the same,—  
A Christian martyr!—whose majestic fame

In beacon glory o'er the world shall blaze,  
And lighten empires with celestial rays;  
While Virtue throbs, or human hearts admire  
A poet's feeling with a prophet's fire;  
While pure Religion hath a shrine to own,  
Or Man can worship at his Maker's throne!



# OXFORD.

## PART II.

“ The still air of delightful studies.”—*Milton.*

“ ————— To range  
Where silver Isis leads the stripling feet ;  
Pace the long Avenue, or glide adown  
The stream-like windings of that glorious street !”  
*Wordsworth.*

## ANALYSIS OF PART II.

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THE proud feelings arising from a survey of the past—commencement of College life—entrance into Oxford—first morning in the University—Chapel service—a walk through the town—the new Clarendon—circulation of the Scriptures—sublime hopes—picture of the Indian reading his Bible—return to Oxford life—the freshman—acquaintances—characters—difficulty and danger of selection—importance of the first step in College life—the pure associations of Home—advancement and triumph—the reprobate—Tutors—Fellowships—collegiate retirement considered in reference to happiness—reflections on the same—chime of evening bells—the student—fascinations of midnight study—mental and physical effects—Night scene—moonlight—its splendours—reflective conclusion—time—youth—retrospections and anticipations—thirst for fame and struggles for renown—the evanescent nature of human glory—a farewell view, and apostrophe to Heaven.

# OXFORD.

## PART II.

AND thus o'er visions of thy matchless few  
Hath fancy revell'd in her fleet review;  
And, oh my country! glorious, brave, and free,  
Soul of the world! what spirits hallow thee!  
There is a magic in thy mighty name,  
A swell of glory, and a sound of fame;  
And myriads feel upon thy hills and plains  
The patriot blood rush warmer to their veins,  
As all thou wert, and art, the mind surveys  
With burning wonder and enchanted gaze!

To this proud scene of architect'ral pride,  
To all but her, the ocean-famed, denied,  
A parent sends, with many a bosom'd fear,  
His child, to arm him for the world's career.  
Nor deem unawful that remember'd hour,  
When Fate and Fortune, with seductive power,  
To Inexperience urge their blended claim,  
And lead to honour, or allure to shame.

At length, young Novice! comes that fond farewell  
Which words deny, but tears as truly tell;  
The distance won,—behold! at evening hour  
Thine eye's first wonder fix'd on Maudlin tower,  
Then, gothic structures, as they swell to view  
In steepled vastness, dark with ages' hue:  
And on thine ear when first the morn-bells wake,  
As o'er the wind their jangling echoes shake,  
Delighted fancy will illumine thy brow,  
To feel thyself in ancient Oxford now!

Collegiate life\* next opens on thy way,  
Begins at morn, and mingles with the day;

\* A Sermon preached at "Poulis Cross, the xiii. day of December, 1550," contains the following description of University discipline at that period:—"There be diuers which rise dailie betwixt three and fyve of the clock in the mornyng, and from fyve until syxe of the clock use common prayer, with an exhortation of God's Word, in a common chapelle, and from syxe untoo tenne use euer eyther private studie or commune lectures. At tenne of the clock they go to dyner, where as they be contente with a feine piece of befe amongst iiii, having a few potage of the brothe made of the same befe, with salt and oatmeal, and nothing elles. After this slender dyner, they be eyther teachinge or learninge until fyve of the clocke in the euyning, when as they have a supper not much better than their dyner, immediately after which they go eyther to learninge in problems, or to some other studie, until the nyne or tenne of the clocke, and there being without fire, are faine to walk or runne up and down half a heure to get a hete on their fete when they go to bed."

The pillar'd cloister, in whose twilight gloom  
Pale dreams arise, like shadows from the tomb,  
Now hears thy step: and well at first I ween,  
The stately Chapel, with her sculptured screen,  
The windows dim, where Bible dramas live  
For ages in the glow which colours give,—  
(Till, when the sunbeams mellowingly pass  
Through vested figures in the tinted glass,  
Priest, saint, and prophet, all are glowing there,  
With kneeling martyrs at their dying prayer!)  
The graven fretwork on the gothic wall,  
And flowery roof, that over-arches all,—  
Unite for thee, with young amazement warm,  
In the blent fulness of their varied charm.

And now the walk of wonder through the town  
In the stiff foldings of a new-bought gown!\*

\* The scholars are supposed in their dress to have imitated the Benedictine monks, who were the chief restorers of literature. Their gowns at first reached not much lower than the knees. The shoulders were but a little, or not all gathered; neither were the sleeves much wider than those of an ordinary coat, but were afterwards enlarged. When degrees became more frequent in the reigns of Richard I. and John, other fashions were invented, both with respect to degrees and faculties. The wide sleeves are still worn by bachelors, and by those undergraduates who are on the foundation. The gowns were originally black; afterwards of different colours. In the chancellorship of Archbishop Laud, all were confined

From cap and robe what awkward shyness steals!  
How wild a truth the dazzled Novice feels!  
Restless the eye, his voice a nervous sound,  
While laughing echoes are evoked around;  
Each look he faces seems on him to leer,  
And fancied giggles are for ever near!  
Through High-street then,—the town's majestic  
pride,  
Array'd with palaces on either side,  
He roams: him tradesmen's greedy eyes behold,  
Each pocket gaping for a freshman's gold.  
The Clarendon may next a look beguile,  
Theatric dome, and Ashmoléan pile;  
Or Bodley's chambers,\* where, in dusky rows,  
The volumed wonders† of the past repose;

to black, except the sons of noblemen, who were permitted to select their colour. The present gown of the Masters of Arts is not ancient, and was not known before the time of John Calvin, who is recorded as the first who wore it. The primitive gown had the sleeve longways, and the facing lined with fur.

\* The Bodleian.

† King James, in his visit to the magnificent library of Sir Thomas Bodley, is recorded to have said:—"If I were doomed to be a prisoner, and the choice were given me of my prison, this library should be my dungeon; I would desire to be chained by no other bonds than the clasps which incarcerate these pages, and to have no other companions in my captivity than these volumes."

Or some bold thought a wayward fancy rules,  
To take a freeze of horror from the Schools,\*  
From lofty benches send a downward gaze,  
Hear awful sounds, and dream of future days!

But lo! in towering pride, with massy gate,  
The Clarendon † uprears its modern state;—  
There pause, and think;—for then a sense sublime,  
How proud a victor over Space and Time,  
When Mind hath wielded her undaunted power,  
Is man,—both slave and monarch of an hour!  
Comes o'er the spirit with unutter'd thought,  
Like melody with years of feeling fraught.

\* In the statute, “De Exercitiis præstandis pro gradu Baccalaurei in Artibus,” the exercises required are “Disputationes in Parvisiis.” Chaucer, in the prologue to the Canterbury Tales, says,—

“A seargant at law, ware and wise,  
That often had been at the Pervise.”

And in the glossary at the end of an ancient edition, the word Pervise is explained, a church-porch, contracted from Paradisus—i. e., *locus porticibus et deambulationibus circumdatus*; and Spelman says that our lawyers formerly used to walk in such a place to meet their clients. Before the schools were erected, they held their disputations in Parvisiis in the porch of St. Mary's church. There they sat, *vis-a-vis*. This might, in the Norman-French of those times, perhaps be expressed by Par-vis, which, in barbarized Latin, would become Parvisiis.

† This refers, of course, to the NEW building, denominated “The University Press.”

Yet, not the miracles of England's Press,  
That mighty Oracle to curse or bless!  
Alone the worship of high thought demand;  
Lo! earth-wide dreams around the soul expand,  
As dwells thy gaze on yon enormous piles  
Of hallow'd books, for heathen lands and isles;\*  
A godlike present for benighted man  
Where Truth hath wander'd, or where Mercy can!

Transcendent thought!—when changing years  
    have flown,  
These Bibles speak to every clime and zone!  
The hut, the hovel, or the cottage wild,  
Where Sorrow shudders o'er her weeping child,—  
Their living voice of holiness and love,  
Like angel tones, shall visit from above.  
Omnipotence is there!—a power to be  
The God on earth, salvation's deity.  
Thou Infidel! in tomb-like darkness laid,  
By Heaven deserted, and by earth betray'd;

\* What a glorious contrast does this immense collection of Bibles suggest, between the past and present state of Christian philosophy, when we read that—"So little were the Scriptures used in the time of Wickliff, that some secular priests of Armagh, who were sent by Archbishop Fitzralph (the translator of the Bible into Irish) to study divinity at Oxford, about A.D. 1357, were obliged to return, because they could nowhere find a Latin Bible! The clergy were then seldom able to read Latin."—*Bishop Gray*.

And thou, pale mutterer in some midnight cell,  
Whose sad to-morrow is a dream of hell!  
There is a voice to wake, a word to spread,  
Deep as the thunders that arouse the dead!  
That sound is heard!—a welcome from the skies!  
Despair is vanquish'd, and Dejection flies;  
Hope fills a heart where agonies have been,  
The dungeon brightens, and a God is seen!

Immortal pages! may your spirit pour  
Unceasing day, till savage night be o'er.  
In fiery lands, where roving Ganga reigns,  
Eternal pilgrim of a thousand plains!  
The tawny Indian,—(when the day is done,  
And basking waters redden in the sun,  
While shadow'd branches, in their boundless play  
Of leafy wantonness, the earth array,)  
Behold him seated, with his babes around,  
To fathom myst'ries where a God is found!  
The book is oped, a wondrous page began,  
Where heaven is offered to forgiven man;  
Lo! as he reads, what awe-like wonder steals  
On all he fancies, and on all he feels!  
Till o'er his mind, by mute devotion wrought,  
The gleaming twilight of celestial thought  
Begins, and heaven-eyed Faith salutes above  
The God of glory, and the Lord of love!

“Thou dread UNKNOWN! Thou unimagined Whole!  
 The vast Supreme, and Universal Soul,  
 Oft in the whirlwind have I shaped Thy form,  
 Or throned in thunder heard Thee sway the storm!  
 And when the ocean’s heaving vastness grew  
 Black with Thy curse,—my spirit darken’d too!  
 But when the world beneath a sun-gaze smiled,  
 And not a frown the sleeping air defiled,  
 Then I have loved Thee, Thou parental One,  
 \*Thy wrath a tempest, and Thy smile a sun!  
 But if there be, as heaven-breathed words relate,  
 A seraph-home in some hereafter state,  
 Almighty POWER! thy dark-soul’d Indian see,  
 And grant the mercy that has bled for me!”<sup>a</sup>

† O’er Oxford thus the staring freshman roves  
 By solemn temples, or secluded groves;

\* In matters of faith and religion we raise our imagination above our reason, which is the cause why religion sought ever access to the mind by similitudes, types, parables, visions, dreams, &c.—*Bacon, Adv. Learn.*, p. 128.

† “*A Companion to the Guide, and a Guide to the Companion.*” A *jeu d’esprit*, under the above title, was attributed to Tom Warton; his account of the libraries and schools is thus humorously sketched:—“The prevailing notion is equally erroneous with regard to the number of our *libraries*. Besides those of Radcliffe, Bodley, and private colleges, there have of late years been many libraries founded in our *coffee-houses*, for the benefit of such academics as have neglected, or

Then, introduced,—the social charms begin  
By tongues that flatter, or by hearts that win;

lost, their Latin and Greek. In these useful repositories, *grown gentlemen* are accommodated with the Cyclopædia. The *Magazines* afford history, divinity, &c. The *Reviews* form the complete critic, without consulting the dry rules of Aristotle, Quintilian, and Bossu, and enable the student to pass his judgment on volumes which he never read—[what a prophetic description of the railroad style of criticism that now prevails!] *Novels* supply the place of experience, and give lectures of intrigue and gallantry. *Occasional Poems* diffuse the itch of rhyming, and happily tempt away a young fellow to forsake logic, turn *smart*, and commence author, either in the pastoral, lyric, or elegiac way. As there are here books suited to every taste, so are there liquors adapted to every species of reading. Amorous tales may be perused over *arrack punch* and *jellies*; insipid elegies over *orgeat* or *capilaire*; politics over *coffee*; divinity over *port*; and defence of bad generals and bad ministers over *whipt syllabubs*. In a word, we may pronounce that learning is no longer a *dry* pursuit. The *schools* of this university are more numerous than is commonly supposed, among which we must reckon three spacious and superb edifices, situated to the south of the High-street, one hundred feet long, by thirty in breadth, vulgarly called *Tennis Courts*, where *exercise* is regularly performed both morning and afternoon. Add to these certain schools, familiarly denominated *Billiard Tables*, where the *laws of motion* are exemplified, and which may be considered as a necessary supplement to our courses of experimental philosophy. Nor must we omit the many *Nine-pin* and *Skittle-Alleys*, open and dry, for the instruction of scholars in geometrical knowledge, and particularly for proving the *centripetal* principle. Other *schools* and places of academical discipline, not generally known as such, may be mentioned. The *Peripatetics* execute the courses proper to their system upon the

Mien, mind, and manner,—all in varied style  
Now woo his fortune, or reflect his smile.  
For here, as in the world's unbounded sphere,  
The countless traits of character appear.  
In some proud youth, of feeling soul, we find  
The winning magic of a noble mind;  
Truth, taste, and sense through all he does pervade,  
No virtue lost, no principle betray'd;  
Another,—wildness marks his mien and tone!  
His hand extends—and honours are his own;  
Eternal plaudits in his ear resound;  
He rides on wings, while others walk the ground!  
A contrast see, whom hearts nor dreams inspire,—  
The booby offspring of a booby sire,  
With leaden visage passionlessly cold,  
And ev'ry feeling round himself enroll'd.  
Then, happy Pertness, how sincerely vain!  
And, sour Perfection,—what sublime disdain!  
For ever in detraction's art employ'd,  
No virtue welcomed, and no book enjoy'd:

*parade*; navigation is learnt on the Isis; *gunnery* on the adjacent hills; *horsemanship* on Port-Meadow, Ballingdon-Green, the Henley, Wycombe, Woodstock, Abingdon, and Banbury roads. The *Axis in Peritrochio* is admirably illustrated by a *scheme* in a *phaeton*. The doctrine of the *screw* is practically explained most evenings in the private rooms, together with the *motion of fluids*."

Then, pompous Learning, deeply read and skill'd  
In pages which profoundest heads have fill'd,  
Yet harsh and tasteless, and but rarely fraught  
With knowledge sprung from self-created thought.\*  
But, save me, Heav'n! from what no words can tell,  
A human Nothing, made to strut and swell,  
Who thinks no University contains  
Sufficient wisdom to employ his brains,—  
Yet, frothy Creature! what a vacant skull!  
In all but falsehood villanously dull;  
Big words and oaths in one wild volley roll,  
And Nature blushes for so mean a soul.

Begirt by these, how oft may heart-warm Youth  
Grow blindly fond, and misinterpret truth,  
When feelings in their flush'd dominion lend  
To fancied kindness what completes a friend!  
Now dawns the moment, doom'd in future years  
To waken triumph, or be born in tears;  
When morals sway, religion lives or dies,  
And cited principles to action rise,—  
Oh! thou, o'er whom a mother's eye hath wept,  
Or round thy cradle frequent vigils kept;

\* Gilbert Wakefield, in his correspondence with Fox, observes, that "his custom was *multum potius quam multa legere*;" and Hobbes, with a pithy sarcasm, said, "if I had read as much as some others, I should have been as ignorant as they are."

Whose infant soul a father's love survey'd,  
 And oft for thee with Heav'n communion made;  
 Be thine the circle where true Friendship lives  
 In the pure light exalted spirit gives;<sup>b</sup>  
 And far from thee the infamous and vile,  
 Who murder feeling with a Stoic smile,  
 Blaspheme the innocence of early days,  
 Make virtue vice, impiety a praise,  
 Disease the health of unpolluted mind,  
 And call it glory to disgrace mankind!  
 What though the eye may sparkle o'er the glass,  
 Or fondling words for fascination pass,  
 While flowers of friendship oft appear to bloom,  
 Born in the sunshine of a festive room,—  
 A day will come when sterner truths prevail,  
 \*And friendship dwindles into folly's tale!

But shouldst thou waver, when the awful hour  
 Of pleasure tempteth with a demon's power,  
 And time and circumstance together seem  
 To dazzle nature with too bright a dream,—

\* Hunc quem cœna tibi, quem mensa paravit amicum  
 Esse putas fidæ pectus amicitiae?—

\* \* \* \* \*

Jam bene si cœnem noster amicus erit!—*Martial.*

For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.—*Bacon's Essays*, 27th.

Let home and virtue, what thou wert and art,  
A mother's feeling, and a father's heart,  
Full on thy mem'ry rise with blended charm,  
And all the serpent in thy soul disarm!  
For who shall say, when first temptations win  
A yielded mind to some enchanting sin.  
What future crime, that *once* appear'd too black  
For life to wander o'er its hell-ward track,  
May lead the heart to some tremendous doom,  
Whose midnight hovers round an early tomb?  
Let home be vision'd where thy budding days  
Their beauty open'd on a parent's gaze :  
For there, what memories of thee abound!  
Your chamber echoes with its wonted sound;  
The flow'r you reared, a sister's nursing hand  
Still fondly guards, and helps each leaf expand;  
The page you ponder'd with delighted brow  
Was ever dear,—but oh! far dearer now;  
The walk you loved with her sweet smile to  
share,  
She oft repeats, and paints your image there;  
And when a glory hath array'd the sky,  
Her fancy revels in your fav'rite dye;  
While oft at evening, when domestic bloom  
Hath flung a freshness round a social room,  
When hearts unfold, and music's winged note  
Can waft a feeling wheresoe'er it float,

Some chord is touch'd, whose melodies awake  
The pang of fondness for a brother's sake;  
And eyes are conscious, as they gaze around  
Where looks are falling, there a son was found!

Let home begird thee like a guardian dream,  
And time will wander an unsullied stream,  
Whose wildest motion is the rippled play  
Of rapid moments as they roll away!  
Meanwhile, delightful studies, deep and strong,  
To graduate honours waft thy soul along;  
They come at length! and high in listed fame  
A college hails, a country reads thy name;  
And in that list when first thy name appears,  
What triumph sparkles in those happy tears!  
In after-life, when Oxford's ancient towers  
Thy mem'ry visions in creative hours,  
Or college friends a college scene restore,  
Thy heart will banquet on the bliss of yore!

Now mark a contrast, in whose meanness lies  
What purer thought should soaringly despise.  
From careless boyhood to uncultured man  
Indulged to act, ere principle began;  
With just enough of spirit for excess,  
And heart, which nothing, save a vice, can bless,

In Oxford, see the reprobate appear!  
Big with the promise of a mad career.  
With cash and consequence to lead the way,  
A fool by night and more than fop by day,  
What happy vileness doth his lot reveal!  
How Folly burns with imitative zeal,  
Whene'er the shadows of his greatness fall  
In festive chamber, or collegiate hall!  
Romantic lot!—to vegetate secure  
From all that might to mental paths allure;  
To wake each morning with no deeper thought  
Than that which yesterday's excess hath brought;  
Then, wing'd by impulse, as the day proceeds,  
To follow where coxcombic fashion leads,  
Hark! Woodstock rattles with eternal wheels,  
And hounds are ever barking at his heels,  
The Chapel, voted a terrific bore,\*  
The "Dons,"—head-pieces for the college door!

\* When Hooker was at Corpus "enriching his quiet and capacious soul with the precious learning of the philosophers, casuists, and schoolmen," Isaak Walton thus describes his *chapel conduct*:—"In four years he was but twice absent from the chapel prayers; and his behaviour there was such as shewed an awful reverence of that God which he then worshipped and prayed to; giving all outward testimonies that his affections were set on heavenly things."—*Oh, si sic omnes!*

Before concluding this note, the reader will not find the following anecdote of Hooker tedious or uninteresting:—When, by his marriage with her "who brought to him neither

The lecture scouted, the degree reviled,  
And Alma Mater all save *alma* styled!  
Thus on; till night advance, whose reign divine  
Is chastely dedicate to cards and wine,

beauty nor portion," the good man was drawn from the tranquillity of his college, into those corroding cares that attend a married priest and a country parsonage,—which was *Drayton Beauchamp*, in Bucks, not far from Aylesbury,—his two pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, took a journey to see their tutor, where they found him with a book in his hand (the Odes of Horace), he being then, like humble and innocent Abel, tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field, which he told his pupils he was forced to do then, for that his servant was gone home to dine, and assist his wife to do some necessary household business. But when his servant returned and released him, then his two pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them, *for Richard was called to rock the cradle!* Having paraphrased on many of the innocent recreations of their younger days, and other like diversions, and thereby given him as much comfort as they were able, they were forced to leave him to the company of his wife, Joan, and seek themselves a quieter lodging for the next night; but at their parting from him, Mr. Cranmer said, "Good tutor, I am sorry your lot is fallen in no better ground as to your parsonage, and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion after you have wearied yourself in your restless studies." To whom the good man replied, "My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I that am none ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me, but labour, as indeed I do daily, to submit mine to his will, and possess my soul in patience and peace."

Where modest themes amusive tongues excite,  
And faces redden with the soul's delight;  
A Roman banquet! with Athenian flowers  
Of festive wit, to charm the graceful hours!

Alas! that Truth must fling a doleful shade  
On the bright portrait which her hand hath made!  
Few years have fled,\*—and what doth now remain  
Of him the haughty, who but smiled disdain  
On all that Virtue in her meekness dared,  
Ambition hoped, or principle declared?  
His friends are dead; his fortune sunk away  
In midnight Hells, where midnight demons play;  
A wither'd skeleton of sin and shame,  
With nought but infamy to track his name,  
The wreck of fortune, with despairing sighs,  
Fades from the world, and like a felon dies!

A nobler theme! ere yet my strain conclude,  
The learn'd and gifted, dignified and good;  
Those tasteful guides, by whose directing hand  
The seeds of learning ripen or expand;  
And if one task there be the soul to try,  
Whose with'ring toils a due reward defy,

\* In general, the foundations of a happy old age must be laid in youth: and, in particular, he who has not cultivated his reason young, will be utterly unable to improve it old.—*Bolingbroke.*

On them it falls whom Merit ranks her own,  
And Talent seats on Education's throne.  
Each mode of mind,—the stubborn, wise, or stern,  
The headstrong wit that cannot stoop to learn,  
The dunce or drone, the freshman or the fool,  
'Tis their's to counsel, teach, o'erawe, and rule!  
Their only meed,—some execrating word  
To blight the hour when first their voice was heard,  
Too often paid, when puny coxcombs dare  
To prove the nothingness of what they are!

Yet well may such a doom be nobly faced;  
There comes a scene by no dark cloud disgraced,  
An hour when Genius, borne aloft to fame,  
On Oxford sheds the brightness of her name,  
Whence first her wings that eagle height explored,  
Where now she reigns, adoring and adored!  
Then he who taught her, shares with proud surprise,  
And dewy gladness of delighted eyes,  
That hour triumphant, when a world repays  
The toilful dulness of collegiate days.  
Ah! who forgets the parents of the mind?\*

What heart so dead, as no deep bliss to find

\* *Dî majorum umbris tenuem, et sine pondere terram,  
Spirantesque crocos, et in urnâ perpetuum ver,  
Qui præceptorum sancti voluere parentis  
Esse loco.—Juv. Sat. 7, 207.*

In thoughts which wander to their school-day scene,  
Though years and distance darkly intervene?  
The foot-worn mead, the playmate, wood, and  
walk,

So sweetly shared in tenderness and talk,  
The feats and pranks of undejected youth,  
When fancy wore a fairy mask of truth,  
Dull, drear, and worldly is the soul that sees  
No smile reflected from such joys as these!  
And they who haunt, from year to year content,  
The sacred home where studious hours were spent,  
There are who think their stormless life must be  
One still romance of mental liberty.  
Yet mind alone, whate'er the lot or state,  
Her true delight must fancy or create;  
From her the sunshine and the shadows fall,  
That brighten, tint, and oversway it all.  
The daily clockwork of collegiate life,  
Where nought is new, but Convocation strife;  
The bigotry which olden times beget,  
A sickly dulness, and a stale regret  
For aught that seems of reformation sprung,  
To let in light where ancient cobwebs hung,  
If such combine, where weaker traits are found,  
Who would not mourn that fellowships abound?  
The mighty brothers of the Sun and Moon,  
Who tremble, lest a lip should smile too soon;

Nor treat their mouths except with college twang,  
Where heavy words in heavy speeches hang;  
Who hate the present, but adore the past,  
And think *their* world the only one to last,—  
How pitiful! should such a race be seen,  
Where all the monarchs of the mind have been!

Retirement, classic love, and studious ease,  
A heart that deems it no disgrace to please,  
With retrospections fond of other days  
When minds were nursed, that now repeat their  
praise—

A lot so calm no virtue will destroy,  
But season life for solitary joy.  
And yet, let shades of accident unite  
In happy union for its best delight,  
A life of learning is a life forlorn:—  
Be mine the world which social scenes adorn,  
Where Woman's heart the central bliss is found,  
And happiness—the smile it sheds around! <sup>c</sup>

But Night is throned; and full before me frown  
The dusky steeples that o'ertop the town;  
High in the midst, a dark-domed shadow see,—  
The RADCLIFFE, pile of unworn majesty;  
Around it, silver'd by some window ray,  
Whirls many a smoke-wreath in ascending play:

Beneath, what massy roofs immingled lie,  
Misshaped by fancy, till they awe the eye;  
Hush'd are the groves, in leafy dimness veil'd,  
The winds unheard, as though they ne'er had  
rail'd,—

But hark!—the booming sounds of Wolsey's<sup>d</sup> bell  
Float o'er the city like his last farewell,  
While answ'ring temples, with obedient sound,  
Peal to the night, and moan sad music round;  
But dread o'er all, like thunder heard in dreams,  
The warning spirit of that echo seems!  
Now gates are barr'd; and, faithful to his stand,  
The crusty porter, with his key-worn hand.  
Yet not with day, the day-born studies end;  
Wan cheeks, and weary brows,—I see them bend  
O'er haughty pages breathing ancient mind,  
For Man and Immortality design'd:  
The brain may burn, the martyr'd health may  
fail,

And sunken eyelids speak a mournful tale  
Of days protracted into hideous length,  
Till mind is dead, and limbs deny their strength!  
Still, honours woo!—and may they smile on thee,  
Whoe'er thou art, that hopest their smile to see;  
Hours, days, and years severer far than thine,  
In toil, and gloom, and loneliness, are mine!

The Day is earth, but holy Night is heav'n!\*

To her a solitude of soul is given,  
Within whose depth, how beautiful to dream,  
And fondly be, what others vainly seem!  
Oh! 'tis an hour of consecrated might,  
For Earth's Immortals have adored the night;  
In song or vision yielding up the soul  
To the deep magic of her still control.  
My own loved hour! there comes no hour like thee,  
No world so glorious as thou form'st for me!  
The fretful ocean of eventful day,—  
To waveless nothing how it ebbs away!  
As oft the chamber, where some haunted page  
Renews a poet, or revives a sage  
In pensive Athens, or sublimer Rome,  
To mental quiet woos the Spirit home.

\* That theoretic paradise in which imagination delights to roam and gather hues of glory, wherewith to invest the bleak realities of life, beautiful as it is, has met with little respect from ethical writers.—Foster (*vide Essays*) appears by no means enamoured of it, in the following passage:—"If a tenth part of the felicities that have been enjoyed, the great actions that have been performed, the beneficent institutions that have been established, and the beautiful objects that have been seen in that happy region, could have been imported into this terrestrial place, what a delightful thing it would have been to awake each morning to see such a world once more!" Abercrombie has also touched on the illusive danger of such dreams in his work on "*The Intellectual Powers*," p. 155, 3rd ed.

There stillness reigns,—how eloquently deep!  
And soundless air, more beautiful than sleep.  
Let Winter sway,—her dream-like sounds inspire:  
The social murmur of a blazing fire;  
The hail-drop, hissing as it melts away  
In twinkling gleams of momentary play;  
Or wave-like swell of some retreated wind,  
In dying sadness echo'd o'er the mind,—  
But gently ruffle into varied thought  
The calm of feeling blissful night has brought.  
How eyes the spirit, with contented gaze,  
The chamber mellow'd into social haze,  
And smiling walls, where, rank'd in solemn rows,  
The wizard volumes of the mind repose!  
Thus, well may hours like fairy waters glide,  
Till morning glimmers o'er their reckless tide;  
While dreams, beyond the realm of day to view,  
Around us hover in seraphic hue;  
Till Nature pines for intellectual rest,—  
When home awakens, and the heart is blest;  
Or, from the window reads our wand'ring eye  
The starry language of Chaldean sky;  
And gathers in that one vast gaze above,  
A bright eternity of awe and love!

So heav'nly seems the visionary night:  
But, ah! the danger in its deep delight.

The Mind, then beautified to fond excess,  
With all things dare to brighten, or to bless:  
A world of sense more spiritual is made  
Than the stern eye of nature hath survey'd;  
Some false perfection which hath never been,  
By fancy woven, lives through ev'ry scene;  
But morn awakes,—and lo, the spells unwind,  
As daylight melts like darkness o'er the mind!  
The worldly coarseness of our common lot  
Recalls the shadows which the night forgot;  
\*Each dream of loftiness then dies away,  
And heav'n-light withers in the frown of Day!  
And then, the languor of each parching vein,  
And the hot weariness of heart and brain;  
That hideous shade of something dread to be,—  
Oh, fatal midnight! these are doom'd for thee.  
Each breeze comes o'er us with tormenting wing,  
Each pulse of sound an agony can bring.†

\* The heroism of morals, the enthusiasm of eloquence, and the ambition of fame, are *supernatural enjoyments* necessary only to those minds which, at once exalted and melancholy, are weaned and disgusted with everything transitory.—*De Staël*.

† The wasting effect of excessive and protracted study did not escape the observation of Rousseau—"Les rends délicats, affoiblit leur tempérament; et que l'ame garde difficilement sa vigueur, quand le corps a perdu la sienne; que l'étude use la machine, épuise les esprits, détruit les forces énerves le courage, rend pusillanime, incapable de résister également à la peine, et aux passions." In Lord King's "Life of Locke,"

Let Chatterton thy deathful charm reveal,  
And mournful White, who from thy depth would  
steal

A placid sense of some unvision'd Pow'r,  
Around prevailing at thine earthless hour:<sup>c</sup>  
And oft, methinks, in loneliness of heart,  
As noons of night in dreaming calm depart,  
My room is sadden'd with the mingled gaze  
Of those who martyr'd their ambitious days;  
The turf-grass o'er their tombs,—I see it wave,  
And visions waft me to a kindred grave!

But lo! the yielding dark hath gently died,  
And stars are sprinkled o'er the azure tide  
Of lustrous air, that high and far prevails,  
Where now the night-enchancing glory sails.  
City of fame! when Morn's first wings of light  
Have waved in beauty o'er thy mansions bright,  
Have I beheld thee; but a moonrise seems,  
Like hues that wander from a heaven of dreams,  
To hallow thee, as there thy temples stand  
Sublimely tender, or serenely grand;  
Spire, tower, and pinnacle, a dim array,  
Whose wizard shadows in the moonlight sway!

there is an admirable "Essay on Study," which ought to be perused by every man who deems the martyrdom of health an interesting accompaniment to the acquirement of learning!

The stony muteness of thy massive piles,  
Now silver'd o'er by melancholy smiles,  
With more than language, spirit-like appeals  
To the high sense impassion'd nature feels  
Of all that gloriously, in earth or sky,  
Exacts the worship of her gazing eye!  
There is a magic in the moonlit hour  
Which day hath never in his deepest pow'r  
Of light and bloom, when bird and bee resound,  
And new-born flow'rs imparadise the ground!  
And ne'er hath city, since a moon began  
To hallow nature for the soul of man,  
Steep'd in the freshness of her fairy light,—  
More richly shone, than Oxford shines to-night!  
No lines of harshness on her temples frown,  
But all in one soft magic melted down,—  
Sublimed grown, through mellow air they rise,  
And seem with vaster swell to awe the skies!  
On arched windows how intensely gleams  
The glassy whiteness of reflected beams!  
Whose radiant slumber on the marble tomb  
Of mitred founders, in funereal gloom,  
Extends; or else in pallid shyness falls  
On gothic casements, or collegiate walls.  
The groves in silver-leaf'd array repose;  
And, Isis!—how serene thy current flows,  
With tinted surface by the meadowy way,  
Without a ripple, or a breeze at play:

Yet, once again shall summer barks be seen,—  
And furrow'd waters, where their flight has been;  
While sounding Rapture, as her heroes speed  
From Iffly locks, flies glorying o'er the mead,  
Hails from the bank as up the river ride,  
In oary swiftness and exulting pride,  
Her barks triumphal,—let the flag be rear'd,  
And thousands echo, when the colour's cheer'd!

Again, upon the wind a wafted swell  
Of ebbing sound, proclaims a midnight bell!  
Lo! phantom clouds come floating by the moon,  
Then melt away, like happiness, too soon!\*

And as they glide, an overshadowing smile  
Of moving light is mirror'd on each pile.  
Farewell the scene! Farewell the fleeting song!  
Wherein my spirit hath been borne along  
In light and gloom through many a lonely hour,  
With nought to gladden but its own weak pow'r.  
In morning youth far brighter dreams have play'd  
Around a heart which hope has oft betray'd,  
Than those which hover o'er this dying strain;  
But,—faded once, they never form again!  
Farewell to Oxford!—soon will flying years  
The word awaken that is spoke by tears:—

\* So calm the waters, scarce they seem to stray,  
And yet they glide, like happiness, away.—*Lara*.

When scheming boyhood plann'd my future lot,  
No scene arose where Oxford centred not;  
And now, as oft her many-mingled chimes  
Swell into birth, like sounds of other times,  
Prophetic life a woven myst'ry seems,  
Unravell'd oft by consummated dreams!

Farewell!—if when I cease to haunt her scene,  
Some gentle heart remember I have been,  
As Oxford, with her palaces and spires,  
The mind ennobles, or the fancy fires,  
No vain reward his chosen theme attends,  
Howe'er the fate of him who sung it, ends!

Oh! fearful Time, the fathomless of thought,  
With what a myst'ry is thy meaning fraught!  
Thy wings are noiseless in their rush sublime  
O'er scenes of glory, as o'er years of crime;  
Yet comes a moment when thy speed is felt,  
Till past and future through our being melt,  
And a faint awfulness from worlds unknown,  
In shadowy darkness gathers round our own!  
A moment!—well may that a moral be,  
Whoe'er thou art, 'tis memory to thee:  
A tomb it piled, a mother bore to heaven,  
Or, like a whirlwind o'er the ocean driven,  
Rush'd on thy fate with desolating sway,  
And flung a desert o'er thy darken'd way!

A moment!—midnight wears her wonted hue,  
And orbs of beauty speck yon skyward view;  
Deep, hush'd, and holy is the world around,  
But yet, what energies of Life abound;  
Fermenting through the mighty womb of space,  
Where Time and Nature multiply their race,—  
What hearts, whose awful destinies awake,  
Till Heav'n and Hell some daring impulse make!  
And thou! far universe, to sight unknown,  
Crown'd with thy God, and centred by His throne,  
Man cannot soar, but dreams would fain expand  
Their winged pow'rs o'er thine unclouded land,  
Where Glory circles from the mystic THREE,  
Where Life is Love, and Love is Deity!

Who breathes, in good and ill must bear his part,  
And each can tell a history of heart,  
How Time hath tinged the moral of his years,  
Through gloom or glory, triumph, pangs, or tears.  
And yet, howe'er the spirit prove her right,  
To give it voice is deem'd a vain delight;  
And far too deeply is my mem'ry fraught  
With the cold lesson blighted hours have taught,  
To think a life so valueless as mine  
With the stern feelings of a world may twine.  
But words will swell from out excited mind,  
As heave the waters to the helmless wind,

In some fond mood, when dreaming thoughts control  
Departed years that slumber in the soul!

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Life still is young, but not the world, with me;  
For where the freshness I was wont to see?  
A bloom hath vanish'd from the face of things;  
Nor more the syren of enchantment sings  
In sunny mead, or shady walk, or bower,  
Like that which warbled o'er my youthful hour.  
Let reason laugh, or elder wisdom smile  
On the warm phantasies which youth beguile;  
There *is* a pureness in that glorious prime  
That mingles not with our maturer time.  
All earth is brighten'd from a sun within,  
As yet unshaded by a world of sin,  
While mind and nature blendingly array  
In light and love, whate'er our dreams survey;—  
Though perils darken from the distant years,  
They vanish, cloud-like, when a smile appears!  
And the light woes that flutter o'er the mind  
Are laugh'd away, as foam upon the wind.  
Thou witching Spirit of a younger hour!  
\*Did I not feel thee in thy fullest pow'r?

\* Rousseau, when dying, ordered his attendant to place him before the window, that he might view the declining glow of day, and bid farewell to the worshipped countenance of Nature!

Attest, ye glories! flash'd from clouds and skies  
On the deep wonder of adoring eyes,  
As oft, school-free, I worshipp'd, lone and still,  
The rosy sunset from some haunted hill;  
Or oped my lattice, when the moonshine lay  
In sleep-like beauty on the brow of day,  
To watch the mystery of moving stars  
Through ether gliding on melodious cars,  
Or musing wander'd, ere the hectic morn,  
To see how beautiful the sun was born!

A reign of glory from my soul hath past,  
And each Elysium proved mere Earth at last;  
Yet mourn I not in mock or puling strain,  
For joys are left which never beam in vain!  
The voice of friends, the changeless eye of love,  
And, oh! that bliss all other bliss above,  
To know, if shadow frown, or sunshine fall,  
There is One Spirit who pervadeth all!

And is that Fame, for which our feelings pine  
With yearning fondness, not indeed divine?  
Are lofty impulses of soul and sense,  
For ever teaching her omnipotence,  
A mimicry of fine emotions? born  
From the gay wildness of a youthful morn?

Time, Truth, and Nature speak a nobler tale!  
Her pomp may perish, and her brightness fail,  
But all that verdure which the spirit laid  
O'er the dry wilderness the world display'd,  
In living freshness shall outbloom the hour,  
And scatter earth with many a secret flower.  
Oh! 'tis not fame to form the midnight show,\*  
Where Vice and Vanity alike may go;  
It is not fame, to hear the shallow prate  
Of busy fondness, or intriguing hate,  
To feast on sounds of patronising pride,  
And wring from dulness what the world denied,  
A high-soul'd Nature is its own renown!  
Whate'er the jewels that compose the crown.  
For 'mid the barrenness of mortal strife,  
And daily nothings of uneasy life,  
The spirit thirsteth for a purer world;  
O'er this the wings of fancy are unfurl'd;  
Hence painter's hue and poet's dream are brought,  
And the rich paradise of blooming thought:  
To quench that thirst, let heaven-born feelings  
    flow,  
Let genius wake! let inspiration glow!

\* Fame begets favour, and one talent, if it be rubbed a little bright by use and practice, will procure a man more friends than a thousand virtues.—*Cowper's Letters*.

Why thus we panted for a world like this  
May form a knowledge in our future bliss.\*

All are not framed alike: Love, Hope, and Truth,  
That guard our age, and glorify our youth,  
To various minds a varied tone impart;  
What this man freezes,—fires another's heart!  
The words that waken melodies of soul,  
In tuneless ears monotonously roll;  
The shapes and shadows which Creation forms,  
And fancy moulds from seasons and from storms  
To living beauty, or to lovely hue,  
And waves them phantom-like before our view,  
Will rouse the life-blood into fresher play  
Of him who visions what the words array:  
Another, eyeless save to sterner things,  
Will frown them back as false imaginings!

\* There are some exquisite allusions to the philosophy of poetry, in "Schiller's Lectures on Dramatic Poetry;" and Bacon has comprehended in one eloquent paragraph a world of criticism—*e. g.*, *Videtur Poësis hæc humanæ naturæ largiri, quæ Historia denegat; atque animo umbris rerum ut-cunque satisfacere.* \* \* \* *Firmum ex Poësi sumitur argumentum, magnitudinem rerum magis illustrem, ordinem magis perfectum, et varietatem magis pulchram animæ humanæ complacere, quam in naturâ ipsâ post lapsum reperire ullô modô possit.* \* \* \* *Adeo ut Poësis ista non solum ad delectationem, sed etiam ad animi magnitudinem et ad mores conferat.*"—*De Aug. Scient.*, lib. 2, cap. 13.

And thus in nature, as her vales reply  
To voices wafted where the echoes lie,  
Our spirits answer to appeals alone,  
When tuned accordant with some inward tone.\*  
I've stood entranced beneath as bright a sun,  
As Poet's dream hath ever gazed upon,  
In the warm stillness of that wooing hour  
When skies are floating with seraphic power,  
The gales expiring in melodious death,  
The waters hushed, the woods without a breath,  
And worshipp'd, till dissolving sense away  
Seem'd gently dying in the soul of day!  
But when I look'd where lay immingled forms  
Of fairy mountains or refulgent storms,  
And cloud-born phantoms, delicately bright,  
Laugh'd in the paleness of departing light,  
Each fainting into each, a long array,  
Like lovely echoes when they glide away,  
*Another* babbled in that beauteous hour,  
Light as the leaf, and mindless as the flower!

Thou young aspirer! darest thou dream of fame,  
And hope another Age will read thy name?

\* The action of mind on mind is an unfathomable mystery, yet as beautiful as it is deep. It is recorded by Fontenelle, that when Malebranche first read Descarte's "Treatise on Man," he was sometimes compelled to lay aside the work "*till the palpitation of his heart had subsided!*"

The hidden stirrings of each voiceless pride,  
The pangs unutter'd, by the soul supplied,  
The ghastly dimness of dejected hope,  
By dreams assail'd with which no pride can cope;  
Those nameless thoughts of venom'd fierceness,  
sent

From the dark heavings of our discontent;  
And, dreader still,—the clouds of daily life  
That welter round us in disease or strife,  
And the cold atmosphere of worldly sway,  
Where Life is self, and self the life of day,  
In mingled power will oft thy soul appal;  
Too well I picture, for I felt them all!  
Yet bear thou on!—and when some breathing page  
Of godlike poet or divinest sage,  
And secret energies of soul begin  
To feed the passion that is formed within,  
Then let thy Spirit in her power arise,  
And dare to speak the language of the skies!  
Her voice may fail, in deathlike muteness lost,  
Her hopes be visions, and those visions cross'd;  
But, pure and noble if thy song began,  
And pour'd high meaning in the heart of man,  
Not echoless perchance a note hath been  
In some lone heart, or unimagin'd scene.  
How many a breeze that wings a noiseless way,  
How many a streamlet unbeheld by day,

How many a sunbeam lights a lonely flower,  
Yet works unseen in its creative power!  
Then highly soar, whene'er thy spirit feels  
The vivid light impassion'd thought reveals;  
Unchill'd by scorn, undarken'd by despair,  
So martyrs lived, and such the mighty were!

There is a pleasure in a praise denied,  
It feeds a folly, or protects a pride,  
It teaches dulness what no wit can say,  
“ I don't approve,—let no one write to-day.”  
Thou narrow-minded, petty, pompous thing!  
What lent a feather to the boldest wing  
Of soaring fancy,—but a praise when due?  
And wouldst thou hive it for the darling few?  
Though Shakspeare sang, and Milton's soul aspired,  
Must Gray be scorn'd, nor Goldsmith be admired?  
As well might Ocean of the Earth demand  
To let no river roll, no stream expand;  
As well might mountains that embrace the skies  
Entreat the heav'ns to let no ills arise!  
Eternal Spirit! while thy day-beams smile  
Around my path in many a sunny wile,  
Their shining truth, oh! let my gaze deny,  
Ere merit sickens on mine envious eye:  
As ocean kindles to her native sun,  
As waters freshen when the wind's begun,

So bright'ning, quick'ning, let my soul confess,  
When genius wakens her almightiness!

Such dimming shades, thou young aspirer! wait  
On all who seek to glorify their state.  
But shouldst thou, wafted by a fearless gale,  
Ascend a height no vulgar clouds assail;  
Should fame encrown thee, and thy mind infuse  
O'er other minds its vivifying hues;  
Wake feeling, passion, and the pow'r sublime  
That bids eternity o'ershadow time,  
The sunny raptures of renown enjoy,  
But deem, oh! deem them not without alloy.  
The smile of nations may illume thy fame,  
The good repeat, the glorious love thy name,  
Still, tongues of scorn, and words of venom'd pow'r  
To be the vipers of a secret hour,  
The petty tribute, and unfeeling phrase,  
That nought but iciness of soul betrays,  
Demand forgiveness in thy brightest reign;  
On ev'ry pleasure frowns the demon, pain!

But deeper peril is the praise that gives  
That very light in which young genius lives.  
A tyrant weakness is the worst to see,  
All men are vain, yet all hate vanity;\*

\* It has been said, that Heaven, which gave great qualities only to a small number of its favourites, gave vanity to all, as a full compensation.—*Brown's Philosophy.*

When safely felt, most insecurely shewn,  
For who endures it,—save it prove his own?  
Yet should that energy, whose quenchless ray  
Burns through the blackest and the brightest day,  
Intensely pure within thy spirit glow,  
And colour dreams beyond the world to know;  
If, eagle-like, thy spirit dares to soar  
On bolder wing than it had waved before;  
If virtue loves, and wisdom greets thy strain,  
If *this* be vanity,—then still be vain!

Oh! Life, and Fame, to which our natures cling,  
And Glory! with thine archangelic wing,  
Fleeter than sunshine is the mocking sway  
Of all that kindles your enchanted day,  
Thou mighty FATHOMER of all we feel!  
If I have worshipp'd with intenser zeal  
Their fading brightness, than became a mind  
For some eternity of thought design'd,  
In the deep sadness of a midnight hour,  
Oh! breathe a spirit of sublimer power!  
When I reflect on all that man hath been,  
When god-like throned o'er some majestic scene,  
Or prison'd in the pettiness of life,  
And torn from goodness by each tort'ring strife,  
Then feel Hereafter rushing o'er my soul  
In light or gloom, as conscience may control,

The shadowy nothingness of earth I see,  
And find the world one gorgeous vanity!  
Oh! never has some haunting sense of gloom,  
From the dark certainty of coming doom,  
My spirit freed from its enthralling sway;  
By night a presence, and a power by day  
To garb each vision with an awful hue  
Of more than midnight, in its blackest view!

Oh! for a nobler and a deeper sense  
Of all that forms our true pre-eminence;  
For high-born energies of heav'nly sway,  
And flowers of charity to strew the way,  
That Sin no longer may the world defile,  
And Nature glory in a good man's smile,  
As on we hasten to that dreamless shore  
Where Passion sleeps, and Prejudice is o'er!

The days of fever, and the nights of fire,  
Felt in the blood, till health and hope expire;  
The ghastly slumber, and the spectral tomb,  
For ever yawning in the spirit's gloom;  
And that most agonizing waste of soul  
Where all the billows of excitement roll,  
Morn, noon, and night, in one eternal play,  
Are thine, ambition!—till thou wear'st away,

And, mix'd with agonies of outward state,  
That inward torment which thy dreams create,  
By thirst within for some perfection made  
By thought alone, or never yet display'd  
Like the pure model which the mind surveys—  
'Tis thine to suffer through uncounted days!  
Yet, welcome all!—If ever thought of mine  
Hath woo'd a spirit into calm divine,  
Expanded feelings, purified their flow,  
Or shed a sunbeam o'er an hour of wo,—  
My soul shall triumph o'er exhaustless pain,  
And dare to think it has not lived in vain!

Ye midnight heav'ns! magnificently hung,  
In ev'ry age, by ev'ry poet sung,  
One parting glance, oh! let my spirit take,  
Ere dawn-light on your awful beauty break.  
With what intensity the eye reveres  
Your starry legions, when their pomp appears!  
As though the glances centuries have given,  
Since dreams first wander'd o'er the vast of heav'n,  
Had left a magic where a mystery shone,  
Enchanting more, the more 'tis gazed upon!  
Stars, worlds, or wonders!—whatsoever ye shine,  
The home of angels, or the haunts divine,  
Wherein the bodiless, from earth set free,  
Shine in the blaze of present Deity!

No eyes behold your ever-beaming ray,  
But think, while earthly visions roll away,  
In placid immortality ye glow,  
Above the chaos of terrestrial wo!

Thy wings, ALMIGHTY! may they still o'ershade  
A clime by Thee a matchless empire made;  
Here in meek glory may Thine altars stand,  
While smiles from heav'n fall brightly o'er the land!  
And those pure worlds, that have for ages roll'd  
O'er these grand temples, still their gloom behold,  
Till Time be dead, eternity begun,  
And darkness blacken round the dying sun;  
The toils of fate, the pangs of being o'er,  
Our doom completed, and the world no more!



## NOTES TO PART I.

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### NOTE a, PAGE 17.

“Consider me very seriously here in a strange country, inhabited by things that call themselves Doctors and Masters of Arts; a country flowing with syllogisms and ale, where Horace and Virgil are equally unknown; consider me, I say, in this melancholy light; and then think if something be not due to yours,” &c.

*Christ Church, Nov. 14, 1735.*

Such is the amusive pertness with which West, Gray's friend, alludes to this university. In another letter, he talks about “half a dozen new little proctorlings.”—This rebellious description of his *Alma Mater* is more than matched by the sarcasm of Gray, in speaking of Cambridge. “Surely it was of this place, now Cambridge, but formerly known by the name of Babylon, that the prophet spoke when he said ‘the wild beasts of the desert shall dwell there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall build there, and satyrs shall dance there; their forts and towers shall be a den for ever, a joy of wild asses,’ &c. &c. You must know that I do not take degrees, and after this term shall have nothing more of college impertinences to undergo. I have endured lectures daily and hourly since I came last.—Must I plunge into metaphysics! Alas! I cannot see in the dark;

nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore upon mathematics? Alas! I cannot be in too much light; I am no eagle.—It is very possible that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly.”—LETTERS.

“To Oxford,” says Gibbon, “I brought a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy might have been ashamed.”

Lord King, in his “LIFE OF LOCKE,” remarks, “That Locke regretted his education at Oxford, is stated upon the authority of his friend Le Clerc.” He adds, however, “Perhaps too much stress has been laid upon some accidental expressions; or rather, that the regrets expressed by Locke ought to have been understood by Le Clerc to apply to the plan of education then generally pursued at English universities; *for to Oxford, even as Oxford was in the days of Locke, he must have been considerably indebted.* If the system of education did not offer assistance, or afford those directions so useful to a young student, the residence of Oxford did no doubt confer ease, leisure, and the opportunity of other studies; it afforded also the means of intercourse with persons from whose society and conversation we know that the idea of his great work arose.”

“Too much stress” has indeed been laid upon ebullitions of peevishness against the system pursued at our universities, which occur in the works and correspondence of a few celebrated men. With regard to Gray’s opinion, it has been justly remarked, “At the time when he was admitted, Jacobitism and hard drinking prevailed still at Cambridge, much to the prejudice not only of good manners, but of good letters. But we see (as was natural enough to a young man) he laid the blame rather on the mode of education than the mode of the times.” In allusion to Gibbon’s taunts, a biographer observes; “By his course of desultory reading he seems unconsciously to have been led to that particular branch in which he was afterwards to excel. But whatsoever connexion this had with his more distant life, he was exceedingly deficient

in classical learning, and went to Oxford without either the taste or preparation which could enable him to reap the advantages of academical education. This may possibly account for the harshness with which he speaks of the universities. His fourteen months at Magdalen were idle and profitless; and he describes himself as ‘gay, and disposed to late hours.’ When he sat down to write his memoirs—the memoirs of an eminent and accomplished scholar—he found a blank which is seldom found in the biography of English scholars; the early display of genius, the laudable emulation, and the well-earned honours; *he found that he owed no fame to his academical residence, and therefore determined that no fame should be desirable from an university* EDUCATION.”—*Ex uno disce omnes*.

## NOTE b, PAGE 21.

Addison was entered at Queen’s, 1687.—In 1689, his Latin verses, *Inauguratio Regis Gulielmi*, procured him the patronage of Dr. Lancaster, by whose recommendations he was elected a demy at Magdalen. While a student here, he wrote parts of “Cato,” and forwarded them to Dryden, who admired them as poetry, but doubted their dramatical success.

## NOTE c, PAGE 22.

Steele was removed in 1692 from the Charter-house to Merton. In 1695, his first production, a poem on Queen Mary, appeared. The Tatler was commenced on April 12th, 1709. Addison discovered its author by the insertion of a criticism on a passage in Virgil, which he had formerly communicated to him. The passage alluded to in the text is quoted by the elegant essayist, Dr. Drake, as a beautiful example of his pathetic powers:—“The first sense of sorrow I ever knew,” says he, “was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at

what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling ‘Papa!’ for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace; and told me, in a flood of tears, ‘Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again.’”

NOTE *d*, PAGE 23.

In 1740, Collins stood first in the list of Winchester scholars to be received in succession at New College; but there being no vacancy, he became a commoner of Queen’s; from whence, in half a year, he was elected a demy of Magdalen. His early life appears to have been one continued scene of melancholy, want, and obscurity; and, contrasting his present fame with his once unnoticed merit, we may well recall an observation made by Goldsmith, in his *Life of Parnell*:—“A poet, while living, is seldom an object sufficiently great to attract much attention; his real merits are known but to a few, and these are generally sparing in their praises. When his fame is increased by time, it is then too late to investigate the peculiarities of his disposition; the dews of the morning are past, and we vainly try to continue the chase by the meridian splendour!”

The most touching anecdote in his life is thus related by Johnson:—“He had withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to the school: when his friend took it into his hand, out of curiosity, to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, ‘I have but one book,’ said Collins, ‘but that is the best.’”

For biographical illustration of the morbid sensibilities and melancholies to which men of genius are peculiarly subject, the reader is referred to D'Israeli's interesting work on the LITERARY CHARACTER. Allan Cunningham, in his Life of Sir Christopher Wren, has the following allusion:—"The wives of men of genius, in our earlier biographies, are treated with a sort of masculine indifference; but a gentler and a juster feeling has of late shewn itself. *The man of genius and sensibility is pretty sure to have his moments of doubt and fear, when his noblest works seem weak or absurd; nay, even his days of despondency, when, exhausted by mental exertions, he can no longer think with clearness, and believes that his mental powers are forsaking him; and he is not unlikely, moreover, to be acquainted with those worldly miseries, sad enough to all hearts, but doubly so to his, whom a wise one of the tribe pronounces to be*

‘A thing unteachable in worldly skill.’”

NOTE e, PAGE 24.

Johnson's rooms, with some slight alteration in their division, and the substitution of a Gothic window for the plainer one of his own time, remain as he left them. On entering them, who does not remember his own lofty sentence?—"To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if endeavoured, and would be foolish, if it were possible! Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses—whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

There is nothing romantic in their appearance, distinct from

other collegiate chambers ; but the sombre hue which pervades them is not uncongenial with the associations which arise when we enter their hallowed precincts. Here, as the pensive shades of twilight closed around him, and the loneliness of his fate darkened on his mind, we can easily imagine him retired from the scene his gay hypocrisy had enlivened, to nurse those moods of feeling which afterwards revealed themselves in the melancholy wisdom of “ Rasselas,” and the moral gloom of the “ Rambler.”

Johnson was entered a commoner of Pembroke, on the 31st of Oct., 1728, in his 19th year. The following are the principal anecdotal allusions to his collegiate life, as recorded by his worshipper and biographer.

“ The Rev. Dr. Adams, who afterwards presided over Pembroke college, gave me some account of what passed on the night of Johnson’s arrival at Oxford. His father seemed very full of the merits of his son, and told the company he was a good scholar, and a poet, and wrote Latin verses. His figure and manner appeared strange to them ; but he behaved modestly, and sat silent, till upon something which occurred in the course of conversation he suddenly struck in, and quoted Macrobius. Johnson gave the following account of his tutor, Mr. Jorden,—‘ He was a very worthy man, but a heavy man, and I did not profit much by his instructions. Indeed, I did not attend him much. The first day I came to college I waited on him, and then stayed away four. On the sixth, Mr. Jorden asked me why I had not attended. I answered, I had been sliding in Christ Church Meadow. And this I said with as much *nonchalance* as I am now talking to you. I had no notion that I was wrong or irreverent to my tutor.—‘ That, sir, was great fortitude of mind.’ ‘ No, sir, stark insensibility.’

“ What he read *solidly* at Oxford was Greek ; not the Grecian historians, but Homer and Euripides, and now and then a little epigram. One day, while sitting in his apartment quite alone, Dr. Panting, then master of the college, overheard him uttering this soliloquy, in his strong emphatic voice .

‘ Well, I have a mind to see what is done in other places of learning; I’ll go and visit the universities abroad; I’ll go to France and Italy; I’ll go to Padua; and I’ll mind my own business. For an *Athenian* blockhead is the worst of all blockheads.’ ”

NOTE *f*, PAGE 25.

“ Dr. Adams told me, that Johnson, while he was at Pembroke college, was caressed and loved by all about him, was a gay and frolicsome fellow, and passed there the happiest time of his life. When I mentioned this account of Dr. Adams, he said, ‘ Ah, sir, I was mad and violent; it was bitterness which they mistook for frolic; I was miserably poor, and thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power and authority.’ The bishop of Dromore observes to me in a letter,—‘ I have heard from some of his contemporaries, that he was generally seen lounging at the college gate with a circle of young students round him, whom he was entertaining with wit, and keeping from their studies, if not spiring them up to rebellion against the college discipline, which in his maturer years he so much extolled.’ ”

“ He contracted a love and regard for Pembroke, which he retained to the last. A short time before his death he sent to that college a present of all his works, to be deposited in their library. He took a pleasure in boasting of the many eminent men who had been educated at Pembroke.” Dr. Johnson delighted in his own partiality for Oxford: and one day at her (Mrs. Thrale’s) house, entertained five members of the other university with various instances of the superiority of Oxford, enumerating the gigantic names of many men whom it had produced, with apparent triumph. At last Mrs. Thrale said to him—“ Why, there happen to be no less than five Cambridge men in the room now.” “ I did not,” said he “ think of that till you told me; but the wolf don’t count the sheep.”—*Piozzi*, p. 27, 28.

Johnson, it seems, (Hawkins' Life, p. 9,) would oftener risk the payment of a small fine than attend his tutor's (Mr. Jorden's) lectures. On receiving an imposition, he said,—“Sir, you have sconced me twopence for a lecture not worth a penny!” We should like to see the expressive ugliness of certain living faces undergoing a similar reply! Mrs. Piozzi (p. 27) remarks, that “when he made his first declamation, he wrote but one copy, and that coarsely; and having given it into the hand of the tutor, who stood to receive it as he passed, was obliged to begin by chance and go on how he could, for he had got but little of it by heart; so, fairly trusting to his present powers for immediate supply, he finished by adding astonishment to the applause of all who knew how little was owing to study.”

The urbanity of the Rev. Dr. Hall, (now Master of Pembroke College) has enabled Croker, in his annotated edition of Boswell's Life, to afford his readers a specimen of Johnson's college exercises, preserved in his college—*e. g.*,

## EXERCISE.

—————“*Mea nec Falernæ*  
*Temperant vites, neque Formiani*  
*Pocula Colles.*

“Quid mirum Maro quod digne canit arma virumque,  
 Quid quod putidulum nostra Camœna sonat?  
 Limosum nobis Promus dat callidus haustum,  
 Virgilio vires uva Falerna dedit.  
 Carmina vis nostri scribant meliora Poetæ?  
 Ingenium jubeas purior haustus alat!”

*Pemb. MSS.*

NOTE *g*, PAGE 27.

Mr. Tyers, who knew Johnson intimately, observed, “that he always talked as if he were talking upon oath.”

NOTE *h*, PAGE 28.

A solitary cup of *milkless* tea was one of his domestic penances!

NOTE *i*, PAGE 28.

“ William D’Avenant made his first entry on the stage of this vain world in the parish of St. Martin, in the month of February, and on the third of the following March, an. 1605-6, he received baptism in the church of that parish. His father, John D’Avenant, was a sufficient vintner, a very grave and discreet citizen, yet an admirer and lover of plays and play-makers, especially Shakspeare, who frequented his house in his journies between Warwickshire and London. William, ‘ the sweet swan of Isis,’ was educated in grammar learning under Edward Sylvester, and in academical, in Lincoln College, under the care of Mr. Daniel Hough, and obtained there some smattering in logic. But his geny, which was opposite to it, led him into the pleasant paths of poetry.”—*Athenæ*.

Shakspeare, in his frequent journeys between London and his native place, used to lie at Davenant’s, the Crown, in Oxford. He was well acquainted with Mrs. Davenant, and her son was supposed to be more nearly related to him than a godson only! One day, when Shakspeare was just arrived, and the boy sent for from school to him, a Head of one of the colleges met the child running home, and asked him whither he was going in so much haste?—The boy said, “ To my godfather Shakspeare.” “ Fie! child,” says the old gentleman, “ why are you so superfluous? Have you not learned yet not to use the name of God in vain?”—*Pope—as related by Spence*.

NOTE *k*, PAGE 29.

This wonderful man in the course of his itinerancy is supposed to have travelled nearly 300,000 miles, and to have

preached above 40,000 sermons! Well, indeed, as Southey remarks, would it be for the world, if every man of equal celebrity had left a diary such as Wesley's! From the Charterhouse in 1720 he was removed to Christ Church, and from thence in 1726 he was elected fellow of Lincoln. "Though Wesley was not yet eccentric in the habits of his life, the strictness of his religious principles was sufficiently remarkable to afford subject for satire; and his opponents hoped to prevent his success by making him ridiculous. On this occasion his father told him it was a shallow virtue that could not bear being laughed at. His mother encouraged him in a different manner. 'If,' said she, 'it be a weak virtue that cannot bear being laughed at, I am sure it is a strong and well-confirmed virtue that can stand the test of a brisk buffoonery.' On his election, which was greatly indebted to the good-will of Dr. Norley, then rector, his father thus congratulates him:— 'What will be my own fate before the summer is over, God knows! *sed passi graviora*. — Wherever I am, my Jack is Fellow of Lincoln.'

"While he was an undergraduate, his manners were free and easy; and that activity of disposition, which bore him afterwards through such uninterrupted labour, displayed itself in wit and vivacity."

The rise of methodism is thus traced by his able biographer:—"His disposition, his early education, the example of his parents, and of both his brethren, were in unison; not knowing how or when he woke out of his lethargy, he imputed the change to the efficacy of another's prayers, most likely, he said, his mother's; and meeting with two or three undergraduates, whose principles resembled his own, they associated together for the purpose of religious improvement, lived by rule, and received the sacrament. The greatest prudence would not have sufficed to save men from ridicule, who, at such an age, and in such a scene, professed to make religion the great business of their lives; and prudence is rarely united with enthusiasm. They were called, in derision, Bible-bigots, Bible-moths, the Ho'y, or the Godly Club. One person, with

less irreverence and more learning, observed, in reference to their methodical manner of life, that a new sect of methodists was sprung up, alluding to the ancient School of Physicians known by that name."

NOTE *l*, PAGE 29.

James Hervey, author of "Meditations among the Tombs," written while he held the curacy of Bedford, in Devonshire. He was one of Wesley's earliest religious associates at Oxford.

NOTE *m*, Page 29.

"Benjamin Jonson, a poet as soon as he was born, afterwards the father of our poetry, and most admirably well versed in classical authors, and therefore beloved of Camden, Selden, Hoskins, Martin, &c., made his first entry on the stage of this vain world within the city of Westminster, (being the son of a grave minister,) educated in the college school there, while Camden was master; thence his silly mother, who had married to her second husband, a bricklayer, took him home, and made him, as 'tis said, work at her husband's trade. At length, being pitied by some generous gentleman, Camden got him a better employment, which was to accompany a son of Sir Walter Raleigh in his adventures. After their return, they parted, not, I think, in cold blood, and thereupon Ben went to Cambridge, and was statutably elected into St. John's College; but what continuance he made there, I find not; sure it is, that his geny being most poetical, he did afterwards recede to a nursery, or obscure playhouse, called the Green Curtain. Dr. Rich Corbet, of Christ Church, and other poets of the University, did, in reverence to his parts, invite him to Oxon, where, continuing for some time in Christ Church, writing and composing plays, he was, as a member thereof, actually created Master of Arts in 1619; and therefore I put him among the Oxford writers. At length, B. Jonson, after he

had arrived at the sixty-third year of his age, marched off from the stage of this vain world, on the 16th of August, 1637."—*Athenæ*.

NOTE *n*, PAGE 30.

Locke was sent to Christ Church in 1651, and was speedily distinguished among his fellow collegians. He resided partly in Exeter House, and partly at Oxford.

NOTE *o*, PAGE 30.

"In 1670, his great work, the *Essay on the Understanding*, was sketched out. It arose from the meeting, as the author says, of five or six friends at his chambers."—*Lord King's Life of Locke*.

We may add to this, that in 1694, Mr. Wynne, fellow of Jesus, first recommended his *Essay* to the study of the University.

NOTE *p*, PAGE 31.

From Eton, Canning was removed to Christ Church, where he gained several prizes. From Oxford he went to the Temple, and studied the law; but being patronized by Sheridan, he was brought forward into political life, and returned member of Parliament for Newtown, in the Isle of Wight. Canning made his first speech, equally distinguished for its modesty and eloquence, on the treaty between his Majesty and the King of Sardinia, on the 31st of January, 1794.

As a statesman and a patriot, the world can do justice to Canning's fame; as the fascinating companion in private life, the memory of those who were honoured with his regard can alone enjoy him. They may truly apply to themselves, with a slight alteration, the words of a great historian, on the death of his revered friend,\* "*Finis vitæ ejus nobis luctuosus, patriæ*

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\* Tacit. in Agric. c. 43. 46.

tristis, extraneis etiam ignotisque non sine curâ fuit." "Quicquid ex Agricolâ amavimus, quicquid mirati sumus, manet mansurumque est in animis hominum, in æternitate temporum, famâ rerum."

The following extracts are taken from a short account of the "Early Days of Canning," which was published by Mr. Newton:—

"Mr. Canning quitted Mr. Richard's school at Winchester in 1782, and in the same year, at about twelve years old, was sent to Eton. He is described to have made a considerable progress at Winchester, such as sufficiently to account for the distinguished rank which he held at Eton, where he was at once placed in the fourth form, and was never, therefore, in the lower school. He obtained the post of honour in the public speeches of 1787, by being made the last speaker, and he must consequently have been very high in the school, when he quitted it for the University. Mr. Robert Smith, the late representative in Parliament for Lincoln, who alone, of all the Etonians at that period, rivalled Mr. Canning in abilities, delivered, in 1788, a speech antecedently spoken by his friend, and this occasioned a warm discussion among the boys on their comparative merits. These two, together with Mr. Smith's brother, and Mr. John Hookham Frere, who was, during the late war, our envoy at Madrid, were the authors, while at school, of the *Microcosm*, to which periodical work a few other Etonians contributed papers occasionally. Dr. Pett, canon of Christ Church, who lately declined a bishopric which was offered to him with circumstances of peculiar grace and favour, was Mr. Canning's tutor, as he was mine; and, in our various walks of life, we have seldom found a person who united, with literary acquirements, qualities more amiable, more considerate, and more estimable: he would have adorned the mitre. When I heard that Mr. Canning had only left behind him a small fortune, it did not at all surprise me, for he possessed from his youth a most liberal spirit in pecuniary matters. At college, his habits were uniformly studious. Enter his rooms in Peckwater when you would, you were

almost sure to find him occupied with a pen or a book. Superior to all idle amusements, improvement was his continual object. He did not even keep a horse, and I have no recollection that he ever hired one.

“In the year 1787, a speaking society was established at Christ Church, the members of which were the Hon. Robert Banks Jenkinson, now Lord Liverpool, George Canning, Lord Henry Spencer, Sir William Drummond, sometime British ambassador at Constantinople, Charles Goddard, and myself. Most of these names are well known in the world, and are connected with the history of the country.

“Mr. Goddard, soon after he quitted Oxford, was the private secretary of Lord Grenville, at whose house in St. James’s Square, Mr. Canning, Lord Liverpool, and myself, were in the habit of visiting him. I remember him with pleasure as a very instructive and agreeable companion. He is at present archdeacon of Lincoln, and has been long distinguished for the active and zealous discharge of the arduous duties of his profession, and station in the church. This club, in which were heard the first speeches ever composed or delivered by Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning, met every Thursday evening at the rooms of the members, who were, at its first establishment, limited to the number of six. Before our separation at night, or frequently at one or two o’clock in the morning, we voted and recorded the question which we were to debate on the ensuing Thursday. Sometimes we appeared at dinner in the hall, dressed in our uniform, which was a brown coat, of rather an uncommon shade, with velvet cuffs and collar. The buttons bore the initials of Demosthenes, Cicero, Pitt, and Fox.

“Thus habited, and much the object of notice to every passing observer, we pleased ourselves with the excessive curiosity which our dress excited. As secret were we as the grave on all that concerned our oratorical institution, and it would be difficult to give an idea of the anxiety evinced by our fellow collegians to discover the meaning of this brown coat and velvet cuffs.

“These, indeed, were boyish feelings, nor should I have entered so much into the particulars, were it not that, whether the questions debated by us were trivial or profound, this club cannot remain in obscurity, since it is the leading subject of Mr. Canning’s letter, to which these remarks are introductory. Those who have been educated at public schools, which are the world in miniature, must have observed that boys are apt to exhibit themselves there very much in the same characters which they afterwards maintain on the more important theatre of life.

“I was the lowest boy in the list at Harrow, when I first went to that school, the only one at which I ever was placed; and having gradually ascended to the highest forms, many are the instances I could recollect in support of this observation. No example, however, of an early and decisive display of character could be more peculiarly striking than that which is exhibited in Mr. Canning’s letter. Dr. Cyril Jackson, at that time dean of Christ Church, entertained the most favourable opinion of Mr. Canning’s abilities, and foresaw his high destiny in those glances into futurity in which the dean was accustomed to indulge his contemplative and deeply penetrating mind, and frequently with an accuracy which was extraordinary; he had probably seated Mr. Canning on the woolsack.

“There was one member of our club at Christ Church, Lord Liverpool, whom it would be unbecoming in me to pass over without a more particular notice. When at the university, he was not only a first-rate scholar, but he had confessedly acquired a greater share of general knowledge than perhaps any undergraduate of that day. He was an excellent historian, and his attention had been directed so early, by his father, to the contending interests of the European nations, that intricate political questions were already familiar to his mind. Lord Liverpool’s public career is now, alas! consummated. We have a complete view, and the world is able to make a full estimate of his transcendent abilities. These, we know, were extensively operative in the conduct of the last war, which was brought to its glorious termination by the

prowess of our British hero, whose mode of warfare was marked in its superiority by so much of genius, that had his Grace continued to range his forces, from the year 1815 to the present hour, against the most celebrated captains in Europe, there is a moral certainty, or, to say the least, a strong conviction in those who had the best means of appreciating his talents in the East Indies, in the Peninsula, and in Flanders, that a succession of battles would have been to the Duke of Wellington a succession of victories. To return to Lord Liverpool. After dedicating himself for nearly forty years to the service of his king and country, his merit is universally acknowledged, and never did any man go through a long and arduous life less reproached, or more irreproachable. His temper was extremely conciliating, and all who reflect on the trying scenes in which he bore a distinguished part, and are happy enough to recollect the benignity of his personal intercourse, will feel the truth, and even the moderation, of this friendly testimony to his virtues. There was, perhaps, in all England, but one individual who was formed to compete successfully with Lord Liverpool, at that inexperienced age of academic life of which we have been speaking, and that was George Canning. He accidentally entered at Oxford about the same time with Lord Liverpool. The vivacity of Mr. Canning's conversation was invaluable to those of his fellow-collegians who enjoyed his intimacy. It sweetened the severity of our studies, just as the sallies of his vigorous imagination have since delighted the House of Commons, and cheered their midnight hours."

*"Brighton, Sept. the 1st, 1788.*

"MY DEAR NEWTON,

"That the idleness of a long vacation should not have afforded you an answer to your two very deserving letters before this, to a mere contemplator of events might perhaps seem extraordinary; but to a philosopher, who is well convinced of the truth of the observation, that 'we are never more taken up than when we have nothing to do,' there will not be much

room for surprise. Believe me, however, that I feel myself very highly, very sincerely obliged by your punctual performance of your kind promise, and that absence has not in the smallest degree weakened the desire I have always felt of proving to you in how high esteem I hold you, and how great a value I set upon your friendship. You will be a good deal surprised at the answer which your questions relative to our club will receive. That club, Newton, is no more. ‘And by what dread event? what sacrilegious hand?’ you will exclaim. Newton, mine! My reasons I never gave to any of the members, but I will open them to you. What my reasons for first becoming a part of the institution were, I protest I cannot at present call to mind. Perhaps I was influenced by the novelty of the plan; perhaps influenced by your example; perhaps I was not quite without an idea of trying my strength with Jenkinson. Connected with men of avowed enmity in the political world, professing opposite principles, and looking forward to some distant period when we might be ranged against each other on a larger field, we were perhaps neither of us without the vanity of wishing to obtain an early ascendancy over the other.

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“So long as the purport and usage of the club were a secret, I was very well contented to be of it; but when it became notoriously known—when the dean to me (and to *me* only), in private, recommended some reasons against its propriety to my serious consideration—for had he presumed to interpose authoritatively, that single circumstance, ‘albeit considerations infinite did make against it,’ would have been sufficient to determine me upon its continuance)—when he represented it to me in a very strong light, as being almost an absolute avowal of parliamentary views—to a professional man an avowal the most dangerous—this representation made me resolve to abandon an undertaking which I saw evidently could neither promise eventual advantage, nor maintain a temporary respectability. Thus resolved, at my return after the Easter vacation, without any previous confidential communication of

my reasons or intentions, I sent my resignation by Lord Henry on the first night of their meeting. William Spencer was now come, and was that night to take his seat. The message which Lord Henry brought occasioned, as it were, a *combustion*, which ended in the moving of some very violent resolutions. Among others, I was summoned to the bar; of course, refused to obey the summons. A deputation was then sent to interrogate me respecting the causes of my resignation, which, of course, I refused to reveal; and they were at last satisfied by my declaring that the reasons of my resignation did not affect them collectively or individually. I, of course, was anxious that everybody should know that I was no longer a member of the club; and, therefore, whenever it was a subject of conversation, disavowed any connexion with it. Lord Henry I with much difficulty prevented from resigning at the same time that I did. He, however, attended but two more debates, and then formally 'accepted the Chiltern hundreds,' to use a parliamentary phrase. They all now unanimously gave out that there had been a complete dissolution, and that the thing was no longer in existence; altered their times and modes of meeting, abolished the uniform, and suspended their assemblies for a time. This, it seems, was intended to punish me, by carrying the face of a common, and not a particular secession. It was not long, however, before the truth came out; and their nightly debates are again renewed, not undiscovered, but with less pomp, regularity, numbers, and vociferation. This, then, is a full and true account of the decline and fall, and of the revival also, of the society. I do not think you can blame my conduct, when you recollect that the imputation of parliamentary prospects, already too much fixed upon me, is what of all others a person in my situation ought to avoid. *I am already, God knows, too much inclined, both by my own sanguine wishes, and the connexions with whom I am most intimate, and whom I above all others revere, to aim at the House of Commons, as the only path to the only desirable thing in this world, the gratification of ambition;\** while, at the same

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\* The child is father of the man!—Wordsworth.

time, every tie of common sense, of fortune, and of duties, draws me to the study of a profession. The former propensity, I hope, reflection, necessity, and the friendly advice and very marked attentions of the dean, will enable me to overcome; and to the law I look as the profession which, in this country, holds out every enticement that can nerve the exertions and give vigour to the powers of a young man. The way, indeed, is long, toilsome, and rugged, but it leads to honours solid and lasting—to independence, without which no blessings of fortune, however profuse, no distinctions of station, however splendid, can afford a liberal mind true satisfaction—to power, for which no task can be too hard, no labours too trying. I look round the world, and even in the comparatively confined circle of my own acquaintance, I see an infinite number starting forward to the same goal; all fired with the same hopes, and animated with a like ardour. That your health may permit you to join us in our career—that the elasticity of your mind may spring from under that habitual indolence (pardon me for speaking in such a term) of philosophic pursuits, is very much my wish; though, with your heart and intentions, I do not doubt but you may be employed with equal, and, perhaps, better founded satisfaction to yourself, and with benefits to mankind, more real and more widely diffused, by putting into execution, where you have the will and the power, those systems which I have often admired you for forming, of useful beneficence and practical Christianity. Theories are easily formed, and plans easily laid down for the cultivation of the human mind, for the cure of those evils incident to a state of perpetual subjection, and the diffusion of those blessings of which every state is capable. Be it your work, as far as lies within the circle of your influence, to give life to the inactivity of philosophy, and energy and efficiency to the idleness of speculation. I am much pleased with the idea of seeing you in England; for if in England you are, I trust you will not leave it without seeing me. The return you mention to me with you is a pleasing fairy scheme, but which, then at least, will not be put in execution. My plans for next sum-

mer are fixed, and I think will be improving and agreeable. You may know that I am shamefully ignorant of French, and though I have fifty times formed the intention of learning it, I never yet have brought my intention to the maturity of practical application. By this time twelvemonth, I intend to procure a smattering sufficient to call a coach, or swear at a waiter; and then to put in execution a plan formed long ago, in happier days, of going abroad with my three fellow scribes, the Microcosmopolitans. One of them you know and admire; the other two, though not equal to him in abilities, are not behind him in qualities to conciliate affection and secure esteem. Our idea is not that of scampering through France and ranting in Paris; but a sober sort of thing, to go and settle for some months in some provincial town, remarkable for the salubrity of its climate, the respectability of its inhabitants, and the purity of its language; there to improve our constitutions by the first, to extend our acquaintance with men and manners by the second, and to qualify ourselves for a further extension of it by perfecting ourselves in the third. I have taken it into my head that I shall receive \* \* \* \* into favour again. The truth about him is, that he is not without good points; his heart has some worth, his abilities very considerable eminence.

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“His character is far above that most nauseous of all things, insipidity, and negative good or evil. As a competitor, he was troublesome, and worth crushing; but that once done, and I can assure you it cost me some pains to accomplish it, ‘his good now blazes; all his bad is in the grave,’ as Zanga says. W. S. has again left Oxford, and I fancy for ever; he is, I hear, gone abroad, but whither I know not. Pity that abilities so great should be rendered useless to himself and to society, by such an eccentricity of temper, and unaccountableness of behaviour, as characterize him.

“Lord have mercy upon you, who have, in addition to the natural heat of the climate, such a letter as this to labour through! Grant you patience, good Heaven! with eyes to

make out my scrawl; perseverance to unravel my meaning; comprehension to understand my allusions; good nature to be interested in my narrative; a heart to profit by my instructions; and, moreover, to believe me,

“ With very great truth and affection, yours,

“ G. CANNING.

“ My direction is Oxford, of course.”

D'Alembert, in his *Eloge de Montesquieu*, has the following passage, which appears so happily fraught with the social traits of Canning's character, that they may be quoted here without intrusion.

“ Il étoit, dans le commerce, d'une douceur et d'une gaieté. Sa conversation étoit légère, agréable, et instructive, par le grand nombre d'hommes et de peuples qu'il avoit connus : elle étoit coupée, comme son style, pleine de sel et de saillies, sans amertume...Le feu de son esprit, le grand nombre d'idées dont il étoit plein, les faisoient naître. Il étoit sensible à la gloire ; mais il ne vouloit y parvenir qu'en la méritant. Jamais il n'a cherché à augmenter la sienne par ces manœuvres sourdes, par ces voies obscures et honteuses, qui déshonorent la personne, sans ajouter au nom.”

#### NOTE q, PAGE 33.

Denham became gentleman commoner at Trinity in Michaelmas term, 1631, in the sixteenth year of his age. Anthony Wood, in the delightful quaintness of his usual style, observes,—“ Being looked upon as a slow and dreaming young man by his seniors and contemporaries, they could never then in the least imagine that he could ever enrich the world with his fancy, or issue of his brain, as he afterwards did—*Cooper's Hill*: a Poem, Oxon, 1643, in one sheet and a half, in quarto. A poem it is, which for the majesty of the style is, and ever will be, the exact standard of good writing. It was translated into Latin verse by Moses Pengrey, as I shall elsewhere tell you.”

Of Denham's person, Aubrey gives the following account :  
 " Denham was of the tallest, but a little incurvetting at the shoulders, not very robust. His haire was but thin and flaxen, with a moist curle. His gate was slow, and was rather a stalking, (he had long legges,) which was wont to put me in mind of Horace, de Art. Poet.

Hic, dum sublimes versus ructatur, et errat,  
 Si veluti merulis intentus decedit auceps  
 In puteum foveamque ;

His eie was a kind of light goose-gray, not big, but it had a kind of strange piercingness, not as to shining and glory, but (like a Momus) when he conversed with you he look't into your very thoughts."

NOTE r, PAGE 33.

" William Pitt was born November 15th, 1708, and educated at Eton, whence, in January 1726, he went as a gentleman commoner to Trinity college. When he quitted the university, Pitt was for a time in the army, and served as a cornet: but he quitted the life of a soldier for that of a statesman, and became member for the borough of Old Sarum, in February, 1735."—*Alex. Chalmers*.

NOTE s, PAGE 33.

" Thomas Warton became a scholar of Trinity in 1743, where in 1750 he took his master's degree, and the next year succeeded to a fellowship. In 1785 he was chosen Camden Professor of History. His *Triumph of Isis*, written as a reply to Mason's *Isis*, contains a spirited invocation to his beloved Alma Mater:"

Hail, Oxford, hail ! of all that's good and great,  
 Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat ;

Nurse of each brave pursuit, each gen'rous aim,  
By truth exalted to the throne of fame !  
Like Greece in science and in liberty,  
As Athens learned, as Lacedæmon free !

NOTE *t*, PAGE 33.

No living writer must have a memory more delightfully stored with recollections of the past than Lisle Bowles. From youth to old age associating with the learned, the good, and the great of his country, devoted to literature, poetry, and criticism, and finally reposing in the calm seclusion of pastoral life,—to few is it permitted to say with greater truth, “*Innocuas amo delicias, doctamque quietem.*” This quotation may be appropriately followed by his own beautiful sentence, in the *Life of Kenn*, which he has lately published. The contrast between the domestic quiet of Isaak Walton’s home, and the puritanic broils of the day, he compares to “passing through the tumult and din of the crowd at Hyde Park corner to Holland House, the seat of poetry and kindred taste, where, opening the garden door, in contrast to the noise through which you have passed, you hear only with intense delight the ancient pines murmuring in the still repose of a summer evening, and the nightingales contending in their solitary harmony.”

NOTE *u*, PAGE 34.

It must be no slight gratification to Lisle Bowles, that Coleridge (see his *Biog. Lit.*) has recorded the inspiration his youthful mind caught from the perusal of some early sonnets by the reverend poet. The pure, the gentle, and the pathetic, abound in his poetry; and to no ear is “the dream of a village chime” more harmonious than his own. In his *History of Bremhill* he gives an interesting account of church bells. “Bells, it has been said, were a late introduction into the Christian church; but respecting the common idea of

their being introduced by Paulinus, bishop of Nola, in Campania, (from whence the words Noll and Campana,) it is not entitled, I imagine, to much credit; nor can it be admitted that their introduction was of a very late period, when baptizing them was so frequent in the eighth century, that Charlemagne, by a public ordinance, forbid—‘ne clocos baptisent.’ In Alet’s ritual, the various mysterious applications to which they gave rise are minutely recorded. Their early introduction may be inferred from one circumstance. Epiphanius, describing the Gnostic heresy, speaks expressly of the powers and princes of the air. Now, in the Roman church, one mystical use of bells was to keep ‘these demoniacal powers of the air at a distance!’ The ceremony of papal benediction is very curious. Holy water, salt, oil, incense, cotton, myrrh, and a crumb of bread, are prepared; a procession is then made from the vestry, and the priest, instructing the people in the holiness of the art he is going to perform, sings a *Miserere*, blessing the holy water, &c. &c. After many ceremonies the bell-baptism is performed, by the finger dipt in oil, and the sign of the cross being made on its middle: it is then perfumed with incense, and another prayer to the Holy Spirit is read.”

NOTE x, PAGE 41.

Combe Longa is in the patronage of Lincoln College. The curacy is held by the Rev. Charles Rose, B.D., fellow and tutor of Lincoln, whose delightful cottage residence adjoins the church.

NOTE y, PAGE 41.

John Evelyn became gentleman commoner of Balliol College in January, 1637. By his interest, Lord Howard’s ancient Marbles, the *Arundeliana Marmora*, were, in 1667, presented to Oxford, for which he received the “solemn thanks” of the university, and (1669) the degree of D.C.L. The

famous old annalist thus sums up his character :—" This Mr. Evelyn is an ingenious and polite person, and, most of all, affects a private and studious life ; and was the first of those gentlemen who earliest met for the promotion and establishment of the ROYAL SOCIETY."

NOTE 2, PAGE 42.

The following is the narrative of Foxe, in the third volume of his Ecclesiastical History, respecting

" The behaviour of Dr. Ridley (bishop of London) and Master Latimer (bishop of Worcester) at the time of their death, which was the 16th of October, 1555.

" Upon the north side of the town (of Oxford) in the ditch over against Balliol College, the place of execution was appointed ; and for fear of any tumult that might arise to hinder the burning of them, the Lord Williams (of Thame) was commanded by the queen's letters, and the householders of the city, to be there assisting, sufficiently provided with guards ; and, when everything was in readiness, the prisoners were brought forth by the mayor and bailiffs.

" Master Ridley had a fair black gown, furred, and faced with foin (fur of the ferret), such as he was wont to wear, being bishop, and a tippet of velvet furred likewise about his neck, a velvet nightcap upon his head, and a corner-cap upon the same, going in a pair of slippers to the stake, and going between the mayor and an alderman, &c.

" After him came Master Latimer, in a poor Bristol frieze (coarse woollen) frock, all worn, with his buttoned cap, and a kerchief on his head, all ready for the fire ; a new long shroud hanging over his hose, down to the feet ; which at first stirred men's hearts to rue upon them, (to repent of seeing them so, to be much concerned for them, or to pity them,) beholding on the one side the honour they sometime had ; on the other the calamity whereinto they were fallen.

" Master Dr. Ridley, as he passed (from the mayor's house

where he had lodged) towards Bocardo, (a gateway of the city and a prison, over the street opposite to where now stands the *Three Goats Inn*,) looked up where Master Cranmer (archbishop of Canterbury) did lie, hoping belike to have seen him at the glass window, and to have spoken unto him. But then Master Cranmer was busy with friar Soto, and his fellows, disputing together, so that he could not see him through that occasion. Then Master Ridley, looking back, espied Master Latimer coming after; unto whom he said, 'Oh, be ye there?' 'Yea,' said Master Latimer, 'have after as fast as I can follow.' So he, following a pretty way off, at length they came both to the stake, the one after the other; where first Dr. Ridley, entering the place, marvellously earnestly holding up both his hands, looked towards heaven; then shortly after, espying Master Latimer, with a wondrous cheerful look he ran to him, embraced and kissed him, and, as they that stood near reported, comforted him, saying, "Be of good heart, brother; for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it.

"Then the smith took a chain of iron and brought the same about both Dr. Ridley's and Master Latimer's middles; and as he was knocking in a staple, Dr. Ridley took the chain in his hand, and shook the same, for it did gird in his belly, and looking aside to the smith, said, 'Good fellow, knock it in hard, for the flesh will have its course.' Then his brother did bring him gunpowder in a bag, and would have tied the same about his neck. Master Ridley asked what it was. His brother said, 'Gunpowder!' 'Then,' said he, 'I will take it to be sent of God, therefore I will receive it as sent of him. And have you any,' said he, 'for my brother?' meaning Master Latimer. 'Yea, sir, that I have,' quoth his brother. 'Then give it unto him,' said he, 'betime, lest ye come too late.' So his brother went and carried of the same gunpowder unto Master Latimer.

"Then they brought a faggot, kindled with fire, and laid the same down at Dr. Ridley's feet. To whom Master Latimer spake in this manner:—"Be of good comfort, Master

Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.'

"And so the fire being given unto them, when Dr. Ridley saw the fire flaming up towards him, he cried with a wonderful loud voice, '*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum; Domine, recipe spiritum meum;*' and after repeating this latter part often in English, '*Lord, Lord, receive my spirit.*' Master Latimer crying as vehemently on the other side—'*Oh, Father of Heaven, receive my soul;*' who received the flame as it were embracing of it. After that he had stroked his face with his hands, and, as it were, bathed them a little in the fire, he soon died, as it appeareth, with very little pain, or none. And thus much concerning the end of this old and blessed servant of God, Master Latimer; for whose laborious travels, fruitful life, and constant death, the whole realm hath cause to give great thanks to Almighty God.

"But Master Ridley, by reason of the evil making of the fire unto him, because the wooden faggots were laid about the goss (furze) and over high built, the fire burned first underneath, being kept down by the wood. Which, when he felt, he desired them for Christ's sake to let the fire come unto him, which, when his brother-in-law heard, but not well understood, intending to rid him out of his pains, (for the which cause he gave attendance,) as one in such sorrow, not well-advised what he did, heaped faggots upon him, so that he clean covered him, which made the fire more vehement beneath, that it burned clean all his nether parts before it once touched the upper; and that made him leap up and down under the faggots, and often desire them to let the fire come unto him, saying, '*I cannot burn;*' which, indeed, appeared well; for after his legs were consumed by reason of his struggling through the pain, (whereof he had no release, but only his contentation in God,) he shewed that side towards us, clean, shirt and all, untouched with flame. Yet, in all this torment, he forgot not to call unto God, still having in his

mouth, ‘ Lord, have mercy upon me ;’ intermingling his cry, ‘ Let the fire come unto me, I cannot burn.’ In which pains he laboured, till one of the standers by with his bill pulled off the faggots above, and where he saw the fire flame up, he wrested himself unto that side. And when the flame touched the gunpowder, he was seen to stir no more ; but burned on the other side, falling down at Master Latimer’s feet.”

NOTE *a*, PAGE 42.

In 1792, Southey became a student at Balliol ; his political enthusiasm at this period has never been forgotten by his opponents. Yet, how happy may that man be deemed, whose retrospections discover no greater crime than a change of political principle ! “ The faults of great men are the consolation of dunces,” a sentiment too often verified by Southey’s foes. The late WILLIAM HAZLITT has attempted a mental portrait of this distinguished writer, in his *Spirits of the Age* ; and a more curious specimen of bigotry, admiration, dislike, truth, and falsehood, as employed by one man in analyzing the merits of another, was never, perhaps, exhibited, than in his critical development of Southey’s character.

Since the above remarks were written, Hazlitt is no more ; “ we could well have spared a better man.” The obscure way in which he was carried to his last home was a melancholy comment on an unhappy life. There are those who think Voltaire’s sarcasm on Dante not inapplicable to Hazlitt, “ his reputation will now be growing greater and greater, because there is now nobody who reads him,” and others who estimate him in a nobler way, and that, as Napoleon, with his code in his hand, so Hazlitt, with his life of that magnificent despot, will go down to posterity ? Whatever may be said of his biography, none will deny the freshness, originality, and delightfulness, which often pervade his essays. With much wordy paradox, enormous conceit, and ineradicable bigotry, they reveal an intense love of the beautiful in the outward world, with an acute sympathy for all the mental workings of

the mind within. Party and politics were his ruin; they tainted the pureness of his thoughts, distorted his views, and made him believe himself a philanthropist, when most he became a bigot. To the oblique influence of politics, the constitutional infirmity of a bad temper must be added, and from these we may explain the unhealthy atmosphere in which his mind appears to have lived and breathed. To define Hazlitt's rank in contemporary literature, is almost impossible: "Two voices are there; the one, denying him all that learning can respect, or virtue admire; the other, a clamorous appeal for undying fame. Time, "the beautifier of the dead," will be Hazlitt's best historian. If he has been the mere effervescence of a frothy age, he will be forgotten; if, on the contrary, he has strengthened the cause he affected to adore, there will be after memories to brighten round his fame, while

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—springs  
From the Castalian fountain of the heart,  
The poetry of life, and all that art  
Divine of words, quickening insensate things.  
*Wordsworth.*

NOTE *b*, PAGE 50.

The early poets are allowed to be the most original: but whilst we admire the freshness with which their poetry is imbued, we must remember that the refinements of life have multiplied since their day, and consequently, that what was then a single feeling, is now divided into a thousand shadowy modifications, too delicate for the sympathies of olden time to create. May we not, therefore, in some measure, console ourselves for absence of originality, by the fascinations which refined sentiment has produced? It is to these that modern times are indebted for a galaxy of female writers—stars that never shone upon the ancient world. The social ascendancy of Woman has advanced with the progress of Christianity; and truly, when we compare the spirit of modern with an-

cient gallantry, we need not blush for the comparison. To the grossness of mere animal passion has succeeded an ethereality of sentiment, which, however perverted by sophism, or degraded by affectation, has, on the whole, exercised a purifying influence over modern life.

An ethical writer remarks, "The respect he feels for the virtues of woman may thus be considered almost as a test of the virtues of man." Judged by such a test, it is to be feared that both ancient and modern poets do not always appear to bright advantage. Amid a profusion of stately compliments and poetical gallantries, they have from time to time been most uncourteously inspired. Two lords of Grecian tragedy, Æschylus and Euripides, have profaned their dramas by some ugly passages which might well have been omitted. Mrs. Æschylus was evidently a virago, and the unmusical echoes of her voice must have murmured in her husband's ears, when he composed some lines in the *Agamemnon* and the *Septem* : both the Mistresses Euripides were addicted to flirtation, and hence the exaggerated vileness of female character in the *Medea* and *Hippolytus*.

There are thousands who admire Horace's poetical style of love, and echo his bacchanalian sentiments on women. Others rejoice to feel themselves not amongst them. Horace, though a splendid lyrist, was a great sensualist, and, unlike Anacreon, has not always been very tasteful in his erotic allusions. A woman and a mistress are synonymous meanings in his poems ; and whenever the "molle Calenum" affected his head, the "dulcium Mater sæva cupidorum" (lib. iv. ode l.) invariably polluted his heart.

No man of humane disposition would willingly annihilate the Sabine bard!—but the truth must not be concealed,—he has fulminated many offensive remarks against old ladies, which have not been duly considered by those commentators who have indulged their tediousness in illustrating his style and meaning. That the ancient matrons of Rome were not so attractive as the mild old ladies in unassuming caps of the present day, it is easy to imagine. But there are some ele-

mentary principles, from which we may form a judgment of a man's character in all ages and under all circumstances; it is to be regretted, therefore, that Horace has not evinced a proper respect for the venerable glory of a grey head. A wrinkle is anathematized as if it were an infamous defect, and a dim eye pronounced an odious mockery of nature. "May you live to be an old woman!" appears to have been his poetical curse towards offending damsels; and truly, if it were always fulfilled after his fashion, they must have become as luxuriantly ugly as his fertile fancy could have desired.

If we might venture to account for this unamiable obliquity in Horace's poetical creed, we should in some manner refer it to the voluptuous example of his patron Mæcenas. From the first time we read this person's name, to the present hour, a suspicion has haunted us, that he is indebted for his intellectual fame rather to the inflated adulation of poets than to the substantial truth of real character. Seneca has satirized his effeminacies; and if our memory do not fail us, Gibbon has ventured some observations which tend to demolish his mountain of greatness. In all probability he was the Bufo of his day, who gave good dinners, and therefore commanded the attendance of good poets to eat them.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,  
Sat full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill:  
Fed with soft dedication all day long,  
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.

We pass by the puny sarcasms against women, sprinkled over the pages of Virgil, Ovid, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and others, to arrive at that *ultima Thule* of ferocious invective—the sixth satire of Juvenal. To us it appears neither more nor less than an obscene libel on human nature, utterly unworthy the high spirit which produced the third, tenth, and thirteenth satires, in the latter of which the terrors of conscience are so sublimely depicted. That we may not be deemed arrogant in this opinion, we beg permission to quote

the words of one who lived at a period of no outrageous delicacy. "This satire (sixth) is a bitter invective against the fair sex. 'Tis indeed a common place, from whence all the moderns have notoriously stolen their sharpest railleries. In his other satires, the poet has only glanced on some particular women, and generally scourged the men. But this he reserved wholly for the ladies. How they offended him I know not: but upon the whole matter, he is not to be excused for imputing to all the vices of some few amongst them. Neither was it generously done of him, to attack the weakest as well as the fairest part of creation: *neither do I know what moral he could reasonably draw from it.* To bid us beware of their artifices is a kind of silent acknowledgment that they have more wit than men; which turns the satire upon us, and particularly upon the poet, who thereby makes a compliment where he meant a libel."—*Dryden.*

Indeed, so revolting a picture does this satire exhibit, that neither the world nor Juvenal's fame would suffer by its omission. It has all Swift's impurity, without any of his redeeming wit; and, as a moral corrective, is utterly useless. We might as reasonably expect that health would be preserved by a nauseous exposition of every disease in the national hospital, as hope that moral beauty would be protected by parading the vilest of our depravities before the public view.

Maxima debetur puero reverentia.—(xiv. 47.)

How did Juvenal reconcile this noble sentiment with his own practice?—The sentence may be profitably remembered by the instructors of youth in the present day.

It would be somewhat interesting to select the principal allusions to female character from our English poets, and endeavour to prove, that in most cases they have been tinged by the circumstances of each particular writer, whenever they tend to deterioration. In the present case, however, we can only presume on the reader's patience by quoting a few. Let

us begin with Cowley, termed by Johnson “the last of the metaphysical race of poets.” He has uttered but few direct impertinences against women; but the cold indelicacy of his style and the amorous absurdity of his sentiments, almost amount to a want of gallantry. One can fancy mathematical problems making love to each other, when we read the imaginary colloquies of Cowley and his mistress. He has compared her to every mystery above the earth, and every curiosity beneath the sun. Let the reader enjoy the following *morceaux*. Here is a burning lover dried into Egyptian dust!

The fate of Egypt I sustain,  
And never feel the dew of rain  
From clouds which in the head appear!—

What a melancholy plight the lady alluded to in the following lines must have been in:

Her sacrifice is found without an heart,  
For the last tempest of my death  
Shall sigh out that too with my breath!

“Once more upon the waters, yet once more.” Confusion and fearful ruin are threatened: we should like to have seen his mistress perusing the passage below:

Wo to her stubborn heart, if once mine come  
Into the self-same room;  
’Twill tear and blow up all within,  
Like a grenado shot into a magazine!!—

Mr. Galt’s sublime description of Lord Byron’s genius is in some measure applicable to Cowley;—“a mystery, dressed in a winding sheet, and crowned with a halo!”

Who has equalled the heaven-like purity of Milton’s description?—whether we approach the primeval loveliness of her, who

—down to the slender waist  
Her unadorned golden tresses wore;

or the virgin majesty of "that aidless, innocent lady," whose voice came floating

—————upon the wings  
Of silence through the empty-vaulted night,  
At ev'ry fall smoothing the raven down  
Of darkness, till it smiled!

Yet there are many ladies in the world who denounce Milton, and allude unhandsomely to his wife, when they read that Eve was

—————all but a rib  
Crooked by Nature, bent as now appears,  
More to the part sinister,—

and that Adam dared to ask,

—————why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven  
With spirits masculine, create at last  
This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
Of nature, and not fill the world at once  
With men as angels, without feminine?

We now arrive at the last of bye-gone English poets from whose works we shall select instances of ungallant poetry—Alexander Pope. Many bitter ironies against the "fair sex" occur in Pope's writings; but the principal are contained in his celebrated "Epistle" on "the Characters of Women"—a title, by the way, in queer opposition to a line in the Poem:—

Most women have *no characters* at all.

In allusion to this piece, Johnson remarks—"The Characters of Men" are written with more, if not with deeper thought. In the women's part are some defects; the character of Atossa is not so neatly finished as that of Clodio; *and some of the female characters may be found perhaps more frequently among men*; what was said of Philomede was true of Prior. The sarcastic maxims which have offended the "ornaments of creation" are these—*viz.*,

Woman and fool are two hard things to hit.  
In men we various\* ruling passions find ;  
In women two almost divide the kind :  
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,—  
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.  
And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,  
Woman's at best a contradiction still :  
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can,  
Its last best work, but forms a softer man.

We conclude with that pert blasphemy against the purity of woman which has enjoyed immortality on the lips of coxcombs and seducers:—

Men—some to business, some to pleasure take,  
*But every woman is at heart a rake !*

These opinions are evidently imbued with sickliness and disappointment, and arose, perchance, from a slight on the part of Martha Blount, or from the colloquial tartness of Lady Mary Wortley, who sadly discomfited our poet at the table of their mutual friend, Lady Oxford.

C'est que l'enfant toujours este homme,  
C'est que l'homme est toujours enfant.

Lord Byron's admirers will, perhaps, admit that the general spirit of his poetry does not tend to elevate the female character. In nearly all his heroines there is a pervading glow of sentimental wantonness, which, however attractive in the page of poetry, is by no means desirable in the intercourse of human life. His lordship evidently considered woman in no spiritual light. This view, however, was the necessary result of that misanthropic egotism which forms the soul of his poetical system. To him the world revealed no prospect of gradual progression to a better and brighter state of things : as it had ever been, so it would ever remain—a blackened wilderness of selfish gloom. There are many who concur with him ; for, as Shelley says,—

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\* In his Essay on Man he admits but *one* "ruling passion."

Many heartless things are said and done,  
And many brutes and men live on.

Yet are there, from time to time, glimpses of moral beauty, and loveliness, and lofty energies, and high-born hopes, and human charities, to be enjoyed by all who live and breathe the healthful air of existence. Croly has concentrated, in a few words, more than we have read elsewhere, in illustration of Lord Byron's mind:—"His moral system as a poet is founded on the double error, that great crimes imply great qualities, and that virtue is a slavery. Both maxims palpably untrue; for crime is so much within human means, that the most stupendous crime may be committed by the most abject of human beings, while the man of the wildest licence is only so much the more fettered and bowed down." This doctrine was anticipated nearly two thousand years ago by one who is called a heathen, but whose moral sentiments are often purer than those of the nominal Christian:—

*Nemo liber est, qui corpori servit.*—*Senec.* Epis. 92.

Those who think that to assume a Cain-like attitude, and wrestle with the Deity in words of doubt and defiance, is freedom, will deny the sentiment. Let us hope, however, that there are many who echo the words which Croly has breathed over the grave of Byron, "that living long enough for fame, he died too soon for his country."

It was our intention to have concluded this long, and, we fear, intrusive note, by a selection of passages relative to the minds and characters of women, from the works of Southey, Wordsworth, and Wilson—they whose fame

Must share in Nature's immortality,  
A venerable thing! and so their song  
Should make all nature lovelier, and itself  
Be loved like nature.—*Coleridge.*

Who teach us to

—————recognise  
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Whose genius surrounds us with

A presence that disturbs us with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

And whose philosophy illustrates the sublime words of Rousseau, "Si l'Auteur de la nature est grand dans les grandes choses, il est très-grand dans les petites." But we will task the reader's kindness no farther, but conclude with

"Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears;  
To me, the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears!"

NOTE c, PAGE 51.

(1830.)

During the last year, some twelve or fifteen periodicals, beginning at the unambitious price of twopence, in graceful ascent to the lofty height of six shillings, have edified the public, and amused themselves, by discharging critical thunder at the head of the unfortunate transgressor alluded to in our text. Now, the first thing that must strike a reader in many of these reviews is the *sincerity* of the writers; for who, when an author is glowingly depicted as "fool," and "ass," "knave," and "hypocrite," "numskull," and sundry other pretty characters, can doubt a critic's earnestness! A few fastidious people, here and there scattered over the face of the literary globe, may, perchance, think these appellations a little uncourteous; and others compare the critics to those "grotesque faces" in a Gothic church, which grin and frown, and make such horrible distortions of visage, that you would think them the guardians of the whole building; whereas they are only excrescences, that add nothing to its strength, but dis-

figure it by their deformity." Still, sincerity is a rare virtue, and ought to be admitted into the very best society, however rudely appalled.

To the noisy candour of this class of reviewers, succeeds the polite malignancy of more graceful criticism. By means of this, an author's poetry is anatomized into prose, meaning screwed into nonsense, words distorted into trash, sentiments conjured into bombast, and the usual flippancies of "young gentleman," "bardling," "poetaster," &c. &c., are introduced with becoming effect. But as the subject as well as the style must be attacked, it is deemed proper to ruin the former by blazoning forth the poetical impossibilities connected with it; or else by collecting its various parts into one ludicrous assemblage, after the manner of an auctioneer's catalogue. It cannot, however, be forgotten, that now and then a word of comfort and a line of eulogy escape the reviewer; but, ashamed of the weakness, he soon returns to a more pleasing task.

There are others connected with this laudable undertaking, acting in the double character of author and critic. Without resorting to any ungenerous surmise, their hostility may thus be explained,—a writer who had pleased the many could not of course delight "the few." Doubtless, these "few" are difficult personages to define; but as they are so frequently mentioned by their admirers, they must enjoy a respectable existence somewhere or other on the face of the earth. Happy authors! who, undegraded by a vulgar passion for present fame, fix their eyes on a bright futurity; happy posterity! that is destined to receive instruction which living times are unworthy to enjoy. Copies may remain in unsold obscurity on booksellers' shelves, and publishers' accounts prove inconvenient memorials, but *they* have that within that passeth show. A few years hence, when the false idols of the day are disenthroned and forgotten, "the few" will swell into the many, and then shall editions do justice to their fame. Thus, under the weight of unpurchased volumes, are they enabled to feel "that a thousand years after their death, the Indian on the banks of the Ganges, and the Laplander on his hills of

snow, will read their works, and envy the happy clime that produced such extraordinary genius.”\*

Amid such distressful circumstances, a writer endowed with true delicacy would have faded into an elegant consumption, and died young, in order to be tenderly remembered. Such, however, was not the case; his health was audaciously good, and his pen as active as ever. To explain this tough pertinacity, we must suppose him to have been somewhat acquainted with the history of criticism, and to have found that from the days when Gray’s *Elegy* was pronounced a “*respectable piece of mediocrity*,”† to the time when Lord Byron was advised “*forthwith to abandon poetry*,”‡ and betake him to more profitable pursuits, similar afflictions had been constantly endured. Popularity was “vulgar fame;” praise, “absurd flattery,” and religious feeling “mere cant” assumed for the occasion. Then, as now, did the great unknown lament the decline of taste, the dearth of genius, and the nothingness of public opinion; while every author, imprudent enough to succeed, was described as the mere idol of the day, beneath the observation of the discerning “few.”

May we not hope, then, that those gentlemen whose pens are prepared to demolish the present unfortunate production, seeing that they have as yet produced nothing new in critical warfare, will devise some other means for effecting an honourable purpose? For truly lamentable would it be, if, after exhausting such noble energies in the defence of true taste and feeling, a headstrong public should decide for itself! Since mere critical blows, however violent and fierce, and constantly repeated, fail in effecting an author’s annihilation, can they not contrive to invent a few immoralities, and phillipize against the hypocrisy, cant, and deceitfulness of the times? Success appears to smile on this plan, since, whatever may be the character of the critic himself, the morality of the author

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\* See Gibbon’s *Essay on Polite Literature*.

† See the *London Magazine* of that period.

‡ Vide *Edinburgh Review*.

is indispensable. It is, doubtless, on the truth of this sentiment, that several *religious* periodicals have lately acted. Being a little puzzled with the muse, they sneer at her morality, and, according to the creed of *their* gospel, insinuate into the character of others what piety never admits in their own.

Let us conclude this discussion by a survey of the principal charges adduced against a writer whose volumes have sold. First in the list of offences appears—a portrait without a neckcloth. Assuredly this is a melancholy affair, inasmuch as it no more resembles the author than it does the face of Ali Pasha! And vanity, that fault which is only agreeable in ourselves, nothing but vanity, *could* have invented that upturned gaze! Here was a source of infinite martyrdom. One gentleman, remarkable for Byronic deficiency of cravat, considered the portrait a rivalrous attempt; while every reviewer who boasted an ugly face thought it a personal satire. It is but fair, however, to add, that any gentleman who has the misfortune to possess a copy of this portrait, by sending it to Mr. Hobday, the artist, may have his money returned, or a neckcloth supplied.

When we add to this circumstance that the author “gives no dinners,” writes no critiques, corresponds with no magazine, haunts no coteries, and—owing to the study of astronomy in early youth—holds his head very high when he walks, together with the weakness of being rather young, can we wonder that he has been lampooned in periodicals, or slandered in reviews?\*

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\* Lord Byron was fearfully alive to the annoyances of petty reviewers. Indignant sarcasm against the meanest Dennis who invaded his poetical renown is continually bursting forth in his correspondence. Speaking of critics in one of his letters to Murray, he says, after forbidding him to forward any more of the reviews, “These do not interrupt, but they soil the current of my mind. I am sensitive enough, but not until I am troubled.” To this remark Moore has appended a note, evidently emanating from the smart which critical malignance

NOTE *d*, PAGE 52.

(1830.)

A few months since an order issued from proprietary headquarters, for a certain young writer to be immolated in the next number of the venerable *Blue and Yellow*. In obedience to this command, several articles were prepared, all of which finally yielded to the one that was inserted, as combining a due quality of venom, with affectionate candour towards an ill-used public.

*Majora canamus*;—let us, with modest gaze, approach the “bright excess” of this surpassing criticism. After a little uncomfortable wriggling, the reviewer works his way into the subject—Puffery. Here it is painful to add, that two or three pages are pilfered from *The Puffiad*,\* without any acknowledgment of the offence. After this follows a verbal analysis, rather clumsy, and by no means original. The plagiarisms are proved after the following learned manner:—A few lines, selected from various parts of the guilty production, are ex-

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produces:—“The petty but thwarting obstructions which are at present thrown across the path of men of real talent by that swarm of minor critics and pretenders, with whom the want of a seat in other professions has crowded all the walks in literature.” Nor is it only the writers of the day who suffer from this multifarious rush into the mart; the readers, also, from having “the *superficies* of too many things presented to them at once, come to lose by degrees their powers of discrimination; and in the same manner as the palate becomes confused in trying various wines, so the public taste declines in proportion as the impressions to which it is exposed multiply.”

To such sentiments Bruyère’s remark applies:—“Quand une lecture vous élève l’esprit, et qu’elle vous inspire des sentimens nobles, ne cherchez pas une autre règle pour juger de l’ouvrage; il est bon et fait de l’ouvrage. La Critique, après ça, peut s’exercer sur les petites choses, relever quelques expressions, corriger des phrases, parler de syntaxe,” &c. &c.

\* A very unamiable production, concerning which the papers maintained a most disinterested silence.

hibited, in which the words "ocean," "dew," &c. &c. occur; some lines are also produced from DRYDEN and LORD BYRON, in which similar expressions occur. Now, what is plainer than that the former writer is convicted of plagiarism, since neither the ocean nor the dew was discerned till LORD BYRON and DRYDEN perceived them one day, and patronized them in their poems? This spirited hunt after plagiarisms extends through several pages, when, with a gracious smile at his own performance, the reviewer receives his pay, and bids us farewell. The hint to plagiarists, it is hoped, may prove serviceable. The advice given by a respectable old lady to her child of iniquity, in *Paul Clifford*, ought not to be forgotten: "Never steal—specially when any body's nigh!" Yet may a question be put to this ingenious gentleman—If all he pilfered from his predecessors, distilled from old magazines and encyclopædias, gathered from indices, and squeezed from the book itself under review, were combined, how much of any article that he has composed may be called his *own*? His critiques remind us of a circumstance in Armenia. When a poor man appears with a new coat, he is suspected to have stolen it; but if it be cleverly patched by contributions from old cloth, it is supposed to be his own!

The reviewer had evidently seen better days; though accustomed, from the blushing dawn of his talents, to perform the scrubwork of criticism, still he had occasionally spoken truth, and slept soundly after praising an author. Here, however, was a task of peculiar dirtiness, which threatened to soil even *his* hands, all accustomed as they were to menial offices. He had to grope his way through sixteen pages of lying print, and better men than he might be forgiven for not having accomplished this tiresome duty without some awkward grimaces on the road.

The critic's favourite metaphor is "a Turkey carpet:" from this it may be concluded that he is an upholsterer, haunted by the dreams of a shop; not but that an upholsterer may be a very excellent personage, though seldom, perhaps, a good critic; unless, indeed, after the manner of Addison's

trunk-maker, who, it is recorded, could knock down an ox, or write a comment on the *Ars Poetica*, with equal facility.

The article was a decided failure. There was, of course, a chuckle of delight among authorlings, and a yelp of applause from criticlings. Beyond this, nothing was effected. The public has a good memory on these occasions, and recollected that the same review, now employed in exposing the puff system, had, from its infancy, invariably puffed its own *coterie*, from the budding statesman down to the full-blown versifier. It also appeared rather strange that no *proofs* were produced to support an accusation, and that those who were notoriously addicted to the paragraphic vice, were suffered to remain "unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown."

On a primary view of the matter, this treatment on the part of the public towards the patronizing tenderness of a reviewer may appear unmerited; but when we remember that during the last fifteen years *there is not a solitary instance in which the Edinburgh Review has guided public taste in conferring eminence on a writer*, the matter is explained. With respect to poetry, this is especially true. All who have won reputation, it has endeavoured either to blast in their path to fame, or allowed them to be unmentioned till years had procured a popularity which required the aid of no reviewer to sustain it. Besides, there is a little impolicy in a critic's frontless assertion, that the public is a mighty Ass, easily led by the nose, wherever the popular impulse of an hour may conduct it; for who is it but this same stultified public that supports the very review that contemns it? In this the critic sees profound judgment and correct taste; in every other respect, the judgment of the many is altogether vain. Admirable logic! and urbane conclusion! No doubt, some literary bubbles have been puffed into popular favour, and that poetical unworthiness has been occasionally overrated. A few months, however, have redeemed the truth, and conducted Taste to her legitimate conclusions. He must, therefore, be a bigot of the very first water, and on tolerable good terms with himself, who condescends to patronize the public by assuming all

judgment and taste as the inheritance of his own brains, while the many are catalogued as blockheads and dunces, never to be respected—except when they believe an oracular review!

The reviewer is, we believe, still alive, and from time to time employs himself in making mouths at distinguished men. His style is peculiarly his own:—

For Appius reddens at each word you speak,  
And stares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,  
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

His darling topic is the decline of poetry, which means, that some little abortion of his own not having sold, as a matter of course, true poetry has ceased to exist. On this subject he is known to crawl along in elegiac prose for several pages, till, suddenly pouncing on some hapless author, he grins himself into critical ecstacy:—

All books he reads, and all he reads, assails,  
From Dryden's fables down to Durfey's tales:  
With him, most authors steal their works, or buy:  
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.

Let us, however, conclude this strange, eventful history; and let us likewise imitate the critic's atoning kindness, by expressing our regret, should any of these remarks be "painful to his feelings." Most heartily do we wish him a nobler office than that of being the hired assassin of a bigoted review.\*

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\* The following extract from the second edition of Clarkson's pamphlet, entitled, "*Robert Montgomery and his Reviewers*," will unravel some allusions in the above note. After all, the miserable hacks of a modern review are not worthy notice; every year sends some of them to their proper sphere—either to the treadmill, or on a philosophical excursion to Botany Bay!—*Vide Newgate Calendar*.

#### "ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

"The most illiberal attacks having of late been repeatedly made upon me as a publisher by certain reviewers, who, in their zeal to destroy the popularity, and with a view to account

## NOTE e, PAGE 54.

See anecdotes of Heber's early life, as recorded by his widow.

for the extensive sale of Mr. R. Montgomery's Poems, charged me with having unduly raised that author into public favour by a system of puffing, which they thus define:—1st, By the publisher having his own reviews; 2ndly, by his exchanging favours with other reviews; 3rdly, by his influencing the public opinion through the literary coteries; and, 4thly, by his bribing the periodical press; I feel myself called upon to declare (and I defy any man living to disprove the assertion), that this is a deliberate and malicious calumny. 1st, I have no review whatever; 2ndly, I have not the power of exchanging favours with other reviews, and should disdain so to use it if I had; 3rdly, I am not connected, either directly or indirectly, with any of the coteries; and, 4thly, I never bribed, or paid, or offered to pay, any individual connected with the periodical press, to praise the works of Mr. Montgomery, or any other works in which I have an interest. *What others may do, who notoriously possess the above means, and as notoriously use them, concerns not me. I shall, therefore, make no comment on the motives which influence these gentlemen, nor point to the corrupted sources whence the venom flows;* but I appeal to the public whether it is not a gross abuse of critical power, and a flagrant instance of critical injustice, thus to invade my property, and impugn my conduct, on grounds which, I repeat, are at once malicious, scandalous, and false.

“SAMUEL MAUNDER.”

“This is certainly manly and straightforward enough, and written in a tone of such honest indignation, that if the anonymous gentlemen, thus *inscribed* and *branded*, can feel anything lighter than a horsewhip, *feel they must*. That the shamefully dishonest artifices resorted to by the junta—who, chiefly holding their brief from the *Great Arch Puffer*, audaciously stigmatize the whole town and country press with the charge of being bribed like themselves—called for some notice from the publisher and proprietor of Montgomery's Poems, I am quite ready to admit, nay, that a total silence on his part might have even been regarded by the ‘miscellaneous rabble’—who, incompetent of comparative judgment, always consider the

NOTE *f*, PAGE 55.

“I am much amused with the preparation I see making for furnishing me with household stuff, such as table-cloths, sheets, &c. It is surely a luxurious age when a boy of seven-

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last and noisiest buffoon to be the victor—as amounting to an admission of the validity of these reiterated slanders. Otherwise, the whole *clique* are only fit to be laughed at. But I must say, he appears to me to have *only half understood his case*. I should really have given him credit for knowing the ‘mysteries’ of his profession better. He not only disclaims all connexion with the reciprocally reviewing coteries, and the ‘caw me, caw thee’ system, but he adds, with a *naïveté* quite amusing I should think to the gentlemen *concerned* (and *concerned* they really are), ‘I never bribed, or paid, or offered to pay, any individual connected with the periodical press.’ Ay, there’s the rub! One of the secret motives of attack—perhaps ‘the very head and front of his offending,’ in the eyes of the Burlingtonians. I respect Mr. Maunder’s feelings, but I am at a loss to conjecture how he could pen the sentence just quoted, and not be struck with the fact that his greatest sin was a *sin of omission* (*i. e.*, he *never bribed or paid*, &c.) Now, if he had been well read in *Burlingtoniana*, or made himself an adept in the *arcana* of Burlington-street; if he had ‘bribed or paid,’ instead of expecting, ‘good, easy man,’ to reap honest fame or profit, in times like these, from honest practices, neither he nor his author would have been the objects of half the rabid abuse which has been lavished on them. Had he resorted to that *golden* system of puffing, befitting the present *golden age* of literary morals, there would have been no growling, no barking, no biting; the jealous watch-dogs of literature would have fawned and slavered on him like spaniels, and he might have plundered ‘my public’ with impunity. Ay, had he ‘bribed or paid,’ &c., he might have inundated the country with the veriest excrementitious trash that ever exuded in a fashionable novel, foamed in Millenarian delirium, or piped and snivelled in libellous and penny-trumpet imitation of the sonorous, enchanted horn of Walter Scott. He might then have been lauded to the skies for his ‘public spirit and liberality,’ instead of being lampooned and belied by the hungry descendants of Zoilus and Thersites.”

teen requires so much fuss to fit him out. *Sat de nugis, ad seria reverto*. My studies go on as usual. Machiavel I rather admire more than at first. My Greek studies will be soon, I fear, *gravelled*, if I continue at home. My brother particularly recommends me to attend to the public lectures on astronomy and mathematics at Oxford, as he says they are at present very clever."—*Life, by Mrs. Heber*, vol. i. p. 22, 23.

## NOTE g, PAGE 55.

"Notwithstanding the miseries of Fellowships on which you descant, I should like very well to have one. I cannot, indeed, conceive how an excellent society, good rooms, and the finest situation for study in the world, can have that effect in benumbing the faculties which you ascribe to it. There will, no doubt, be many illiberal men in these sort of societies; but I fear those men would have been still less gentlemen than they are at present, had it not been for the advantages of a college society. I was much entertained, my dear friend, with the account you gave of time-passing at Cambridge. 'The beef of yesterday is succeeded by the mutton of to-day,' are your words, when you shew me the manner in which the Cantabs pass their time. You, indeed, who are clothed in purple, and fare sumptuously every day at the Fellows' table, would have more reason to reckon by meals than I should; for the dinners we get here, at least the commoners, (for the gentlemen commoners have a table to themselves, and fare very well,) are *the most beastly things that ever graced the table of a poor-house, or house of correction*. (ohé!) I write this letter in a very ill humour at some circumstances I happen to be engaged in, which are as follows:—It is thought expedient that as I principally feel myself deficient in mathematics, I should stay in Oxford during this next vacation, in order to go through a course of lectures with the mathematical professor. This is certainly very much for a man's interest, but it will be very dull, I fear, as few Brasen Nose men with whom I am acquainted will stay. If you could contrive to take the

opportunity of this vacation at once to see Oxford, and make an old school-fellow perfectly happy by your company for a day or two, I need not say how glad I should be. If you conveniently can, pray do come. *Per hoc inane purpuræ decus precor.*

“I have fagged pretty hard since I have been here, on a perfectly different plan, however, from my Neasden studies. I was very closely engaged last week with a copy of verses, as you will believe, when I tell you that I had literally no time to shave, insomuch that my beard was as long and hoary as that of the celebrated bearded king. I succeeded tolerably well in my verses, and had to read them in the hall, the most nervous ceremony I ever went through.

“I agree with you on the subject of the fabled academical leisure. We are, at Cambridge and Oxford, in the economy of time, perfect Cartesian—we admit of no vacuum. I have been through my Cheshire connexions, and, through the long residence of my brother, introduced to a great many people, and this has, of course, produced very numerous parties; but, I assure you, I shall preserve my character for sobriety: no man is obliged to drink more than he pleases, nor have I seen any of that spirit of playing tricks on freshmen, which we are told were usual forty or fifty years ago at the universities. *Vale; si possis, veni.* You seem not much to like the concerts at Cambridge; I very much approve of ours here, both as it is a rational scholarlike amusement, and as it affords a retreat, if necessary, from the bottle.”—*Life*, vol. i. pp. 26—28.

Heber's first university distinction was the prize for Latin verse, gained by his “*Carmen Seculare.*” This was followed, in 1803, by “*Palestine,*” to which the following notices interestingly refer:—

“I know not whether I told you in my last, it is a sort of prize extraordinary for English verses—the subject, *Palestine.* I was not aware till yesterday that the same subject had been some time since given for the Seatonian prize. I think it, on the whole, a fine one, as it will admit of much fancy, and

many sublime ideas. I know not whether it ought to have been made exclusively sacred or not. Many men, whom I have talked with, seem inclined to have made it so; but I have an utter dislike to clothing sacred subjects in verse, unless it be done as nearly as possible in scriptural language, and introduced with great delicacy. I could not, however, refrain from mentioning and rather enlarging on the Messiah and the last triumphs of Judea. The historical facts of scripture I of course made great use of, as well as of the crusades, siege of Acre, and other pieces of modern story. My brother, my tutor, and Mr. Walter Scott, the author of the ‘Border Minstrels,’ whom I have no doubt you know by name, if not personally, give me strong hopes; and I am, on the other hand, I hope, pretty well prepared for a disappointment. Whether the event be favourable or otherwise, I shall know in about two days, and will not fail to communicate my victory or defeat.”—*Life*, vol. i. pp. 29, 30.

“In the course of its composition, Sir Walter Scott happened to breakfast with him one morning, together with his brother and one or two friends, previous to their joining a party of pleasure to Blenheim; *Palestine* became the subject of conversation, and the poem was produced and read. Sir Walter, to whom the editor is indebted for the anecdote, said, ‘You have omitted one striking circumstance in your account of the building of the temple, that no tools were used in its erection.’ Reginald retired from the breakfast-table to a corner of the room, and before the party separated, produced the beautiful lines which now form part of the poem, and which were at a subsequent period, and alas! on a far different occasion, quoted by Sir Charles Edward Grey, as illustrative of the manner in which he trusted the church of Asia would arise, and in which the friend he then mourned was so admirably qualified to hasten its growth. On mounting the rostrum to recite his poem, Reginald Heber was struck by seeing two young ladies of Jewish extraction sitting in a conspicuous part of the theatre. The recollection of some

lines\* which reflect severely on their nation flashed across his mind, and he determined to spare their feelings by softening the passage, which he feared would give them pain, as he proceeded; but it was impossible to communicate this intention to his brother, who was sitting behind him as prompter, and who, on the attempt being made, immediately checked him, so that he was forced to recite the lines as they were originally written.”—*Life*, pp. 30, 31.

NOTE h, PAGE 55.

An eloquent article on Heber's Hymns, in Blackwood's Magazine, and, from the beautiful diction that pervades it, apparently written by Wilson, contains an affecting allusion to the recitation of *Palestine*.

“None who heard Reginald Heber recite his *Palestine* in that magnificent theatre, will ever forget his appearance, so interesting and impressive. It was known that his old father was somewhere sitting among the crowded audience, when his universally admired son ascended the rostrum; and we have heard that the sudden thunder of applause that then arose so shook his frame, weak and wasted by long illness, that he never recovered it, and may be said to have died of the joy dearest to a parent's heart. Reginald Heber's recitation, like that of all poets we have heard recite, was altogether untrammelled by the critical laws of elocution, which were not set at defiance, but either by the poet unknown or forgotten; and there was a charm in his somewhat melancholy voice, that occasionally faltered, less from a feeling of solemnity, and even grandeur of the scene of which he was himself

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\* Oh, lives there one who mocks his heartless zeal!  
Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel?  
Be his the soul with wintry reason blest,  
The dull, lethargic sovereign of the breast!  
Be his the life that creeps in dead repose,  
No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows.

the conspicuous object, though that feeling did suffuse his pale and ingenuous countenance,—than from the deeply felt sanctity of his subject, comprehending the most awful mysteries of God's revelations to man."

(1830.)

A Magazine,

"That grins immensely at its own sagacity,"

some time since informed its readers, that the present writer had "written for the Newdigate, and failed." It would be needless to contradict this and similar atrocious absurdities, were there not an imbecile race in the world of letters always prompt to believe what is absurd, and to quote what is malicious. For their benefit, be it remarked,—without the faintest sneer at a poem which Heber consecrated, and Milman has adorned,—that the glorious uncertainty of the "Newdigate" has not been endured by the present author; nor is it probable that it ever will.

In the course of this volume incidental allusions have been made to contemporary criticism: no candid reader will mistake or misapply them. It would be a censorious foppery for any man, whatever his rank in literature, to express unlimited contempt for an art in which many of the most accomplished and profound scholars of the day are engaged; and laughable bigotry to deny the wit, eloquence, and brilliancy, from time to time exhibited in our modern reviews. But while we allow the excellences of criticism, we cannot be blind to the theoretic dulness, flimsy sarcasm, and monotonous twaddle, which distinguish a great part of it. Of late, a new class of critics has arisen, composed chiefly of bankrupt prosers, and miscellaneous rhymers, whom Pope has christened, "Grub-street poets run to seed."\* At present they are trying an experiment with public taste,—whether "criticism," diseased

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\* Bad poets become malevolent critics, just as weak wine turns to vinegar.—*Southey*.

with prejudice, and bloated with vulgarity, will be popularly relished, and meet with success. Their whole power consists in noise and nonsense, and with these they make a most industrious rattle from week to week and month to month.

But let no reader consider these remarks as intended to excite indignation against a mournful race of men, who are too often compelled to eat the bread of infamy, and, under the name of critics, unite the double character of poltroons and maligners. Rather let him change contempt into the Christian feeling of pity. For are they not to be pitied, who are born—wretched—and die? He may indeed, on observing the swagger of their style, and the mock-heroism exhibited in their “defence of public taste,”—imagine them to be the happiest fellows alive. Yet were he to single one out of the herd for minute observation, how often would he discover him to be a shrivelled unfortunate, gnawed by disappointment, or jaundiced by despair!—one who has indeed been a writer of all work—the Helot of literature. Tragedies that were never acted, poems that were never read, and novels that were never sold, are his to claim. He has murdered for morning papers, and set houses on fire for evening journals, and yet remains unknown. Amid such disasters, let a generous mind pause ere it condemn him whom circumstances have twisted into a degenerate hireling. When the petty rivalries of the hour are forgotten, and truth is alone remembered, the retrospections of such a character are by no means enviable. To him belongs not the smile of the good, nor the friendship of the great: as he has lived to be degraded, so will he die to be forgotten.

—————“ be one poet’s praise,  
That not in fancy’s maze he wander’d long,  
But stoop’d to truth, and moralized his song;  
Laugh’d at the loss of friends he never had,  
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;  
The tale revived, the lie so oft o’erthrown,  
Th’ imputed trash, and dulness not his own.”

## NOTE i, PAGE 56.

“When Reginald Heber returned from the theatre, surrounded by his friends, with every hand stretched out to congratulate, and every voice raised to praise him, he withdrew from the circle; and his mother, who, impatient of his absence, went to look for him, found him in his room, on his knees, giving thanks to God, not so much for the talents which had, on that day, raised him to honour, but that those talents had enabled him to bestow unmixed happiness on his parents.”—*Life*, vol. i. p. 33.

The following sketch of Heber by a contemporary, while residing in the university, after his political triumph, will be read with deep interest.

“At a time when, with the enthusiasm of the place, I had rather caught by heart than learnt *Palestine*, and when it was a privilege of any one of any age to know Heber, I had the delight of forming his acquaintance, I cannot forget the feeling of admiration with which, in the autumn of 1803, I approached his presence, or the surprise with which I contrasted my abstract image of him with his own simple, social, every-day manner. He talked and laughed like those around him, and entered into the pleasures of the day with them, and with their relish; but when any higher subject was introduced, (and he was never slow to introduce literature at least, and to draw from his exhaustless memory riches of every kind,) his manner became his own. He never looked up at his hearers, but with his eyes downcast and fixed, poured forth in a measured intonation, which from him became fashionable, stores of every age; the old romances; Spenser; some of our early prose writers; of Scott’s published works; or verses of his own. I speak not of one day only, but of my general recollection of his habits as after that day witnessed often. Even at this time, however, he was a very severe student, and made up in hard reading at night, the time given to society and lighter pursuits in the evening.”—*Life*, pp. 345—348.

## NOTE k, PAGE 68.

A beautiful letter, descriptive of Heber's character in India, must not be omitted in these biographical illustrations.

“ MY LORD,—I know not how to refrain from venturing in some allusion to the general sentiments of deep interest and lively gratification excited by your lordship's visit to this place (Benares), and the very sincere regrets which have followed your departure. Of all the pleasing impressions which your lordship has left to commemorate your brief sojourn amongst us, I will not here presume to speak ; but I may hope your lordship will not be displeased with the brief assurance, that your visit has been productive of much good in this community, in points essentially connected with those high and sacred interests which are so peculiarly under your charge, and even so near to all the movements of your heart. For the mention of my own individual share in the grateful impressions your lordship has diffused amongst us, I will hope to have found an admissible excuse with your lordship, while I ascribe some portions of it to associations awakened by your presence, recalling to my mind the days of other times, the scenes of my youth, and of my native land ; and many a recollection of no light or ordinary interest, to one who has wandered so far and so long from the *dulce domum* of his early life. Your lordship will readily conceive how this might be ; and thus it will hardly seem strange to you, that the strains of pious and holy instruction, which fixed so impressive a record of our first visitation by a protestant prelate on the minds of us all, should have spoken with peculiar emphasis to one, who, after many a year of toil and exile in a foreign clime, recognised in the accents which now preached the word of the living God, amid the favourite abodes of heathen idolatry, that self-same voice, which in the days of youthful enthusiasm, and ardent and undamped fancy, had poured on his delighted ear the lay that sung the sacred theme of the Redeemer's hand, amid the long-loved haunts of his *Alma Mater* ; amid the

venerated temples of the religion of our fathers. But let me not give a licence to my pen, which may seem to bespeak me forgetful of the high value of your lordship's time. Permit me, my lord, to conclude with unfeigned and most fervent wishes for your long enjoyment of health and vigour, for the gratification of all the hopes with which you contemplate the interesting journey before you, and for the success of every plan which you may form for the advancement of those concerns of eternal moment which have been so happily entrusted to your lordship's care.

“ I remain, my lord,

“ Most respectfully and sincerely yours,

“ NORMAN MACLEOD.

(*Life*, pp. 242—244.)

## NOTES TO PART II.

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### NOTE *a*, PAGE 70.

THE sublime hopes which are awakened by the circulation of the scriptures suggest the name of one, whose pure spirit now brightens in the presence of his Maker, but whose memory lives in the hearts of all who revere the faith of an apostle, and the devotion of a martyr,—Henry Martyn, late fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. He who can peruse the biography of his glorious mind—as exhibited amid fearful toils and Christian labours, in a far and deathful clime—without emotion, must be “more or less than man.”

“By him, and by his means, part of the Liturgy of the Church of England, the Parables, and the whole of the New Testament, were translated into Hindoostanee! By him, and by his means, also, the Psalms of David and the New Testament were rendered into Persian! By him also the prophet of Mecca was daringly exposed, and the truths of Christianity openly vindicated, in the very heart and centre of a Mahometan empire!—Surely, as long as England shall be celebrated for that pure and apostolical church, of which he was so great an ornament, the name of the subject of this memoir will not wholly be forgotten; and whilst some shall delight to gaze on the splendid sepulchre of Xavier, and others choose rather to ponder over the granite stone which covers all that is mortal of Schwartz; there will not be wanting those who will think of the humble and unfrequented grave of Henry Martyn.”—*Memoir*, by SARGENT.

NOTE *b*, PAGE 74.

To atone for the jealousies which too often disgrace the annals of mind, a delightful train of literary friendships may be adduced. Those familiar with intellectual biography will recal the names of Scipio and Lælius, Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, Montaigne and Charron, Petrarch and Boccaccio, Beaumont and Fletcher, Addison and Steele, West and Gray. Cowley has a beautiful allusion to a literary friendship:—

- “ Say, for ye saw us, ye immortal lights!  
 How oft unwearied have we spent the nights,  
 Till the Ledean stars, so famed for love,  
 Wonder’d at us from above.—
- “ We spent them not in toys, in lust, or wine,  
 But search of deep philosophy,  
 Wit, eloquence, and poetry;  
 Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.”

This passage is matched by one in Persius :

- “ Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles,  
 Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes.  
 Unum opus, et requiem pariter disponimus ambo,  
 Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa.”—*Sat.* v. 40—44.

NOTE *c*, PAGE 82.

“ Solitude and society may be illustrated by a lake and a river. In the one, indeed, we can view the heavens more calmly and distinctly; but we can also see our image more clearly, and are in danger of the sin of Narcissus; while in the river, the view both of the heavens and ourselves is more broken and disturbed; but health and fertility is scattered round.”—*From Wolfe’s Juvenile Papers.* Removed from the soft intercourse of domestic life, our feelings are not mellowed unto that tendency which is so congenial to the spirit of

Christian love. Living in solitude, the undisputed lords of our dwelling, and with no inclinations to consult but our own, the harshness of our tempers is not worn down by collision, nor the selfishness of our dispositions subdued by the habit of our yielding to the wishes of others.—*Benson's Hulsean Lectures*.—20th.

NOTE *d*, PAGE 83.

“ At the dissolution, the great bell at Christ Church, commonly called ‘ Tom,’ was taken from the tower of the monastery of Osney : it was then placed in the campanile of the tower of Christ Church Cathedral, whence it was removed to its present situation, after the completion of the tower by Sir Christopher Wren. Prior to its being recast, it bore the following inscription : ‘ In Thomæ laude resona Bim Bom sine fraude ;’ its present inscription is, ‘ Magnus Thomas Oxoniensis.’ ”—*Vide Skelton's Oxonia Antiqua Restaurata*.

NOTE *e*, PAGE 87.

Chatterton,

—————“ The marvellous boy,  
The sleepless soul that perish'd in its pride.”

Midnight studies and midnight agonies were not unknown to him. Poor, proud, and persecuted, alone in the wilderness of London, with a genius restless as it was extraordinary,—how often did the daylight shine upon his sunken brow and shattered frame! Kirke White was equally a victim to the fascinations of midnight study. Several pathetic allusions to this fatal luxury are sprinkled over his productions. In a poem entitled *Time*, he exclaims—

“ The night's my own: they cannot steal my night!  
When ev'ning lights her folding star on high  
I live and breathe; and in the sacred hours  
Of quiet and repose, my spirit flies,  
Free as the morning, o'er the realms of space.”

While on the subject of Chatterton and Kirke White, may we venture to add, that the mind of the former was of far more original grasp than that of the latter; yet how different have been their poetical destinies! The beauty of White's moral has reflected a brightness o'er his intellectual character;—and it is well for mankind that it has done so; for virtue is worth a thousand talents.

Lord Orford has thus appreciated the genius of Chatterton:

“His life should be compared with the powers of his mind, the perfection of his poetry, his knowledge of the world, which, though in some respects erroneous, spoke quick intuition; his humour, his vein of satire, and, above all, the amazing number of books he must have looked into, though chained down to a laborious and almost incessant service, and confined to Bristol, except at most for the last five months of his life, the rapidity with which he seized all the topics of conversation then in vogue, whether of politics, literature, or fashion; and when, added to all this mass of reflection, it is remembered that his youthful passions were indulged to excess, faith in such a prodigy may be well suspended; and we should look for some secret agent behind the curtain, if it were not as difficult to believe that any man who possessed such a vein of genuine poetry would have submitted to lie concealed, while he actuated a puppet; or would have stooped to prostitute his muse to so many unworthy functions. But nothing in Chatterton can be separated from Chatterton. His ablest flight, his sweetest strains, his grossest ribaldry, and his most commonplace imitations of the productions of magazines, were all the effervescences of the same ungovernable impulse, which, chameleon-like, imbibed the colours of all it looked on. It was Ossian, or a Saxon monk, or Gray, or Smollett, or Junius; and if it failed most in what it most affected to be, a poet of the fifteenth century, it was because it could not imitate what had not existed.”

A

## BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY

OF

### EMINENT CHARACTERS CONNECTED WITH THE UNIVERSITY.

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IN compiling the following summary, which, it is presumed, will not be found useless as a literary reference, the author was greatly indebted to Chalmer's list, extracted from the *Athenæ*, and other collegiate records. His acknowledgments are also due to Mr. Skelton, whose magnificent work, *Pietas Oxoniensis*, is alike honourable to his genius and his country.

#### MERTON COLLEGE.\*

FOUNDED IN 1264.

Duns Scotus; John Wickliffe; Sir Thomas Bodley; Sir Henry Savile; the pious John Hales; William Harvey (discoverer of the circulation of the blood); Bradwardine and

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\* Wood, in his "*Athenæ*," mentions the following curious customs as existing at this college in his time:—

"There were fires of charcole made in the common Hall, on All Saints' Eve, &c. &c. At all these fires every night, which began to be made a little after five of the clock, the senior under-graduates would bring into the Hall the juniors, or freshmen, and make them sit down on a forme in the middle of the Hall, joining to the declaimer's desk; which done, every

Islip, Archbishops of Canterbury; Hooper, the martyred Bishop of Gloucester; Dr. Jewell, of Salisbury; Dr. Carleton, of Chichester; and Grimoald, poet; Heywood, do.; Dr. Goulston; Sir Isaac Wake; Dr. Bainbridge; Devereux, Earl of Essex; Farnaby; Francis Cheynell; Samuel Clarke, the orientalist; Hugh Cressy, the Roman-catholic historian; Anthony Wood, the Oxford historian; Sir Richard Steele, at one time postmaster here; Beresford, the author of that amusing work, *The Miseries of Human Life*; and Dr. Edward Nares, the Burghley historian, &c.

### UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1280.

*Prelates.*—Walter Skirlaw, Bishop of Durham, ob. 1405; Richard Flemming, Bishop of Lincoln, and founder of Lincoln college; John Sherwood, Bishop of Durham; Ridley, the

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one in order was to speak some pretty apothegme, or make a jest, or bull, or speak some eloquent nonsense, to make the company laugh; but if any of the freshmen came off dull, or not cleverly, some of the forward or pragmatistical seniors would *tuck* them—that is, set the nail of their thumb to their chin, just under their lip, and, by the help of their other fingers under the chin, would give them a mark, which would sometimes produce blood!”—On Shrove Tuesday, Feb. 15 (1647), we are told that “brass pots full of caudle, at the freshmen’s charge, after the Hall was free from the fellowes, was brought up and set before the fire. Afterwards, every freshman, according to seniority, was to pluck off his gowne and band, and, if possible, to make himself look like a scoundrell. This done, they were conducted, each after the other, to the high table, and there made to stand on a form placed thereon; from whence they were to speak their speech, with an audible voice, to the company; which, if well done, the person that spoke it was to have a cup of caudle, and no salted drinke; but if dull, nothing was given him but salted drinke, or salt put in college beer, with tucks to boot. Afterward, when they were to be admitted into the fraternity, the senior fellow was to administer to them an oath, over an old shoe, part of which runs thus:—*Item tu juratis quod Penniless Bench nan visitude,*” &c. &c.

martyr, some time fellow here, afterwards of Cambridge; Dr. Tobie Matthew, Archbishop of York; Bancroft, Bishop of Oxford; Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, and author of *Grecian Antiquities*, &c. &c.; Dr. C. Littleton, Bishop of Carlisle, and President of the Society of Antiquaries; Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

Richard Stannyhurst, poet and critic; the learned family of the Digges; Leonard and Thomas, mathematicians; Sir George Croke, chief-justice of England; Lord Herbert of Cherbury; General Langbaine, the first biographer of dramatic writers; Dr. Dudley Loftus, the oriental scholar; Dr. John Hudson, keeper of the Bodleian library; Flavel, the nonconformist; Dr. Radcliffe, afterwards of Lincoln; Rev. Joseph Bingham, author of *Origines Ecclesiasticæ*; William Elstob; Carte, the historian, took his first degree here, previously to his removing to Cambridge; Jago, the poet, and friend of Shenstone; Sir Robert Chambers, Vinerian Professor in 1777; Sir William Jones, whose monument by Flaxman was presented to his college by Lady Flaxman; Sir Roger Newdigate, the founder of the *Newdigate Prize*; Lord Eldon, the late Lord High Chancellor of England; Lord Stowell; and Shelley.

(1830.)

[*Note*.—Moore says that Shelley's life was "a bright but erroneous dream." Bright, indeed, as to what it hoped, but dark and dismal in all that it experienced! The writer of this has obtained some biographical recollections relative to Shelley's character and conduct at Oxford; and to the conclusion of this note is appended a sketch by his accomplished friend and relative, Medwin, and also a record from the pen of one thoroughly acquainted with Shelley's life while at college. Those who admire genius, but lament its desecration, will be gratified by a fact alluded to in Medwin's remarks—viz., that Shelley never intended the publication of "*QUEEN MAB*," and that his maturer years regretted the deadly spirit of scepticism which polluted the notes of the first edition. A

late biographer (vide the memoir attached to the "Beauties of Shelley") talks of his attacking "*the commonly received notions of the being of a God.*" This may be *charity*, but is by no means *truth*. The pamphlet here alluded to was entitled, "The Necessity of Atheism," and, in harmony with some of the doctrines in the notes to "*Queen Mab*," was imbued with odious and horrible sentiments. The university has been unwisely and unjustly censured by certain writers, for its expulsion of Shelley on the appearance of his pamphlet. They have talked about liberality, but have shewn none. Strange and unnatural as it may appear to their views, there are many in Oxford who think that a university, based on the immortal truths of the Gospel, ought not to license and encourage blasphemy, however gilded by genius. Had Shelley privately consulted with his seniors, he might not have escaped censure, yet he certainly would have received advice and warning; but when he openly dared the university, and violated the whole spirit of her discipline, by the publication of an atheistic pamphlet, there remained but one course to be promptly and peremptorily pursued.

With regard, however, to the reviews which afterwards appeared on Shelley's poems, there can be but one opinion with an honest mind.

Periodicals were then in their mid-noon glory; they held a kind of papal dominion over the taste and poetical creed of their readers; they could shout nonsense into fame, or hiss genius into obscurity, when and where they pleased. Shelley was a fine subject for their abuse. Under the mask of saintly enthusiasm, they could attack the man, and, by a mean and merciless style of criticism, they could contrive to dissect his poems into trash and absurdity. Shelley's poetry has no flesh and blood in it; it is all ethereality and disembodied mind: his utterances are those of a lone, lofty, and melancholy spirit, too sublime for the many, and too obscure for the worshippers of homely truth and external realities. It was easy, therefore, to distort his language, to cloud his meaning, and to present the author of "*The Cenci*" to the public eye as

a mass of poetical deformity, only to be seen in order to be shunned.

This was not the way to reclaim a great but erring soul—the malice and envy of these writers were too palpable—yet the effect on the public was prodigious. Shelley was exiled, and his after works fell dead from the press.

But the time of re-action has come, and the venal tyranny of reviews is over. It is no longer deemed requisite that in order to be read, an author must be a member of a *clique* which directs a review; in short, it has been discovered that critics, like the popes, are not infallible; and the proscribed Shelley has been brought back to the admiration of his country, in glory and triumph. Lamenting, as all do, who think that one ray of genuine Christianity will do more to enlighten the hopes and destiny of man than all the blaze of genius apart from this, they will peruse the pages of Shelley with mixed and mournful thought; yet a benevolent spirit will delight to gaze on the brightness rather than the darkness of a genius, whose works are too far removed from the toil and turbulence of daily life ever to be popular, or hold a Shaksperian sway over the feelings of the general mind.

“Like hues and harmonies of evening,  
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,  
Like memory of music fled,  
Like aught that for its grace may be  
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.”

These lines, from his “Hymn to Intellectual Beauty,” might be said to describe the evanescent magic of Shelley’s poetry. His soul dwelt apart from the coarseness and sternness of actual life, amid the bright and exquisite conceptions of an imagined world. Never was there a mind more enamoured of the beautiful, or a heart more attuned to sympathy with all that is sublime in nature, or profound in man. His odes rouse the dead feelings into a glorious life, and many of his dramatic passages reveal to us the gloom, the glory, and the agony of human destiny, with a startling apocalypse, and with an awful truth. Milton himself scarcely surpassed him in the full and

faultless harmony of his numbers, and the magical richness of his language. But "*Adonais*" is

—————"fled!  
Like some frail exhalation, which the dawn  
Robes in its golden beams;"—

and it were vain to speculate to what an exaltation and holy change of sentiment a spirit like his might have arrived; many of his doubts might have been dispelled; many of the harsh thoughts which occasionally jangled the melodious chords of his mind might have vanished, and Shelley might have stood forth in the unclouded majesty of genius, had it pleased Him, to whom the fiat of life and death belongs, to have spared him. As it is, we can only say, peace to the young, the gifted, and the dead!]

The following is Medwin's brief recollection of Shelley:—

"Shelley was sent to *University College* because his father, Sir Timothy, had been at that college, and *Sir Philip Sidney* a benefactor of it. He was only seventeen when he went there, and kept very few terms—not more than three, I think. His studies were anything but academical—German, chemistry, electricity. He used to charge the lock of the door, to give the scout a shock, laughing immoderately thereat. Though a tolerably good Latin scholar, he knew at that time little Greek, reading Plato (afterwards his constant companion) through a French translation. Although there were many Etonians of his standing at Oxford, he sought the acquaintance of none. The only one of his fellow collegiates with whom he was intimate was Hogg, who entertained congenial opinions with him on metaphysical subjects, and was expelled with him, for having been partly the author of a treatise called the *Necessity of Atheism*. This silly work was enclosed by Shelley to the heads of colleges, the examining masters, and, I believe, the bench of bishops; the letter containing a challenge to argue the non-existence of a God in the schools. The consequence of such a step was obvious; he was called before his tutor, and, refusing to retract, was expelled.

“ At Oxford he printed (I think at Parker’s) a volume of poems, called the Posthumous Works of my Aunt Peg Nicholson,\* and wrote a Romance, entitled, ‘ St. Irvyn, or the Rosicrucian,’ of which no copy, I imagine, exists. There are several short poems interspersed in the volume ; I send you one as a specimen. The first lines are imitated from Byron’s lines, beginning ‘ Shades of the dead,’ &c., in the ‘ Hours of Idleness.’

“ Shelley also began *Queen Mab* at Oxford.

“ *He never sanctioned the publication of this extraordinary poem.* It was, in fact, printed from the manuscript that fell accidentally into the hands of the publisher ; and there exists a copy of the first edition, corrected by the hand of Shelley himself, *containing most important alterations and corrections and additions, which would shew how materially he had modified his opinions.* This revision was made at Marlow.

“ Shelley’s character has been much misunderstood. His whole life was one aspiration for the good of his species. Whether his writings have such a tendency is another question ; but they are too sublimated and noble to make many proselytes—they escape common understandings—however the glittering veil of his poetry may render attraction to a few of his abstractions.

“ I remember, as though I saw him yesterday, even at this time, the fearlessness of his nature contrasted strangely with his slight, boyish, almost feminine appearance. Shelley more resembled Rousseau than any other writer. But Rousseau’s object was to excite wonder by paradox. Not so Shelley. However mistaken might be his philosophy, he was sincere in it!

“ I copy the lines, as promised :—

‘ Ghosts of the dead ! have I not heard your yelling  
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the blast,  
When o’er the dark ether the tempest is swelling,  
And on eddying whirlwind the thunder-peal past ?

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\* “ Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson.” Printed and published by Munday and Slatter.

- ‘ For oft have I stood on the dark height of Jura,  
Which frowns on the valley that opens beneath ;  
Oft have I braved the chill night tempest’s fury,  
Whilst around me, I thought, echo’d murmurs of death.
- ‘ And now, whilst the winds of the mountain are howling,  
O father ! thy voice seems to strike on mine ear ;  
In air, whilst the tide of the night-storm is rolling,  
It breaks on the pause of the element’s jar.
- ‘ On the wing of the whirlwind which roars o’er the mountain,  
Perhaps rides the ghost of my sire who is dead ;  
On the mist of the tempest which hangs o’er the fountain,  
Whilst a wreath of dark vapour encircles his head !’
- “ T. MEDWIN.”

“ *Oxford, Dec. 18, 1833.*

“ DEAR SIR,—I at last sit down to give my long promised sketch of Shelley at Oxford. The present is perhaps the most fitting time, as it may serve to illustrate your third edition of ‘ OXFORD.’

“ Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelley was brought to Oxford by his father, now Sir Timothy Shelley, at a very tender age, ’tis true, but with a highly cultivated understanding. He placed him at his own college (University), and Sir Timothy himself, not liking the accommodations of an inn, went to his old quarters, and remained a few days at the house he had formerly lodged at, when himself at the university, and near the Angel inn. It was a house rendered remarkable from its having a leaden horse,\* and two large leaden ornaments, or flower-pots, on the balcony, emblematical of the trade of a plumber, and the last remnants of the sort in Oxford. While lodging there with the son of his former host, he made anxious inquiries respecting the family of his departed old friend, as he was pleased to style him, and learned that one of the sons was

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\* This said horse has been the subject of frequent hoaxes to unwary *freshmen*, many of whom have applied, booted and spurred, anxious to ride a horse that has been so much extolled for its beauty and gentleness.

about embarking as partner with a bookseller and printer. Thither Sir Timothy repaired with his son, and gave him a particular injunction to buy whatever he required in books and stationery of the aforesaid parties. Sir Timothy, moreover, said, 'My son here,' pointing to him, 'has a literary turn; he is already an author, and do pray indulge him in his printing freaks.' One of the works alluded to was his Romance of 'St. Irvyn; or, the Rosicrucian.' He soon put the parties to the test, by writing some fugitive poetry, entitled, 'Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson,' a work almost still-born, and directing the profits to be applied to Peter Finnerty. The ease with which he composed many of the stanzas therein contained, is truly astonishing. When surprised with a proof from the printers in the morning, he would frequently start off his sofa, exclaiming, that that had been his only bed, and on being informed that the men were waiting for more copy, he would sit down and write off a few stanzas, and send them to the press, without even revising or reading them. This I have myself witnessed.†

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"About this same period he wrote a novel (in conjunction, I have since learned, with Mr. Hogg, of the same college), entitled, 'Leonora,' which was commenced at the same press, but the printers refused to proceed with it, in consequence of discovering that he had interwoven his free notions throughout the work, and at the same time strongly endeavoured to dissuade him from its publication altogether; but this was disregarded, and he afterwards took the copy to Mr. King, the printer at Abingdon, who had nearly completed the work, but was stopped in its further progress, by the circumstance of Mr. Shelley's expulsion from Oxford, with his friend and associate, Mr. Hogg.

"Mr. Shelley's various publications caused him frequently

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† The asterisks here are intended to denote certain remarks, which, as they related to pecuniary matters, may be wisely omitted.

to call on his printers, with whom he entered freely into conversation; they therefore felt a most anxious solicitude for his welfare, and used more than ordinary endeavours to reclaim the waywardness of his imagination; and, on one occasion in particular, they applied to a literary friend,\* then residing in Oxford, to meet him, in order to canvass and combat his extraordinary opinions. They appeared to make a strong impression at the time; but, as a well known writer expresses,—

‘He that’s convinced against his will,  
Is of the same opinion still.’

The same gentleman also undertook to analyze his arguments, and endeavour to refute them philosophically, which he afterwards did at considerable length; but Mr. Shelley said, ‘that he would rather meet any or all the dignitaries of the church, than one philosopher,’ and ultimately refused to reply in writing to the philosophical arguments adduced by this writer.

“The pamphlet for which Mr. Shelley was expelled his college was entitled, ‘The Necessity of Atheism,’† and he himself strewed the shop windows and counters of his booksellers in Oxford, unknown to them, but gave instructions to their shopman to sell them as fast as he could, and at the charge of sixpence each. Shortly afterwards, a judicious friend of the booksellers, a fellow of a college,‡ dropped in, and was at-

\* Mr. Hobbes, author of “The Widower,” a poem.

† Printed at Worthing, by C. and W. Phillips, to whom a friendly hint was sent by Munday and Slatter, warning them of the dangerous tendency of disseminating such vile principles, and the liability they ran of a prosecution by the attorney-general, at the same time advising the destruction of every remaining copy, together with the MS. copy, types, &c.

‡ The Rev. John Walker, B.C.L., fellow of New College, and afterwards vicar of Hornchurch, Essex, editor of the “Oxoniana,” 4 vols.; “A Selection of Curious Articles from the Gentleman’s Magazine;” 4 vols.; and some other valuable works: also, the author of a pamphlet, entitled, “Curia Oxoniensis.”

tracted, by the novelty of the title, to examine the contents of the pamphlet. He immediately desired to see one or both the principals, and at once inveighed against the dangerous tendency of such a pamphlet, and advised the destruction of them forthwith. This was immediately complied with, and they proceeded into a back kitchen and burned them, in this gentleman's presence. At the same time, these booksellers sent a request to Mr. Shelley, to be allowed a few minutes' conversation with him at their house; he came instant, and it so happened that Councillor Clifford, of O.P. notoriety, was in the house, and being made acquainted with the subject, and at the earnest request of the booksellers, undertook, in conjunction with the parties above named, to use his best endeavours by entreaties, till entreaty seemed of no avail, and next by threats, to dissuade him from the error of his ways, for the sake of himself, his friends, and connexions. All seemed of no avail; he appeared to glory in the course he had adopted, and said that he had sent a copy of his pamphlet to every bishop in the kingdom, to the vice-chancellor, and the other heads of houses in Oxford, and other dignitaries, addressing them under the fictitious signature of 'Jeremiah Stukeley.'

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"HENRY SLATTER."

### BALLIOL COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1282.

*Prelates.*—Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and second perpetual chancellor of the university; Dr. John Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, who detected the impostures of Lauder and Bower, and ably advocated the miracles of the Christian faith.

Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, founder of the Bodleian; John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, who presented some valuable MSS. to the university; the celebrated lawyers, Sir John Popham, Lord Coventry, Sir Humphrey Davenport, and Sir

Robert Atkins; Dr. Thomas Holland; Tobias Crisp, founder of the Antinomian sect; John Evelyn; Dr. Charles Davenant, son of the poet; Dr. David Gregory; Keil and Bradley, the Astronomers; Dr. William King; Hutchins, the historian of Dorsetshire; James West, President of the Royal Society; ROBERT SOUTHEY, Poet Laureate, &c. &c.; LOCKHART, editor of the Quarterly, &c. &c.; C. Girdlestone; C. T. Collins; J. Campbell, &c.

## EXETER COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1314.

*Prelates.*—Dr. Bayley, Bishop of Bangor, author of *The Practice of Piety*; Dr. Prideaux, Bishop of Worcester; Dr. Bull, Bishop of St. David's, one of the ablest champions of our church; and Archbishop Secker.

John de Trevisa, translator of Higden's *Polychronicon*; Sir John Fortescue, the eminent lawyer; Sir George More; Browne, the poet, author of *Britannia's Pastorals*; Robert Hayman, a poet of less renown; Lord Falkland; Sir John Doddridge; Sir William Noy, attorney-general; Sir Anthony, Nicholas, and Thomas Fitzherbert; Diggory Wheare, first Camden Professor; James, Duke of Hamilton, beheaded for his attachment to Charles I.; Dr. Arthur Duck; Lord Chief Justice Rolle; Sir Simon Baskerville; Joseph Caryll, the commentator on the book of Job; John Poulett, Marquis of Winchester, whose epitaph Dryden writ, as Milton did that of the Marchioness; Thomas Brancker, mathematician; Lord Shaftesbury; Quick, the ecclesiastical historian; Dr. Gideon Harvey; Anstis, the heraldist; Dr. Walker, historian of the loyal clergy; Maundrell, the traveller; Samuel Wesley, father of the founder of Methodism; Dr. Borlace; Sir Michael Foster; Mr. Lewis, of Margate, the biographer; Norris, the Platonist; Upton, the editor of Epictetus; Toup, of classic fame; Tindal, the continuator of Rapin; Hole, the poet; and Dr. Kennicott.

## ORIEL COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1326.

*Prelates*.—Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury ; Dr. Butler, Bishop of Durham, author of the celebrated *Analogy* ; Bishop Mant ; Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin ; and Dr. Edward Copleston, Bishop of Llandaff.

Robert Langlande, supposed author of *Pierce Plowman* ; Alexander Barclay, translator of the *Ship of Fools*—Warton thinks his five eclogues the first which appeared in the English language ; Dr. Edgeworth, a Popish writer ; Morgan Philips, the sophister ; Peter White, ejected Dean of Waterford ; Sir Walter Raleigh ; Prynne, the republicanist and antiquary ; Richard Brathwaite, a poet and wit ; Sir William Scroggs, and Sir John Holt, Lord Chief-Justices of the King's Bench ; Dr. William Berriman ; Dr. Edward Bentham, originally of Corpus ; Joseph Warton ; Keble, author of a beautiful collection of poems, deservedly popular, entitled the *Christian Year* ; Drs. Hawkins, Arnold, and Hampden ; Baden Powell, Davison, Heberden, Berens, and Newman.

## QUEEN'S COLLEGE.\*

FOUNDED IN 1340.

*Prelates*.—Cardinal Beaufort, brother to Hen. IV. ; Bishops Bainbridge, Robinson, Potter, and Barlow ; Dr. Guy Carleton, Bishop of Bristol, afterwards of Cirencester ; Dr. Compton,

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\* There is a custom at Queen's College to serve up every year a boar's head, provided by the maniple, against Christmas-day. This boar's head, being boiled or roasted, is laid in a great charger, covered with a garland of bays or laurel, as broad at bottom as the brims of the charger. When the first course is served up in the refectory on Christmas-day, in the said College, the maniple brings the said boar's head from the kitchen up to the high table, accompanied with one of the tarbarders, who lays his head on the charger. The tarbarder

Bishop of London; Dr. William Nicholson, author of the *Historical Library*; Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London, founder of the preacherships at Whitehall; Dr. Tanner, Bishop of St. Asaph, author of *Notitia* and *Bibliotheca*; Dr. Van Mildert, Bishop of Llandaff, and of Durham in 1826.

Henry V., whose character was over the great gate of the old college, opposite to Edmund Hall; Bernard Gilpin; Sir Thomas Overbury; Wingate, an eminent lawyer and arithmetician; Burton, the commentator on Antoninus; Dr. Holyoake, lexicographer; Sir John Davies, poet; Sir John Banks; Sir Edward Turnour, chief baron; Dr. Samuel Annesley, an eminent nonconformist; Dr. Lancelot Addison, dean of Lichfield; Dr. Thomas Hyde; Wycherley, the poet; Dr. John Mill, editor of the Greek Testament; Sir John Floyer;

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sings a song, and when he comes to the chorus, all the scholars that are in the refectory join together and sing it:\*

The boar's head in hand bear I,  
 Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary,  
 And, I pray you, masters, merry be.

[CHORUS.—*Quot quot estis in convivio,  
 Caput Apri defero,  
 Reddens laudes Domino.*

The boar's head, as I understand,  
 Is the bravest dish in the land,  
 Being thus bedeck'd with a gay garland.

Let us *Servire convivio*,  
 Caput Apri, &c.

Our steward has provided this,  
 In honour of the King of bliss,  
 Which on this day to be served is.

*In Reginensi Atrio*  
 Caput Apri, &c.

\* From a MS. in the Bodleian. Tradition refers this ceremony to a deliverance of a scholar of Queen's from the attack of a wild boar, which had rushed out of Shotover forest, and which he stifled by thrusting a volume of Aristotle down his throat!

Dr. Edmund Halley, an eminent philosopher, and Savilian professor; Addison, and his friend Tickell; Dr. Hugh Todd, antiquary; Dr. Thomas Smith, biographer; Dr. John Hudson; Christopher Rawlinson and Edward Thwaites, Saxon scholars; Rev. Jeremiah Seed; Dr. Shaw, the traveller; Collins, the poet; Dr. John Dalton, the reviver of Milton's *Comus*; Edward Row Mores, antiquary; Thomas Tyrwhitt, editor of Chaucer, afterwards fellow of Merton; Dr. Richard Burn, author of the *Justice of Peace*; Dr. George Fothergill; Mitford, the historian; Jeremy Bentham; Ireland, dean of Westminster; Dr. Meyrick, author of works on *Arms and Armour*; Lancaster, author of the *Harmony of the Law and Gospel*.

## NEW COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1386.

*Prelates*.—Cranley, Archbishop of Dublin; Chichele, of Canterbury; Thomas Beckington, Bishop of Bath and Wells; John Russel, Bishop of Rochester and Lincoln, chancellor of England; William Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, patron of Erasmus; Sherborne, Bishop of Chichester: Bilson, of Winchester; Lake, of Bath and Wells; Gunning, of Ely; Turner, of Ely; Kenn, of Bath and Wells; Bisse, of Hereford; Lavington, of Exeter; and the illustrious Dr. Robert Lowth,\* of St. David's, Oxford, and London; George Isaac

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\* At one period of his life, this eloquent divine and exquisite scholar came under the critical fangs of the controversial Warburton; but the author of the "Divine Legation," in Lowth, met with an antagonist who was not to be silenced by sarcasm, or appalled by a sneer. In a pamphlet, entitled "*A Letter to the Right Rev. Author of the Divine Legation, demonstrated by a late Professor in the University of Oxford, 2nd Edition, London, 1766*," Lowth thus defends himself and his University against the attack of Warburton:—"But the abuse is not merely personal: it goes farther; it extends even to the place of my education,—'But the learned professor, who has been hardly brought up in the keen atmosphere of *wholesome severities*, and early taught to distinguish between *de facto* and *de jure*,'—Pray, my Lord, what is it to the purpose where I

Huntingford, Bishop of Hereford; Hon. Henry Bathurst, of Norwich; and William Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Grocyn, one of the revivers of learning; Stanbridge, the

have been brought up? You charge me with principles of intolerance, adding a gentle insinuation also of disaffection to the present royal family and government; you infer these principles, it seems, from the place of my education. Is this a necessary consequence? Is it even a fair conclusion? Had I not your lordship's example to justify me, I should think it a piece of extreme impertinence to inquire, where *you* were bred; though we might justly plead, in excuse for it, a natural curiosity to know *where* and *how* such a phenomenon was produced. It is commonly said, that your lordship's education was of that particular kind, concerning which, it is a remark of that great judge of men and manners, Lord Clarendon, (on whom you have conferred the unrivalled title of *Chancellor of Human Nature*,) that it peculiarly disposes men to be proud, insolent, and pragmatical. Now, my Lord, as you have, in your whole behaviour, remarkably distinguished yourself by your humility, your levity, meekness, &c., &c., this unpromising circumstance of your education is so far from being a disgrace to you, that it highly redounds to your praise. But I am wholly precluded from all such merit, for, my Lord, I was educated in *the University of Oxford*; I enjoyed all the advantages, both public and private, which that famous seat of learning so largely affords; I spent many happy years in that illustrious society, in a well-regulated course of useful discipline and studies, and in the agreeable and improving commerce of gentlemen and scholars; in a society where emulation without envy, ambition without jealousy, contention without animosity, incited industry, and awakened genius. I breathed the same atmosphere that the *Hookers*, the *Chillingworths*, and the *Lockes* had breathed before me, who did not amuse their readers with empty declamations and fine-spun theories of toleration, *while they were themselves agitated with a furious and inquisitorial spirit, seizing every one they could lay hold on, for presuming to dissent from them in matters the most indifferent, and dragging them through the fiery ordeal of abusive controversy,*" &c. &c.

The last paragraph of this rejoinder contains a painful truth; and yet, amid all the harshness, petulance, and dogmatic severity of Warburton, there was much that was often tender, noble, and magnanimous; and even now, his paradoxes seem more fascinating than other men's truths!

grammarian; Philpot, civilian and linguist; Talbot, antiquarian; Pullaine, poet and translator; Harding, opposer of Bishop Jewell; Fowler, the learned printer; Nicholas Saunders; Sir Henry Sydney, father of Sir Philip; Thomas Neale; Dr. Baley; Turberville, the poet; Christopher Johnson, Latin poet; Thomas Stapleton Lloyd, master of Winchester school; Pits, one of our early biographers; Bastard and Owen, the epigrammatists; John Bond, the commentator; Dr. Thomas James, first librarian at the Bodleian; Herbert, the poet; Sir Henry Wotton; Sir Henry Martin; Dr. Zouch; Thomas Lydiat; Sir Thomas Ryves; Dr. Bruno Ryves, dean of Windsor, and writer of the first newspapers published in England; Dr. Edward Young, father of the poet; Sir Edward Herbert; Wood, author of the *Institutes of the Laws of England*; Dr. William Musgrave; Somerville and Pitt, poets; Rev. Joseph Spence; Dr. Gloster Ridley, the biographer of his great ancestor, the martyr; Dr. William Smith, translator of Thucydides and Longinus; Dr. Robert Holmes, the learned collator of the Septuagint; Rev. Sydney Smith; Rev. Philip Smyth, collector and translator of the *French Anas*; Rev. John Walker, editor of *Oxoniana*, *Selection of Curious Articles from the Gentleman's Magazine*, author of *Curia Oxoniensis*, &c.; DR. CROTCH, the celebrated composer of PALESTINE, &c. &c.; Dr. Bandinel, editor of Dugdale's *Monasticon*, &c., &c.: Dr. Shuttleworth, the learned head of this society, &c.; John Shute Duncan, and Philip Bury Duncan.

### LINCOLN COLLEGE.\*

FOUNDED IN 1427.

*Prelates.*—Dr. Edward Wetenhall, Bishop of Cork and Ross, of Kildmore and Kildagh; Dr. Clavering, Bishop of

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\* "HE LOOKS AS THE DEVIL OVER LINCOLN."—Some fetch the original of this proverb from a stone picture of the devil, which doth (or lately did) overlook Lincoln College. Surely, the architect intended no farther than for an ordinary antick, though beholders have since applied those ugly looks to envious persons repining at the prosperity of their neigh-

Llandaff and Peterborough, many years Hebrew professor ; Dr. Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, the famous casuist. Archbishop Potter was also a fellow of this college.

Robert Flemyng, nephew of the founder, author of an elegant poem, entitled *Lucubrationes Tiburtinæ*. On his return from the Continent, he deposited in the college library some finely illuminated MSS., and a Greek and Latin Dictionary of his own writing, extant in Leland's time, by whom it is mentioned ; Sir Edmund Anderson, chief-justice of the king's bench ; Bolton, the puritan divine, afterwards of Brazen-Nose ; Dr. Kelbye, one of the translators of the Bible ; Edward Weston, champion of the Roman-catholic cause ; Richard Brett, one of the translators of the Bible ; Dr. John Davies, an eminent linguist and antiquary ; Thomas Hayne, the grammarian ; Dr. Christopher Bennet, physician and medical writer ; Arthur Hopton ; Sir William Davenant, poet ; Cornelius Burges, a distinguished parliamentary divine ; Henry Foulis, ecclesiastical historian ; John Kettlewell and Dr. George Hickes, nonjurors ; Sir George Wheler, traveller and botanist ; Tindal, the Deist, afterwards of Exeter and All Souls' ; Dr. Richard Grey, and the pious James Hervey ; John Wesley, founder of methodism ; Dr. John Sibthorp, author of the *Flora Oxoniensis*, and the *Flora Græca*. The two greatest modern benefactors to this university were fellows of this college, Lord Crewe and Dr. Radcliffe ; Dr. Tatham, rector, author of Bampton Lectures entitled *A Chart and Scale of Truth, Oxonia Purgata*, and many political pamphlets of celebrity.

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bours, and jealous to be over-topt by their vicinity. The devil is the map of malice, and his envy (as God's mercy) is over all his works ; on which account he is supposed to have overlooked this church, (*viz.*, the cathedral at Lincoln,) when first finished, with a savage countenance, as maligning men's costly devotion, and that they should be so expensive in God's service ; but it is suspicious, that some, who account themselves saints, behold such fabrics with little better looks!—*Fuller's Worthies*.

## ALL SOULS' COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1437.

*Prelates.*—Among the most celebrated are, Goldwell, Bishop of Norwich, and Bullingham, Bishop of Lincoln and Worcester. Dappa of Winchester, and Archbishop Sheldon, were elected fellows here, but educated, the first at Christ Church, the second at Trinity: JEREMY TAYLOR, the illustrious divine, Bishop of Down and Connor, became a fellow here in 1636, by the nomination of Archbishop Laud.

Linacre, the first person who taught Greek at Oxford; he was one of the founders of the College of Physicians; Leland; Recorde; Andrew Kingsmill, linguist and divine, formerly of Corpus; Dr. Key, or Cay, one of the earliest Oxford historians; Sir Anthony Sherley; Sir John Mason, privy councillor; Sir William Petre; Robert Heyrick, poet; Marchmont Needham, one of the earliest newspaper hacks, who supported the Oliverian cause; Joseph Keble, first of Jesus, a law-writer of incredible industry, so diseased with fondness for reporting, that he reported all the cases in the King's Bench from 1661 to 1710, and all the sermons preached in Gray's Inn Chapel, amounting to above 4000. Dr. Matthew Tindal, equally famous for gluttony and deism; John Norris, rector of Bemerton; Dr. Sydenham, improver of medical science; Sir William Trumbull, the friend of Pope; Lord Chancellor Talbot, first of Oriel; Sir Christopher Wren; and Dr. Young, author of *Night Thoughts*.

In the departments of Law and Politics—Sir Robert Weston, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, in Elizabeth's time; Sir Clement Edmonds; Sir Daniel Dunn; Henry Coventry, secretary of state to Charles II.; Sir William Blackstone, formerly of Pembroke.

## MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1456.

*Prelates.*—Fuller remarks that there is scarcely a bishopric in England to which this college has not afforded a prelate. Cardinals Wolsey and Pole were both educated here; Pole

entered as a nobleman, and resided in the president's lodgings ; Lee and Frewin, Archbishops of York ; Boulter, Archbishop of Armagh ; Longland, Bishop of Lincoln ; Cooper, of Winchester ; Warner, of Rochester ; Nicholson, of Gloucester ; Hopkins, of Raphoe and Derry ; Hough, of Worcester ; Smalbroke, of Lichfield and Coventry ; Horne, of Norwich ; Philpotts, of Exeter.

Many of the scholars who studied here during the first half century from the foundation, contributed greatly to the revival of literature, which aided the advancement of the Reformation. Of these, Dean Colet, and Lily, the grammarian, Linacre, and Latimer, may be mentioned. It could afterwards boast of Dr. John Roper, the famous theologist ; Dr. Wotton, physician to Henry VIII. ; Robertson, one of the compilers of the Liturgy, 1549 ; Fox, the celebrated author of *Acts and Monuments of the Church* ; Sir Francis Knolis, statesman ; Lily, dramatic poet ; Dr. Field ; Dr. Thomas Godwyn, Hebrew antiquary ; Sir Thomas Roe, the ambassador ; Hampden, the patriot ; John Digby, Earl of Bristol ; Chilmead, critic and philologist ; Theophilus Gale, nonconformist ; the pious Dr. Hammond ; Dr. Peter Heylin, ecclesiastical historian ; George Withers, poet ; Harmar, the Greek professor ; Elisha Coles, Latin lexicographer ; Sir Robert Howard, dramatic poet ; Dr. Thomas Smith, the traveller ; the illustrious Addison ; Dr. Sacheverell, the associate of Addison ; Collins, Yalden, and Holdsworth, poets ; Horbery and Waldgrave, divines ; Gibbon, the historian ; Dr. Townson and Dr. Chandler ; John Wilson,\* the distinguished poet, and

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\* To say nothing of the beauty of Wilson's poetry, he has exerted more influence over the periodical literature of the day than any living writer. But, like all original minds, his has been mimicked by small reviewers, who contrive to ape the eccentricities of his style, but are utterly destitute of the merit and fervour of his thoughts. Similar was the fate of Lord Byron. His lordship felt, or fancied himself, an unhappy being, and vented his feelings accordingly. Forthwith, a sentimental paleness overspread the land, and poetical *Werterism* became the fashion of the hour ! Such vulgar mimicry

Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; Dr. Hurdis, the poet; Dr. Routh, president, author of

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recalls to our mind a saying of Allan Cunningham, in reference to a certain writer's *Napoleon*, when compared to Sir Walter Scott's—"The braying of an ass after the sound of a trumpet."

The following note, relative to Wilson's career at the University, is from the pen of the celebrated "Opium-Eater,"—De Quincey, himself an Oxford man. At a time when the surly ignorance of mistaken writers is wont to sneer at our Universities, it is gratifying to see an author of acknowledged genius like De Quincey, looking back on the scenes of Alma Mater with respectful love, and speaking of her greatness as becomes his theme.

"——— Vos, dulcissima mundi  
Nomina, vos musæ, libertas, lætia, libri,  
Hortique sylvæque, anima remanente relinquam?"

"From the latter end of 1803 to the spring of 1808, Mr. Wilson had studied at the University of Oxford. He had previously studied as a mere boy, according to the Scotch fashion, at the University of Glasgow, chiefly under the tuition of the late Mr. Jardine, (the professor, I believe, of Logic,) and Dr. or Mr. Young, the professor of Greek.) At both Universities he had greatly distinguished himself; but at Oxford, where the distribution of prizes and honours of every kind is to the last degree parsimonious and select, naturally it follows, that such academical distinctions are really *significant* distinctions, and proclaim an unequivocal merit in him who has carried them off from a crowd of 1600 or 2000 co-rivals, to whom the contest was open; whereas, in the Scotch Universities, as I am told by Scotchmen, the multiplication of prizes and medals, and the almost indiscriminate profusion with which they are showered abroad, neutralizes their whole effect and value. At least, this was the case in Mr. Wilson's time; but lately, some conspicuous changes have been introduced by a royal commission (not yet, I believe, dissolved) into one, at least, of the Scotch Universities, which have greatly improved it in this respect, by bringing it much nearer to the English model. When Mr. Wilson gained a prize of fifty guineas for fifty lines of English verse, without farther inquiry it becomes evident, from the mere rarity of the distinction, which, for a

*Reliquiæ Sacræ*; Dr. Faussett; Dr. Daubeny; Richard Walker, author of *Flora Oxoniensis*, &c.; and Sir Charles Wetherell, the Chancery barrister.

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University now nearly five thousand members, occurs but once a year, and from the great over-proportion of that peculiar class (the under-graduates) to whom the contest is open, that such a victory was an indisputable criterion of very conspicuous merit. In fact, never in any place did Mr. Wilson play off his Proteus variety of character and talent with so much brilliant effect as at Oxford. In this great University, the most ancient, and, by many degrees, the most magnificent in the world, he found a stage for display perfectly congenial with the native elevation of his own character. Perhaps you are not fully aware of the characteristic differences which separate our two English Universities of Oxford and Cambridge from those of Scotland and the Continent; for I have always observed that the best-informed foreigners, even after a week's personal acquaintance with the Oxford system, still adhere to the inveterate preconceptions which they had brought with them from the Continent. For instance, they continue obstinately to speak to the *professors* as the persons to whom the students are indebted for tuition; whereas, the majority of these hold their offices as the most absolute sinecures; and the task of tuition devolves upon the tutors appointed in each particular college. These tutors are called public tutors; meaning, that they do not confine their instructions to any one individual, but distribute them amongst all the under-graduates of the college to which they belong; and, in addition to these, *private* tutors are allowed to any student who chooses to increase his expenditure in that particular. But the main distinction, which applies to our immediate subject, is the more than regal provision for the lodging and accommodation of the students by the system of *colleges*. Of these there are in Oxford, neglecting the technical subdivision of *halls*, five and twenty; and the main use of all, both colleges and halls, is not, as in Scotland and on the Continent, to lodge the head of the University with suitable dignity, and to provide rooms for the library and public business of the University. These purposes are met by a separate provision, distinct from the colleges: and the colleges are applied as follows: 1st, and mainly, to the reception of the fellows, and of the undergraduate students; 2ndly, to the accommodation of the head (known

## BRAZEN-NOSE COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1509.

*Prelates.*—Hugh Curwin, or Coren, Archbishop of Dublin ; Barnes, Bishop of Durham ; Wolton, of Exeter ; Miles Smith, of Gloucester, one of the greatest scholars of his day, and

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in different colleges by the several designations of provost, principal, dean, rector, warden, &c.) ; 3rdly, to the accommodation of the private library attached to that college, and to the chapel, which is used at least twice every day for public prayers ; 4thly, to the hall, and the whole establishment of kitchen, wine-vaults, buttery, &c. &c., which may be supposed necessary for the liberal accommodation at the public meals of dinner (and in some colleges supper) of gentlemen and visitors from the country, or from the Continent ; varying (we will suppose) from twenty-five to five hundred heads. Everywhere else the great mass of the students are lodged in obscure nooks and corners, which may or may not be respectable, but are, at all events, withdrawn from the *surveillance* of the University. I shall state both the ground and the effect (or tendency rather) of this difference. Out of England, Universities are not meant exclusively for professional men : the sons of great landholders, and a large proportion of the sons of noblemen, either go through the same academic course as others, or a shorter course, adapted to their particular circumstances. In England, again, the church is supplied from the rank of gentry—not exclusively, it is true, but in a much larger proportion than anywhere else, except in Ireland. The corresponding ranks in Scotland, from their old connexion with France, have adopted (I believe) much more of the continental plans for disposing of their sons at this period. At any rate, it will not be contended by any man, that Scotland throws anything like the same proportion with England of her gentry and her peerage into her Universities. Hence a higher standard of manners and of habits presides at Oxford and Cambridge ; and, consequently, a demand for much higher accommodations would even *otherwise* have arisen, had not such a demand already been supplied by the munificence of our English princes and peers, both male and female ; and, in one instance at least, of a *Scottish* prince, (Baliol.) The extent of these vast caravanseras enables the governors of the various

principal translator of the Bible ; Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta.

Robert Nowell, attorney-general, and Lawrence Nowell,

colleges to furnish every student with a set of two rooms at the least, often with a *suite* of three,—[I, who lived at Oxford on no more than my school allowance, had that number,]—or in many cases with far more. In the superior colleges, indeed, (superior, I mean, as to their purse and landed endowments,) all these accommodations keep pace with the refinements of the age ; and thus a connexion is maintained between the University and the landed *noblesse*—upper and lower—of England, which must be reciprocally beneficial, and which, under other circumstances, could scarcely have taken place.

“ Of these advantages you may be sure that Mr. Wilson availed himself to the utmost extent. Instead of going to *Baliol* College, he entered himself at *Magdalen*, in the class of what are called ‘Gentlemen Commoners.’ All of us (you know) in Oxford and Cambridge wear an academic dress, which tells at once our academic rank, with all its modifications. And the term *Gentleman Commoner* implies that he has more splendid costumes, and more in number ; that he is expected to spend a good deal more money ; that he enjoys a few trifling immunities ; and that he has, in particular instances, something like a king’s right of pre-emption, as in the choice of rooms, &c.

“ Once launched in this orbit, Mr. Wilson continued to blaze away for the four successive years, 1804-5-6-7, I believe, without any intermission. Possibly I myself was the one sole gownsman who had not then found my attention fixed by his most heterogeneous reputation. In a similar case, Cicero tells a man that ignorance, so unaccountable, of another man’s pretensions, argued himself to be a *homo ignorabilis* ; or, in the language of the Miltonic Satan,

‘ Not to know me, argues thyself unknown.’

And *that* is true ; a *homo ignorabilis* most certainly I was. And even with that admission it is still difficult to account for the extent and duration of my ignorance. The fact is, that the case well expresses *both* our positions ; that *he* should be so conspicuous as to challenge knowledge from the most sequestered of anchorites, expresses *his* life ; that I should have right to absolute ignorance of him who was familiar as day-

Dean of Lichfield, an eminent antiquary, who revived the study of the Saxon language; Caldwell, president of the College of Physicians; William Whittingham, poetical coadjutor of Sternhold and Hopkins in the translation of the Psalms; Fox, the martyrologist; Sir John Savile, and his younger brother, provost of Eton, where he printed his edition of St. Chrysostom; Barnaby Barnes, dramatic poet; Ferdinand Pulton, law-writer; Jeremiah Stephens, coadjutor of Sir Henry Spelman in the publication of the Councils; Sir John Spelman, author of the *Life of Alfred the Great*; Brerewood, mathematician; Ralph Radcliffe; Humphery Llyud, or Lloyd, the Welsh historian; Sir John Stradling, poet; Sampson Erdeswick, the Staffordshire antiquary; Sir Peter Leycester, the Cheshire ditto; Lord Chancellor Egerton, Baron Ellesmere, and Viscount Brackley; Burton, author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*; Sir William Petty; Elias Ashmole, founder of the museum; John Prince, author of the *Worthies of Devon*; Dr. W. Assheton; Thomas Beconsall, defender of revealed religion; Thomas Church, D.D., whose degree was presented to him by diploma, Feb. 23, 1749, for answering Bolingbroke; the Rev. John Watson, author of the *History of Halifax*, &c. &c.; Whitaker, the Manchester historian, afterwards elected scholar of Corpus; Milman, the late professor of poetry; Dr. Cardwell, since Principal of St. Alban Hall; and Lord Nugent, author of *Memorials of John Hampden*, &c.

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light to all the rest of Oxford, expresses *mine*. Never, indeed, before, to judge from what I have since heard upon inquiry, did a man, by variety of talents and variety of humours, contrive to place himself as the connecting link between orders of men so essentially repulsive of each other—as Mr. Wilson in this instance.

‘Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.’

“From the learned president of his college, Dr. Routh, the editor of parts of Plato, and of some Theological Selections, with whom Wilson enjoyed an unlimited favour—from this learned academic doctor, and many others of the same class, Wilson had an infinite gamut of friends and associates, running through every key.”

## CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1516.

*Prelates.*—Cardinal Pole, first of Magdalen; Jewell, Bishop of Salisbury; Webb, Bishop of Limerick, some time of University College; Dr. Fowler, of Gloucester; and Dr. Richard Pococke, Bishop of Meath, the celebrated orientalist; Burgess, Bishop of Salisbury.

John Shepreve; Redman, or Redmayne, afterwards first master of Trinity College, Cambridge, one of the compilers of the Liturgy; Morwen; Nicholas Udal and Richard Edwards, poets, the latter one of our earliest dramatists, whose *Palæmon* and *Arcite* was acted before Queen Elizabeth, in Christ Church Hall, on her visit here in 1566; Miles Windsor, the first Oxford historian; Hooker; Sir Edward Sandys, statesman; Dr. Sebastian Benefield; Gill, master of St. Paul's School; Dr. Daniel Featly; the illustrious Hales; Sir John Menis, traveller, seaman, and poet; Edmund Chishul, divine and antiquary; Dr. Richard Fiddes, the biographer of Cardinal Wolsey; John Anstis, the herald; Henry Hare; Lord Coleraine; Dr. Nathaniel Forster; Dr. John Rogers; Dr. John Burton; Dr. Jeremiah Milles, Dean of Exeter; Sir Ashton Lever, the collector of an immense museum of natural history, dispersed by auction a few years ago; Thomas Day, an eccentric fellow, who never obtained a degree; Lord Chief Justice Tenterden; Coleridge, the poet; Professor Buckland, since Canon of Christ Church, author of *Geological Evidences of the Deluge*, one of the Bridgwater Treatises, &c.; Vaughan Thomas, the distinguished divine; and Edward Greswell, author of *Harmonia Evangelica*.

## CHRIST CHURCH.

FOUNDED IN 1532.

*Prelates.*—The Archbishops and Bishops educated here are too numerous to be noticed. Among the most eminent we

find Bancroft, Prideaux, Sanderson, Blanford, Dolben, Compton, Gastrell, Synge, Potter, Tanner, Benson, Robinson, and Shipley. Among the names eminent in ecclesiastical history, we find the reformer, Peter Martyr; M. Heton, Bishop of Ely; Richard Edes, Dean of Worcester; Leonard Hutten; John Wall, prebendary of Salisbury; Thomas Lockey, public librarian; Dr. Edward Pocock; Dr. Robert South; Dr. Richard Allestree; Dr. Roger Altham; Archbishop Wake; Dr. Robert Friend; Dr. Newton, founder of Hertford College; Van Mildert, Bishop of Durham; Dr. Richard Laurence, Archbishop of Cashel.

“The scholars,” observes Chalmers, “of other ranks, who have added to the reputation of this college, are so numerous, that a few only can be noticed. The literary history of Christ Church might be extended to many volumes.”

In the list of STATESMEN and LAWYERS occur the names of Sir Dudley Carleton; Sir William Godolphin; Sir W. Ellis; Edward Sackville, Earl of Dorset; Sir Gilbert Dolben; Henry Mordaunt; Heneage Finch and Daniel Finch, Earls of Nottingham; Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington; Sir J. Vaughan; Thomas Lutwyche; Trevor; Viscount Chetwynd; Wainwright; Skinner; Trelawny; Henry Villiers; Sir William Wyndham; Earl Granville; Sir Thomas Hanmer; Andrew Stone; Lord Littleton; Earl Mansfield; Lord Holland; John Mostyn; Sir Francis Bernard; Baron Mendip; Amyand; Devisme; Sir John Skinner; Sir Gould Morgan; Richard Leveson Gower, &c. &c.

*Poets and Orators.*—Dr. James Calphill; SIR PHILIP SIDNEY; Stephen Gosson; George Peele; Thomas Storer; William Gager; Thos. Goffe; BEN JONSON; Gomersal; Strode; Warmstrey; Hemmings; Holyday; Cartwright; Randolph; Waring Maplet; Rhodes; Owen; Allestree; Nicholas Brady; OTWAY; Villiers; King; Harrington; Alsop; Sam. Wesley; Philips; Edmund Smith; Gilbert West; Bramston; Thornton; George Colman; Dr. Butt.

During the 16th century, among the scholars of this house

were, Hackluyt, the traveller; Mulcaster, master of Merchant Taylor's School; Carew, the historian of Cornwall; CAMDEN; Torporley; Caleb Willis; Sir Humphrey Lynd; Sir Thomas Aylesbury; Edmund Gunter; Dr. John Owen, dean, and eminent divine, in the time of the Commonwealth.

Of the 17th century are, Nicholas Grey; John Gregory, astronomer; the learned Meric Casaubon; James Heath, the historian; Dr. Willis; Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania; Stubbe, second keeper of the Bodleian; Lower; LOCKE,\*

\* The following is Dr. Gell's letter to the Earl of Sunderland, respecting Locke's expulsion:—

“ November 8th, 1684.

“ RIGHT HONOURABLE,—I received the honour of your lordship's letter, wherein you are pleased to inquire concerning Mr. Locke's being a student of this house, of which I have this account to render:—That he being, as your lordship is truly informed, a person who was much trusted by the late Earl of Shaftesbury, and who is suspected to be ill affected to the government, I have for divers years had an eye upon him; but so close has his guard been on himself, that after several strict inquiries, I may confidently affirm, that there is not a man in the college, however familiar with him, who has heard him speak either a word against, or so much as concerning, the government. And although very frequently, both in public and private, *discourses have been purposely introduced to the disparagement of his master, the Earl of Shaftesbury, his party, and his designs*, he could never be provoked to take any notice, or discover, in word or look, the least concern; so that I believe there is not in the world such a masterpiece of taciturnity and passion. He has a physician's place, which frees him from the exercises of the college, and the obligations which others have to residence in it; and he is now abroad in want of health. But notwithstanding that, I have summoned him to return home, *which is done with this prospect, that if he comes not back, he will be liable to expulsion for contumacy*; and if he do, he will be answerable to the law for that which he shall be found to have done amiss, &c. &c. But if this method seems not effectual nor speedy enough, and his Majesty, our founder and visitor, shall please to command his

Francis Vernon, traveller and poet; Sparke, prebendary of Lichfield, editor of Lactantius and Zosimus; Dr. Hooke, architect; Sir Edward Hannes, professor of chemistry; Daniel Man; Dr. Freind; Sir Andrew Fountaine, Anglo-Saxon scholar; Temple Stanyan; Ivie, translator of Epic-tetus; Frewen, professor of chemistry.

In the 18th century, Richard Ince, a writer in the *Spectator*; Eustace Budgell, a more considerable contributor to that work; George Wigan; Robert Leybourne, Principal of Alban Hall; LORD BOLINGBROKE; Desaguliers; Charles Boyle, Bentley's antagonist; John Wigan, editor of *Aristæus*; Charles Wesley; Browne Willis, antiquary; Dr. William Drake, the historian, of York; Dr. W. Sharpe, Greek professor; the Rev. Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode, who left his valuable library to the British Museum, books estimated at 30,000*l.*; Dr. W. Burton,

immediate remove, upon the receipt thereof, directed to the dean and chapter, it shall accordingly be executed by, my Lord, yours, &c.

“JOH. OXON.

The revolting meanness and servility of character which the above letter exhibits need no remark! It seems that it had the desired effect, for, in a few days afterwards, the following letter from his dictatorial Majesty was received:—

“TO THE RIGHT REVEREND, &c. &c.—Right Reverend Father in God, and trusty and well beloved, we greet you well. Whereas we have received information of the factious and disloyal behaviour of Locke, one of the students of that our college, we have sought thereby to signify our will and pleasure to you, that you forthwith remove him from his student's place, and deprive him of all rights and advantages thereunto belonging, for which this shall be your warrant, and so we bid you heartily farewell.

“Given at our Court, at Whitehall, the 11th of November, 1684, by his Majesty's command,

“SUNDERLAND.”

We need not state the result; it stands on record, as a specimen of royal baseness and episcopal servility.

historian of Yorkshire; the present Sir Robert Peel, Bart.; Conybeare, professor of poetry; the illustrious CANNING; William Wyndham, Lord Grenville, the late Chancellor of the university; Dr. Cyril Jackson; Dr. Gaisford, Greek professor, and dean; Dr. Henry Cotton; Lord Henley; Lord Dover; Fynes Clinton, author of *Fasti Hellenici*; Thos. Vowler Short; Sir D. K. Sandford, Greek Professor at Glasgow; Dr. John Antony Cramer, since Principal of New Inn Hall, author of works on Asia Minor, Ancient Italy, and Ancient Greece; JAMES SHERGOLD BOONE, formerly one of the masters of the Charter House, &c.; PROFESSOR BURTON; Dr. BUCKLAND; PROFESSOR PUSEY; Dr. KIDD; Rev. John Jones (Tegid), M.A., precentor, translator of the book of Isaiah from the Hebrew text of Vander Hooght, also author of Prize Poems and Essays in Welsh, &c.

### TRINITY COLLEGE.\*

FOUNDED IN 1554.

*Prelates.*—Warton gives the following list of Bishops and other eminent men, either educated at Trinity College, or living in it, while Dr. Bathurst was fellow or president:—Ironsides, Bishop of Bristol; Lucy, Bishop of St. David's;

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\* In the *Computus* of the bursars of Trinity College for the year 1631, the following article occurs:—"Solut pro fumi-gandis *chirothecis*." Gloves make a constant and considerable article of expense in the earlier accompt books of the college here mentioned, and, without doubt, in those of many other societies. They were annually given (a custom still subsisting) to the college tenants, and often presented to guests of distinction. But it appears (at least from accompts of the college in preceding years) that the practice of *perfuming* gloves for this purpose was fallen into disuse, soon after the reign of Charles I.—*T. Warton*.

These perfumed gloves are mentioned by Shakspeare. Autolycus, in the "Winter's Tale," has among his wares,

"Gloves as sweet as damask roses."

Skinner, of Worcester ; Glemham, of St. Asaph ; Stafford, of Chester ; Parker, of Oxford ; Archbishop Sheldon ; SELDEN ; Chillingworth ; Gellibrand, mathematician ; Aubrey, antiquary ; Arthur Wilson, author of the *Life of James I.* ; Sir JOHN DENHAM, poet ; Sir Henry Blount ; Sir James Harrington, author of the *Oceana* ; Dr. Derham, author of *Phisico-theology* ; Dr. D. Whitby ; John Evelyn ; Sir Edward Bysche, the heraldist ; Potter, mathematician ; Dr. Warton, physician ; Anthony Farrington, author of some learned sermons. To these may be added, the first Lord Baltimore ; Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax ; Lord Somers ; EARL OF CHATHAM ; and the second Earl of Guildford, Lord North ; the poets Lodge, Settle, Glanville, Manning, Merrick, and Headley ; Allen, mathematician ; Gill, master of St. Paul's school ; Ludlow, the republican chief ; Sir John Ford, hydraulist ; HENRY BIRKENHEAD, founder of the lecture on poetry in the University ; Chamberlaine ; Dr. Cobden ; Coxeter, the miscellanist ; Lethieullier, antiquary ; F. Wise, ditto ; THOMAS WARTON ; LISLE BOWLES, poet ; INGRAM, the president ; KINSEY, author of *Portugal*, &c. &c. ; MEDWIN, the biographer of Byron, translator of *Æschylus*, &c. (In the opinion of some of our first classical scholars, Medwin's translation is the finest which the English language contains.) Walter Savage Landor, author of *Gebir*, a poem, *Imaginary Conversations*, &c. ; Henry Kett, author of *Elements of General Knowledge* ; Richard Duppa, author of *Life of Michael Angelo*, and numerous botanical works ; James Ford.

## ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1557.

*Prelates.*—Tobie Matthew, Archbishop of York ; Archbishop Laud, elected the ninth president of this college ; in 1603 he was one of the proctors ; Dr. William Juxon, Bishop of London ; Peter Mews, Bishop of Winchester ; Sir William Dawes, Archbishop of York.

Among the scholars are Campian, the celebrated Jesuit ;

Dr. Case, the Aristotle commentator; Blagrove, mathematician; Sir James Whitelocke, chief-justice; How, the botanist; SHIRLEY, the dramatic poet; Gayton, poet; Whitelocke, the annalist, one of Cromwell's lords; Marsham, the chronologist; Bernard, Savilian Professor; WILLIAM LOWTH, the learned divine; Sherard, or Sherwood, botanist; Dillenius, ditto; Bevil Higgons, poet and historian; Bonwicke, master of Merchant Taylors' School; Sir William Trumbull, the correspondent of Pope; Dr. Robert James, discoverer of the febrifuge powder; Ducarel, antiquary; Dr. Monro, one of Radcliffe's travelling fellows; Whalley, commentator on Shakspere and Jonson; Samuel Bishop, poet; Dean Tucker, author of sundry tracts on politics and commerce; Dr. Bliss, editor of *Wood's Athenæ*; Dr. DIBDIN, author of *Bibliomania*, *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, *Bibliographical Decameron*, *Bibliographical Tour in France and Germany*, *The Library Companion*, *Introduction to the Classics*, &c. &c.

## JESUS COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1571.

*Prelates.*—Rider, Bishop of Killaloe; Lloyd, of St. Asaph; Wynne, of ditto, father of Sir William Wynne. Archbishop Usher was on the books, and resided here.

David Powel, the celebrated antiquary; John Davies, lexicographer; Rees Prichard, a popular Welsh poet; James Howell, the leading miscellanist of his time; Sir Thomas Herbert, an eminent traveller, and benefactor to the University; Sir Wm. Williams, lawyer; Sir Leoline Jenkyns; Dr. Jonathan Edwards, Principal, an eminent controversial divine; the pious Dr. Richard Lucas; Edward Lloyd, antiquary and botanist, afterwards keeper of the Ashmolean Museum; and the learned divines and theological writers, Dr. Wm. Worthington, Dr. Henry Owen, and Dr. James Bandinel, the first Bampton lecturer.

## WADHAM COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1613.

*Prelates.*—Among the principal are the names of Gauden, Bishop of Worcester; Seth Ward, of Salisbury; Thomas Sprat, of Rochester; and Samuel Parker, of Oxford.

Creech, editor and translator of Lucretius; Walsh, the poet; Dr. J. Trapp, professor of poetry; Thomas Baker, mathematician; Sir C. Sedley; Earl of Rochester; Admiral Blake; Mayow, physician; Dr. Hody; SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN;\*

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\* “In his fourteenth year, Christopher was admitted as a gentleman commoner at Wadham College, Oxford. These were tender years for acquiring any sort of notice in a learned university, and still more so for gaining the friendship of such men as John Wilkins, warden of Wadham, and Seth Ward, Savilian Professor of Astronomy, two of the most distinguished mathematicians of their day; yet nothing is more certain than that he obtained both. His talents, if their fame had not gone before him, were soon discovered at Oxford. He loved, what was fashionable in those days, to write Latin descriptions of his studies and designs, in verse as well as prose.”

A proud memory is connected with Wren's fame, from his share in the original plan of the Royal Society. “A young gentleman,” says Allan Cunningham, “thus remarkable for talents and diligence, was a welcome addition to that little band of scientific scholars, who, says Sprat, resorted, ‘soon after the civil wars, to the chamber of Dr. Wilkins, and laid the foundation of the Royal Society for improving natural knowledge.’ Amid the unsettled days of the Commonwealth, these scholars pursued their inquiries with all the zeal which genius brings to the aid of speculation; drew up descriptions, and made models and drawings of their inventions and discoveries; formed connexions with learned societies and individuals abroad; and, looking forward to more settled or fortunate times, prepared a draught of the present charter of the Royal Society.”

None who have seen that majestic pile, the Theatre at Oxford, will think the following reference devoid of interest:—“This, at all events, was the first of his designs which he saw realized; for it was opened on the 9th of July, 1669, with

Arthur Onslow, for many parliaments Speaker of the House of Commons; Chief-Justice Pratt; Costard, linguist; Harris, the philosopher, of Salisbury; Floyer Sydenham, the translator of Plato; Kennicott, collator of the Hebrew MSS.; Richardson, author of the Persian Dictionary; Anderson, who translated the *Arenarius* of Archimedes; Dr. Austen. The famous Bentley, of Cambridge, became a member of Wadham College in 1689.

### PEMBROKE COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1624.

*Prelates.*—Repingdon, Bishop of Lincoln in 1405, and cardinal, 1408; Bonner, of London, surnamed the Bloody; Dr. William Newcome, Archbishop of Armagh, the biblical critic; Dr. John Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Camden, the illustrious historian and antiquary; Sir Thomas Browne; Carew, Earl of Totness; Sir James Dyer; David Baker, ecclesiastical historian; Pym, the noted patriot. In more recent times we find the celebrated names of Judge Blackstone, who was first educated here; Philip Morant, historian of Essex; Whitfield; Dr. Durell, principal of Hertford College; the eccentric Henderson; the poets Southern,\* Shen-

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great solemnity, and followed," says the author of *Parentalia*, "by a most splendid act, such as had not been equalled in the memory of man. The munificent founder (Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury) honoured the architect, on this first essay of his skill, with the present of a golden cup, and by his statutes appointed him, jointly with the vice-chancellor, perpetual curator of the fabric." The finished work, splendid as it is, cannot, however, be compared to the original design. Wren planned a structure bearing no small resemblance to the theatre of Marcellus, yet exceedingly bold and original. Nevertheless, the building is famous for a roof constructed out of small pieces of timber, on the truest geometrical principles.

\* Johnson delighted to mention the names of poets educated at his own college; adding, (says that agreeable twaddler, Boswell,) with a smile of sportive triumph, "Sir, we are a nest of singing birds."

stone, Graves, and Hawkins, the Professor of Poetry ; Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, who was entered a commoner, Oct. 31, 1728. His apartment was the second floor over the gateway.

## WORCESTER COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1714.

Gloucester Hall, afterwards St. John Baptist's Hall, and now Worcester College, was one of the most ancient houses belonging to the Benedictines at the time of the dissolution.

*Prelates.*—Before the Reformation, occur the names of three BISHOPS, educated in Gloucester Hall : John Langdon, Bishop of Rochester, 1422 ; Mylling, of Hereford ; Dunstan, of Llandaff, 1545, who had been prior, but lived to the reign of Elizabeth, and acknowledged her supremacy.

In the same hall were educated, and some time resided, the celebrated traveller, Thomas Coryate ; Dr. Budden ; Thomas Allen, the mathematician ; Richard Lovelace, poet and linguist ; the learned Sir Kenelm Digby ; De Quincey, the " Opium Eater."

## HERTFORD COLLEGE.\*

FOUNDED IN 1725.

*Prelates.*—James Cranlegh, Archbishop of Dublin ; and Morgan Owen, Bishop of Llandaff ; Dickson, Bishop of Down and Connor ; and Archbishop Newcome, already noticed as belonging to Pembroke ; are claimed by Hertford College.

Nicholas Brigham, and Lord Buckhurst, poets ; the illustrious *Selden* ; Sir John Glynn, an eminent lawyer ; Dr. Donne, afterwards of Cambridge ; Nicholas Fuller, the greatest Hebrew critic of his time ; Sir William Waller, the parlia-

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\* Dissolved in 1816, and its site now occupied by Magdalen Hall.

mentary general; Sir Richard Baker, author of the popular Chronicle; Edward Lye, the Saxon lexicographer; Thomas Hutchinson, the editor of Xenophon; Dr. Hunt, Arabic Professor; Dr. Benjamin Blayney; and the illustrious CHARLES JAMES FOX, educated here under the tuition of Dr. Newcombe.

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## THE HALLS.

Before the foundation of colleges, all education in the University was carried on in certain houses, and sets of buildings, called halls, inns, or hostels, which were the property of the citizens of Oxford, who let them partially to individuals, or generally to societies, connected under one roof, in which case they were denominated halls.

### ST. ALBAN'S HALL.

FOUNDED IN THE REIGN OF JOHN.

*Prelates.*—Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, and martyr; Lamplugh, Archbishop of York; and Narcissus Marsh, primate of Ireland, were of this hall; which also enumerates among its scholars, MASSINGER, the dramatic poet; William Lenthall, Speaker to the House of Commons during the Long Parliament; and Sir Thomas Higgons, an English writer of some note, and ambassador at Vienna; the distinguished scholar and critic, Elmsley; Dr. Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin; and Dr. Cardwell, the present learned Principal.

### EDMUND HALL.

FOUNDED IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Carleton, Bishop of Chichester; Kennet, of Peterborough; and Dr. Daniel Wilson, the fourth Bishop of Calcutta; occur among the prelates who were educated or resided some time in Edmund Hall. Among its eminent scholars are, Sir W.

Jones, the law writer ; Judge Jenkins ; Dr. Bate ; Dr. Newton, mathematician ; John Oldham, the poet ; Kettlewell, the nonjuror, afterwards of Lincoln ; Blackmore, the poet ; Chamberlaine, author of *Angliæ Notitia* ; Humphrey Wanley, librarian ; HEARNE, the antiquary ; Dr. Kennet ; Felton, author of a *Dissertation on the Classics, &c.* ; Mill, editor of the Greek Testament ; and Dr. Grabe.

### ST. MARY HALL.

FOUNDED IN 1325.

The illustrious SIR THOMAS MORE ; Sir Christopher Hatton, George Sandys, and Fulwell, poets ; Hariot, an eminent mathematician ; Marchmont Needham, the political writer ; Dr. Phineas Pett, the tutor of Canning, Principal, &c., afterwards canon of Christ Church ; and Dr. Renn Dickson Hampden, Bampton Lecturer, &c.

### NEW INN HALL.

FOUNDED IN 1391.

Twyne, the antiquary, and the Rev. Dr. Scott, author of the *Christian Life, &c.*, were members of this hall. Dr. John Antony Cramer is the present Principal, and the author of works on Asia Minor, Ancient Italy, and Ancient Greece, together with accurate maps of those countries.

### ST. MARY MAGDALEN HALL.

FOUNDED IN 1480.

Among its *Prelates*, Magdalen Hall enumerates John Longland, Bishop of Lincoln ; Stokesley, Bishop of London ; and Wilkins, of Chester. Among its scholars are, Warner and Daniel, poets ; Sir Harry Vane, the republican ; Sir Julius Cæsar, a learned civilian ; Leigh, theologian ; LORD CLARENDON, the historian, who entered here in 1622 ; Tombes, whom Wood calls the Coryphæus of the Anabaptists ; SIR MATTHEW

HALE; Dr. Godwin; Theophilus Gale, author of the *Court of the Gentiles*; Dr. Sydenham; Pococke, afterwards of Corpus; Dr. Hickes, afterwards of Lincoln; Dr. Charleton; Edward Phillips, Milton's nephew; Dr. Plot, naturalist; Dr. Tyson; Sir George Wheeler; Dr. William Nichols, commentator on the Liturgy; Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher, of Malmesbury.

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As an appendix to this Biographical Summary, may be added, "An exact account of the whole number of scholars and students in the University of Oxford, taken anno 1612, in the long vacation."\*

|                         | Totals. |                           | Totals. |
|-------------------------|---------|---------------------------|---------|
| Ædes Christi.....       | 240     | Trinitatis Coll. ....     | 116     |
| Magdal. Coll. ....      | 246     | Jesu Coll. ....           | 91      |
| Novum Coll. ....        | 130     | Corpus Christi Coll. .... | 94      |
| Ænenasense Coll. ....   | 227     | Auld S. Maria ....        | 48      |
| Universit. Coll. ....   | 72      | Auld Magdal. ....         | 161     |
| Merton Coll. ....       | 93      | Auld Edmundi ....         | 47      |
| Reginense Coll. ....    | 267     | Auld Latarum Port ....    | 131     |
| Omnium Anim. Coll. .... | 93      | Auld Glocteri ....        | 62      |
| Eton Coll. ....         | 206     | Auld Albani ....          | 52      |
| S. Joannis Coll. ....   | 128     | Auld Cervini ....         | 71      |
| Lincoln Coll. ....      | 109     | Novum Hospitium ....      | 30      |
| Balliolense Coll. ....  | 127     |                           |         |
| Oriel Coll. ....        | 79      | Sum. Totalis ...          | 2920    |

The author is fully aware that omissions may be discovered in the preceding Summary, and that additions might be conferred on it by many ornaments of later times. Should a future occasion offer itself, together with the adequate records, those additions will not be neglected.

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\* From Tanner's MSS., in the Bodleian, quoted in "OXONIANA."



THE STAGE COACH.—1827.

————— O'er the wheel-track'd road  
The lab'ring coach conducts its motley load.

OXFORD.

————— Jumenta vocant——eundum est ;  
Nam mihi commota jam dudam mulio virga  
Adnuit.

JUV. *Sat.* 3.

## ADVERTISEMENT TO FIRST EDITION.

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THE following Poem was written before the “*Omni-presence of the Deity*” appeared. The reader will, of course, be candid enough to estimate the poem by a right standard, nor expect a homely subject to be treated in any but a homely style:—*parvum parva decent*. There is something peculiarly national in the neatness, comfort, and rapidity of our stage-coaches; and the Author thought many of the feeling reflections which a journey in England suggests, might not be inappropriately described in a poetical form. With this brief preface, the Author leaves the work to the indulgence of his readers;—happy will he be, if, when steam has rendered our present style of travelling almost extinct, an occasional passenger will be old-fashioned enough to patronize him by taking a place in his “STAGE COACH!”

*April 25th, 1834.*

## ANALYSIS.

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SUNRISE in an obscure village—LOWLAND described—Curate's abode—Breakfast scene before the journey—Coach arrives—Its influence on the villagers, &c.—A respectful apostrophe to the subject—Pleasure of a journey from town on a fine day, or of a visit to a secluded friend—Schoolboy's love of travel—A coachman sketched—A farewell at the Parsonage—Journey recommenced—Landscape scenery—Park mansions—Country gentlemen—a homely man's feeling on surveying their comforts—Moral scenery on the road—Instruction often derived from a casual acquaintance with passengers—Characters—Politician—Pleasure of a social temper—The quiet demeanour of the curate contrasted with his loquacious friend—A retrospect of the author's—A sad but interesting passenger is next described—then, two schoolboys, and their pleasant glee—its effect on a sailor and an old soldier, who each relate the story of their lives—Arrival at a town where the coach stops for dinner—Comforts of an inn—scene described—Journey recommenced—Evening scenery—Delight of revisiting the place of our boyish days—Sailor's joy on his return home after a long absence—Journey concluded—The passengers part—And the poem concludes with a moral comparison.

## THE STAGE COACH.

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THE morn is up; in Lowland's eastern sky  
Masses of cloud in rich confusion lie;  
Awhile they mingle, then apart they glide,  
Like painted isles upon a far-off tide,  
Till, orb'd with glory, see! the Sun appear,  
To light the world, and lead the Day's career.  
Now from yon hamlet's moss-grown chimneys rise  
Wreaths of blue smoke that curl along the skies,  
And far the stir of village life resounds,  
And rings the morning air with merry sounds.

Ask ye of LOWLAND,—site of boyish days?  
A village, such as Goldsmith's verse might praise;—  
A grey church glimm'ring through the dark elm-trees,  
Whose sweet bells wander on the flying breeze;  
A gothic mansion on the green withdrawn,  
With freckled steps and smoothly levell'd lawn,

Where priest and parish sages oft retire,  
And bow obsequious to the ruddy squire;  
An ocher'd inn behind a bench-girt tree,  
Where chatt'ring statesmen kindly disagree;—  
These are the proudest piles on Lowland's plain,  
To charm the pilgrim, or delight the swain.

Though barren now, not so when summer-bloom  
Spreads a bright magic over winter's gloom,  
Fair Lowland looks, and every garden greets  
The way-worn traveller with exulting sweets.  
The gravel winding to the lilac bower  
Where shaded friends beguile their sultry hour,  
The guarded hives, where humming bees abound,  
The well-rope creaking forth its homely sound,  
The fairy babble of a road-side stream,  
Where the brown urchin weaves his infant dream—  
With many a charm, awake the wand'rer's smile,  
Tempting his eye to pause, and dream awhile.

But to our scene:—Beside yon beaten road  
Behold the village curate's neat abode;  
Time-worn, it stands in unobtrusive state,  
Behind the circling pales and ivy'd gate,  
With gothic windows based by massy beams,  
And grey porch welcom'd by the morning gleams:—

No fruits or flower-parterres in spruce array!  
The night-beads glisten on the leafless spray,  
And, safely housed within his pendent cote,  
The plaintiff pigeon coos his winter note.

But in yon parlour, where a window blaze  
Now flickers redly o'er the white-frost haze,  
And the bold robin, fed by infant zeal,  
Pecks from the scatter'd crumbs his morning meal,  
How merrily resounds the mingled din,  
Of social love and life, awake within!  
Bright on the pictured wall the fire-beams play;  
There the loud tea-urn sings its bubbling lay,  
And on the glossy table-cloth are spread  
The glitt'ring china, and the cottage bread:  
The parting hour—like death itself to meet—  
Is come;—the curate from his calm retreat,  
Doom'd by domestic care, awhile must roam,  
And leave the heaven that virtue finds at home.

Around him now a darling group is met,  
With faithful looks of fondness and regret;  
Yon fair-brow'd child, the gentle, kind, the good,  
And budding sweetly into womanhood,  
With filial love the breakfast rite surveys,  
While a meek sorrow dims her pensive gaze;

One prattling cherub, with infantine grace,  
Leaps on his knee, and pats his smiling face,  
While elder boys within their hearts receive  
The counsel pious fathers care to give.  
But, ah! what lovely dew's of feeling rise,  
Melt from the soul, and glitter in her eyes,  
As moves the mother with a placid mien,  
And fondly hovers round this parting scene!  
Full well the tender sire perceives the care,  
And smiles it off with many a winning air;  
Talks of his quick return, the news he'll tell,  
And *looks* what language could not speak so well!

But, hark! the merry bugle peals a sound,  
Till the roused echoes ring the hills around!  
From doors half open'd peeps out many a face,  
The grandam hobbles from her wonted place,  
While noisy urchins scour the village through,  
To hail the Stage-coach wheeling into view!—  
A thing of glory to a rustic throng,  
Who shout and gambol as it whirls along;  
Or, idly vent'rous, balance at its back,  
Braving the guard, and whip's repeated smack;  
While at the blacksmith's murky door preside,  
With solemn eyes, and mouths all gaping wide,  
A prying group—that pertinacious class  
Who quiz profoundly as the coaches pass.

Triumph of art! thou swiftly-moving dome,  
To every rank awhile convenient home,  
Compactly fashion'd to a useful form,  
To poise the burden, and defy the storm,—  
Let Life and Commerce, Love and Pleasure, shew  
What daily blessings to thy speed we owe:  
Sure of thy succour, see the friend depart,  
To press the absent to his faithful heart;  
Swift as thy speed, behold the lover fly,  
On Love's warm breast to breathe his welcome  
sigh;  
The proud and mean, the hapless and the gay,  
Thou waft'st them all, along their various way!

And pleasant 'tis when Winter's flooding rains  
Flash on the pools, and beat the rattling panes,  
Snug in a coach's padded nook to lie,  
Stretch the free limb, and close the languid eye;  
But sweeter far, on some auspicious day,  
When lovely clouds the crystal sky inlay,  
And choral breezes o'er the meadow spring,  
Like uncaged birds, exultant on the wing,—  
Throned on a coach to leave the smoke-dimm'd town,  
And view the shining mead, and sloping down,  
The wood-crown'd hills, and laughing streams that  
glide,  
While sunbeams gambol on their gurgling tide.

How warms the spirit into young delight,  
As views romantic greet the gladden'd sight,  
While lip and brow partake the fresh-wing'd breeze,  
Till fancy echoes to the warbling trees;  
'Tis now,—as slow and soft some distant bell  
Dies on the air, with sound's delicious spell,  
That worldly feelings faint off, one by one,  
Like ice-drops melting from the noontide sun;  
Till, soften'd all, they mix in one soft sigh,  
Or bask delighted in the beaming eye!

Be mine on such a morn to take my seat,  
And leave the noise of life for some retreat,  
Where haply dwells in his Arcadian cot,  
Far from the world, and by the world forgot,  
The tasteful friend, by genial fortune woo'd  
To mental ease and classic solitude;  
There, warm at heart, within his social room,  
Where fragrant woodbines waft their mild perfume,  
At eve's soft hour to view the vesper star,  
And talk of vanish'd scenes and friends afar;  
Renew the hours of rapture and of pain,  
Create the past, and be the boy again!

By moonlight, too, when vale and coppice gleam,  
Like landscapes pictured in a poet's dream,

How charming from the coach, with errant eye  
To mark the glimm'ring meadows gliding by:—  
The spectral valley, or the dark-brow'd hill,  
The woods in dewy slumber, dark and still,  
Or taper twinkling from some far abode,  
Or waggon winding up the lonesome road,  
While the meek night-bird's melancholy lay  
Melts like a wreath of woven sound away!  
Not least the coach's charm let schoolboys tell,  
When to their prison walls they shout, farewell!  
Then through the joy-wing'd night glib tongues  
display  
The fairy visions of their homeward way;  
And oft the ceaseless tongue would fain relate  
What coach-wheels rattled at the school-yard gate!

But who, emburied in his coat's broad fold,  
With triple kerchief round his neck enroll'd,  
Stalks forth, with brindled waistcoat, full and  
free,  
And glossy boots, braced o'er his giant knee?  
Our coachman! who, with smiling pomp and mien,  
Full-blown and square, directs the road-machine.  
Alike when winter wraps the world in snow,  
Or o'er it summer sheds her sleepy glow;  
Not unimportant is his busy post,  
Or on the road, or parleying with my host,

Or when, with merry eye and mottled face,  
He twirls the whip with years' collected grace!

Happy the traveller who on coachey's throne  
May sit, and make the country round his own;  
Well pleased to hear him, with a tender pride,  
To gentle strangers act the courteous guide,  
Point with his whip to each patrician house,  
Portray the owner, or depict his spouse;  
Or, fraught with whisper'd tales of sly import,  
Presume to paint a baron for his sport!  
Then, too, what puns and proverbs quaint he knows,  
What ruddy humour on each feature glows,  
When, gazing round him with theatric leer,  
He tells the freaks of many a by-gone year!

But see, the fond farewells are said and o'er,  
And, lo! the curate, at the coach's door,  
Smiles on the red-cloak'd dames and hoary men,  
Who humbly wish him safe return'd again:  
Up roll the steps—the echoes of the horn  
Far on the breeze from hill to hill are borne,  
And see!—along the road's extended sweep,  
Loud as the billows lording o'er the deep,  
Again the bick'ring wheels their course renew,  
And Lowland fades amid the distant view.

And now, while languid mists dissolve away,  
And golden sun-tints o'er the landscape play,  
Look round!—the unpretending view admire,  
From shady dingles peeps the taper spire,  
And far around yon richly-wooded green  
What still romance o'er veils the rural scene!

But most the pilgrim eye delights to see,  
My country! monarch of the imperial sea!  
Those ancient mansions where thy gentles dwell,  
And grace the domes their fathers built so well.  
Far on the lawn, amid the leafy shade,  
Behold the porch and turret towers display'd.  
Hark! round the park, begirt with olden trees,  
The sheep-bells shake their echoes on the breeze;  
Fleet on his fairy foot, the timid deer,  
With glancing eye, pursues his wild career;  
While browsing cattle crop the stunted food,  
And snuff the wind with conscious gratitude.

And long, fair England! may such domes be seen,  
In stately triumph frowning o'er the green;  
Long may the COUNTRY GENTLEMAN be found  
The honour'd lord of his paternal ground;  
Far from suburban toil, and meaner care,  
No midnight brawls, no masquerading there,

A bounteous fortune, and a feeling breast,  
Loved by the good, and by the humble blest,—  
How calm he marks the bloom of life decay,  
How breeze-like float the fleeting hours away!

And, ah! forgive the wand'rer, doom'd to roam  
O'er life's autumnal waste, without a home,  
If chance an unforbidden wish should swell  
For some dear haunt, where love and truth might  
    dwell;

How blithely would he hail the welcome dawn,  
And stroll enamour'd round his dew-bright lawn!  
Or when pale twilight glanced the garden trees,  
And the boughs twinkled in their vesper breeze,  
Delighted stray, with heavenward feeling fraught,  
And wind the mazes of immortal thought!

But from the road unnumber'd scenes transfuse  
O'er the quick mind, reflection's moral hues;  
Each, as it passes, claims a sigh or tear,  
For Want, and Wo, and all their offspring, here.  
There, the blind beggar, led by faithful Tray,  
Bareheaded, moans along his mournful way;  
Here, a lean pedler winds his wintry track,  
With wallet strapp'd upon his weary back;  
And far withdrawn on yonder coppice green,  
Like wood-born regents of the lonely scene,

The sun-brown gipsies o'er their caldron gaze,  
And watch the faggots crackle as they blaze.  
But lo! a livelier scene,—beside the wheel,  
Wild urchins whirling round from head to heel;  
Around, and round, and still around they turn,  
Till lip and eye with bright suffusion burn,  
Then mildly beg, with upward-looking face,  
Some poor reward to crown their wheel-side race.  
And oft to him, whose moral eye hath been  
A quaint observer of life's comic scene,  
Hath social travel true instruction brought,  
That form'd a theme for many an after thought;  
Abroad, our lines of character appear;  
For who would crouch to affectation here,  
Where all are free, unknown, and unrestrain'd,  
And fashion profitless, however feign'd?  
A rapid meeting (like the glad surprise  
Of nature, when a sun-burst brings the dies  
Of verdure, wood, and water into life,  
Each with a sudden power of freshness rife,)  
Calls traits of mind and tones of feeling forth,  
And bold opinion in its native worth!  
Within the compass of a hundred miles,  
How vast a subject for our frowns, or smiles!  
How much that opens like a scenic view  
Of Nature's drama, such as Shakspeare drew!

The selfish, vain, the volatile, and proud,  
The pert, the spruce, the silent, and the loud,—  
All, in their turn, some living truth impart,  
To thread the lab'rinth that conceals the heart.

Meanwhile, our rumbling coach pursues its way,  
Adorn'd with passengers—and who are they?  
Inside, and warm'd with sympathy, recline  
A politician and a plain divine;  
The first can lay the cabinet quite bare,  
And fathom all the well of wisdom there!  
A smile of candour clothes his merry cheek,  
And his eyes twinkle what his heart would speak:  
Genteelly plain in periwig and vest,—  
Let buckled shoes and snuff-box speak the rest!

Within a coach, perchance we oft may find  
Some choice companion with a kindred mind;  
Here, unsubdued by ceremonious fear,  
The sterling traits of character appear;  
And thoughts, unmannacled by mean control,  
Flash bright and clear, like sparkles from the soul.  
Shame on the man! who drones himself away,  
When conversation should have turn to play;  
A soul so bare, companionless, and cold,  
Can scarce be stamp'd in nature's kindly mould,

Who bids the social flame to kindle, when  
We meet, though strangers, with our fellow-men.

Commend me him, who, with colloquial art,  
Can loose his tongue, and let out half his heart;  
Above suspicion, conscious of no end,  
He turns the stranger to a passing friend,—  
Refined or rude, no matter, if the mind  
Be meet for converse, and to truth inclined.  
With him a journey yields delightful ease,  
His wit may gladden, and his wisdom please;  
Long miles escape amid such talking charms,  
The temper brightens, and acquaintance warms.

And such is he, whose glowing tongue hath sped  
As if a parliament were in his head;  
How well he weaves each patriotic plan,  
And, like a minister, selects his man!  
Condemns a war, or conquers distant climes,  
And paints the leading wonder of the times;  
With fond remembrance turns to scenes of yore,  
And mourns that mind will be revived no more,  
As when, with eagle glance, great Chatham rose,  
And flash'd defiance to his country's foes;  
As when, enrapt, the immortal Burke he saw  
Astound the House, and give the world a law!

Meanwhile, the pensive curate, pleased to learn,  
But ventures half an answer in his turn;  
Remotely blest, his humble lot has been  
To move through life unvalued and unseen;  
To watch and weep beside the couch of woe,  
And bid the tear of penitence to flow;  
To woo immortal mercy from the throne,  
Protect the poor, and make their griefs his own;—  
His heart replete with heavenly love and truth,  
The prop of age, and hallow'd guide of youth,  
His home the bosom-spring of tranquil joy,—  
Ah! who would mar him with the world's alloy?

And here, oh! let one dreaming line renew  
The hour when Life's far ocean dawn'd in view,  
And, fired by young Ambition's inward flame,  
To battle with its stormy scenes I came.  
As o'er the winding street our coach-wheels roll'd,  
And from the Abbey-dome the town-clock toll'd,  
How ling'ringly my parting glance was cast  
On each loved spot that hail'd me as we past!  
Till, far behind, old Bladud's hills were seen,  
And glitt'ring uplands clad in forest-green,  
And rocky woods enrapt in evening glow,  
With beechen valleys, bathed in light below,—  
Till dim and faint the city mansions grew,  
Like domes of cloud that die in airy blue:

Then all the heart seem'd melting into tears,  
And fancy hover'd o'er my future years!

That time hath fled; and truth might well relate  
The toiling woes of life's eventful state;  
The tinge of circumstance that hued my hours,—  
Not gently lost in academic bowers,  
But roll'd away in energetic toil,  
With friends to gather, and with foes to foil:—  
But these are past; and that great Power alone,  
To whom the history of hearts is known,  
The fiery trace of anxious care can see,  
That tracks the past, and will the years to be!

Night roll'd away; and when, with weary eye,  
We watch'd the dawn awaking in the sky,  
London, the vast, the wonder of mankind,  
The mart of commerce, and the fount of mind,  
Like an immortal vision rose in view,  
Sublimely dimm'd with morning's clouded blue!  
How did the startled feelings rush and roll  
In pleasing tumult o'er the prostrate soul,  
When timidly, as on enchanted ground,  
I mark'd the giant domes uprear'd around,  
And heard the waves of Life around me roar,  
Like echoes wafted from a distant shore,

While bands of glorious spirits that have been,  
Sprang into life, and stalk'd the mighty scene!

\* \* \* \* \*

Still wheels the coach along the hoof-worn road,  
Now crown'd and creaking with a human load;  
The wintry sun pours forth his noontide glare,  
And cheeks catch beauty from the bracing air,  
While laughing glee and social voices sound,  
And pleasure quickens as the tongues abound.

Amid the tumult of a crowded street,  
In pensive walk who has not chanced to meet  
Some unregarded wretch who seems alone,  
Sad as an exile in a land unknown;  
Some shape of woe upon whose mournful face  
Compassion loves the line of thought to trace?  
And such yon aged man, with haggard mien,  
Who, all unconscious of the present scene,  
His ev'ry feature with dejection fraught,  
Sits in a shroud of melancholy thought:—  
Upon that wintry brow and blighted cheek  
Departed years their doleful hist'ry speak!  
For him no welcome by a cheering hearth,  
No home of comfort, and no song of mirth;  
No gentle heart to mingle with his own,  
Pilgrim of life, he roams the world alone!

On such a wither'd face and dim-worn eye,  
The gay might look, and learn for once to sigh!

Merriest of all whose bounding bosoms feel  
The flush of joy their laughing eyes reveal,  
Two schoolboys from the coach's roof resound  
Triumphantly, and hail the woods around;  
Glad as the sunbeams when the storm is o'er,  
That gild the wave, and gambol on the shore.

Oh! could the horses like their wishes speed,  
Then short the road, and trav'ling swift indeed!  
And mark yon blue-eyed rogue with daring brow,  
Round his young heart what visions revel now!  
Restless and wild—all gaze and wonder he;  
Sky, coach, and road, he fills them all with glee!  
How dark a myst'ry to his infant mind,—  
The wheels advance, the bushes glide behind!  
Full oft a school-room dream hath pictured this,  
A journey home,—the paragon of bliss!  
This heal'd up many a birch-awaken'd smart,  
Cut short the lesson, and relieved the heart:—  
It comes at last!—adieu to "*Propria quæ*,"  
Long-rooted verbs, and puzzling prosody,  
The tame sky-blue, the task-recalling bell,  
The stern infliction, and the piteous yell,—

A month of joy each parted woe repays,  
With nights of fun, and frolic-loaded days.  
Not he who cross'd the Rubicon for Rome,  
Plann'd more immensely than these rogues for home;  
What feats immortal on the frozen lake!  
What titt'ring mirth around the twelfth-night cake!  
Then snugly seated by the parlour fire,  
Hobgoblin tales shall Christmas eve inspire;  
Or hand in hand by old affection led,  
They'll see the showman smoothe the lion's head!

A glad spectator of these roguish two,  
Garb'd in a time-worn suit of woollen blue,  
A plump-faced tar sits by, and joys to see  
The heart-warm flow of boyish revelry;  
His tiny hat of weather-beaten straw,  
His twinkling eye, and look so fresh and raw,  
The winning bluntness of a seaman's guise,  
Allure the urchins' archly smiling eyes;  
Looks grow to words—and kind, without delay,  
With ocean-tales he charms the weary way.  
Of wolf-howls wafted round the ice-clad cape,  
And bellowing winds, and waves of mountain shape,  
And billows thund'ring by the vessel's side,  
While mariners in swinging hammocks ride—  
Of these he tells—till one, with wonder grave,  
Uplifts his hand to meet a mountain wave;

Then, in a vision, views the shatter'd sail,  
And starts and shivers at the seaman's tale!

A veteran soldier, in his faded lace,  
One-legg'd, with plumeless cap, and scar-worn face,  
Upon whose furrow'd features, rough and plain,  
Is mapp'd out many a fierce and far campaign!  
Smiling, obeys the elder boy's behest,  
To read the medal on his martial breast:  
Though battle-roar, and moonlight bivouac,  
And mounted breach, and city's dreadful sack,  
Return no more—his eye illumines to tell  
Of foe and fight he loved to brave so well;  
Once more in heart he marches to the sound  
Of deep-roll'd drums and clarion's echoing sound;  
Front in the rank again he seems to be,  
And o'er each feature flashes—victory!

And well the eager boy his rapture feels,  
To hear of clarion's voice, and cannon peals;  
Or how the battle raged till setting sun,  
Retreat and charge,—who vanquish'd, and who  
won;  
Till his heart triumphs with a warrior's glow,  
Pants for a sword, a charger, and a foe!  
But hark! the watchful guard, in champion state,  
Twangs his shrill summons to the turnpike gate:

And promptly coming from his spruce abode,  
A grey-beard opes the barrier of the road:  
'Tis pass'd;—and, lo! beside yon chalky down,  
The giant shadows of the distant town;  
Till, brightly towering in the noontide blaze,  
A city flashes on the eager gaze!  
Brick walls and temples, domes, and mansions  
    dun,  
And steeples whitening in the welcome sun,  
And banners shivering in the smoke-dimm'd air,  
And lofty house-roofs, slanting, broad, and bare,  
With the faint windings of a clear canal,  
Like a lone pilgrim, roaming far from all,—  
Majestic spread beneath a cloudless sky,  
In one full mass arrest the traveller's eye.

Though sweet awhile the noisy world to leave,  
Forsake its follies, and forget to grieve,  
Pleasant the city-roar renew'd again,  
When feeling flags, and solitude is pain!  
List to the clamour of the clatt'ring street,  
The bickering car, and hoof, and patt'ring feet;  
The rush—the stir—the deafening, struggling din  
Of moving life!—but, lo! a stately inn.

Hail to the timely welcome of an inn;  
Hail to the room where home and cheer begin;

Where all the frost-bound feelings melt away,  
And soul-warm sympathies begin to play,  
While Independence shews her careless mien,  
And unforced traits of human life are seen.  
The crackling blaze that dies the chimney red,  
The gracious substance on the table spread,  
The glowing wine-cup, and the fat ale's foam,—  
Partake them all, and dream thyself at home!

As round the festive board our travellers sit,  
With appetites far sharper than their wit,  
What busy knives and forks, what meats abound,  
What hissing corks, and tinkling glasses sound!  
Some, fiercely rapid, sheathe the gleaming blade  
In joints that seem for hungry pilgrims made;  
Some by the glitt'ring hearth-side sit and gaze,  
And bathe their features in its welcome blaze;  
Nor still the host, who waddles here and there,  
Like a live barrel, come to take the air!  
The time is past—the feast partaken, o'er;  
Again the journey over hill and moor;  
Fresh at the rein, behold the rapid steed  
Roll his large eyes, and cleave the wind with speed;  
Thus, unimpeded with its plenteous load,  
The eager coach pursues the varying road,  
Save when relays from thatchy barns are led,  
And tired steeds loiter, steaming, to their bed.

Now shadowy eve the fading woods hath crown'd,  
And dew and darkness shed their spirit round;  
Hark! o'er the hills what bugle-echoes play,  
And die in many a fractured note away!  
Behold! the MAIL in glimm'ring pomp appears;  
And, as it onward speeds, what smiles and tears,  
What shades of time, or accident, or scene,  
And memories for all that life has been,  
It brings,—to sadden, sweeten, or beguile  
The myriad hearts within our noble isle!  
Perchance the morrow will an orphan hail,  
A wife be weeping o'er some funeral tale,  
A friend be doom'd in distant isles to roam,  
And music cease in many a happy home!

Where is the heart unmoved by more than glee,  
Where is the eye that kindles not to see  
That spot where first our beam of life began,  
And youth put on the energies of man?  
When far remote from youth's regretted scene,  
Imagination sped the way between,  
And, hovering round each well-known spot, restored  
All that the memory loved, and heart adored!  
A Sabbath bell recall'd the street we trod  
Each holy morn, to hymn the name of God.  
A ballad-singer in his homely strain  
Would thrill the bosom with delicious pain,

As oft, beneath the moon's romantic ray,  
We mused on home and friendship far away:—  
Return'd at length,—again we glow to greet  
Each fav'rite spot and unforgotten street;  
Once more on haunted wood and stream to gaze,  
And clasp the shadow of departed days.

And lo! upon yon sailor's swarthy brow  
What home-born feeling is enkindled now?  
What tear-drops gush from out his happy soul,  
As up familiar lanes the coach-wheels roll,  
Joy flies from lip to brow,—through heart and  
limb,  
The very houses seem to welcome him!  
Though doom'd awhile a foreign deep to roam,  
Each breeze and blast had wing'd a blessing home;  
Where Hope and Mem'ry bade him oft retire,  
And tell sea-tales around his winter fire.

But list! the schoolboys' mingled shouts of glee,  
Round a fond parent dancing merrily!  
Such bliss to come, such pain and peril past—  
Can their glib tongues unload the heart too fast?  
The old man smiles, and mingles with their joy,  
Pleased to remember he was once a boy;  
And blandly paints the joyous scenes to come,  
As hand in hand he leads the prattlers home.

Reader! a pensive moral ere we part,  
And be its tablet thy persuaded heart;  
Our vanish'd day like human life hath been,  
An onward view of many a varied scene;  
A changeful path, where faces come and go,  
Friends meet, and part,—like all we love below;  
Thus on, till Life's eventful journey's o'er,  
And they who meet, are met to part no more!

FRAGMENTS OF SATIRE.—1827.



## FRAGMENTS OF SATIRE.\*

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### DEATH OF A LIBERTINE.

CONTRAST the scene of Fashion's brief delight,  
With the dark hour of Death's unhallow'd night;  
When life and time are ebbing to their close,  
And martyr'd pleasure dreads the tomb's repose:—  
Alone and fever'd on his sleepless bed,  
Yon dying libertine supports his head;

\* In publishing a uniform edition of these poems, it has been deemed proper that at least a minute portion of the Author's Satires should appear. The above fragments are from two volumes that have been long out of print, the one entitled, "The Age Reviewed," and the other, "The Puffiad," both published some twelve years ago. In looking back on those productions with altered feelings, and a heart, he humbly hopes, fixed upon better designs than those of acrimonious censure and ridicule, the writer is free to confess that his Satires abound in specimens of bad taste and rash opinion. He has, however, the gratification of finding that in no one case did these unripe productions offend against revealed truth, or tend to corrupt the principles of virtue and sound morals.—R. M. 1839.

There is an awe—a silence in the gloom,  
As if the fiend were cowering o'er the room;  
A faintly glimm'ring taper flickers there,  
Tinting his livid cheek with hectic glare:—  
Days were when beauty, love, saloon, and ball,  
Found him the gayest, wildest rake of all;  
Unmanly wreck! all blanch'd and blighted now,  
With hollow cheek, and anguish-moisten'd brow,  
Oft turns he round, to feel his throbbing brain,  
Grind his dark teeth, and root his locks for pain;—  
Then tears the garment from his heated breast,  
And lifts, in vain, his pale clench'd hands, for rest;  
No tears of sad remorse bedew his face,  
No touch of feeling could Religion trace;  
Those burning lips that breathe a dismal sigh,  
The phrenzies flashing from his fretful eye,  
That wild convulsion through each feature spread,—  
All speak of pangful guilt, and hopeless dread!

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#### ENTRANCE INTO A LITERARY LIFE IN LONDON: ITS DIFFICULTIES.

To this huge capital,—the dream of youth,  
That paradise till Fancy melt in truth,—  
The young advent'rer, kindling for a name,  
Repairs to offer at the shrine of Fame:

Parental lips have seal'd their parting kiss,  
And fond farewells have omen'd future bliss,  
Then proudly firm, his panting bosom glows,  
While Hope around him all her magic throws;  
Thus comes he to the crowded capital,  
Where toil-worn genius fades, and talents fall;  
And hate and rivalry alike conspire,  
To crush the spirit and exhale its fire.  
Deluding weakness!—here did Goldsmith roam,  
And Chatterton could share no shelt'ring home;  
Here, martyr'd Otway hunger'd to his grave,  
And toiling Johnson drudged, a printer's slave!  
The lurking satire of each stranger's eye,  
The bribe-fed sycophants that swagger by,—  
The knaves that cozen, and the fools that goad,  
With all the thorns on life's precarious road,—  
Commingled, these oft balk the firstling thrown  
On life, to steer his little bark alone:  
How many a flower of dear domestic pride,  
In wasted fragrance here has droop'd and died!  
Yet better far, to languish on and die,  
Than live to pen the page of infamy.

## HOUSE ON FIRE.

BUT list! huge wheels roll o'er the jarring stones,  
I hear the clatt'ring hoofs, and rabble's tones!  
Before yon dome the creaking engines wait,  
Where shield-mark'd firemen empt their liquid  
    freight,  
While, sternly awful to the startled sight,  
Rear the red columns of resistless light!  
The windows deepen into dreadful glow,  
Till the hot glass bursts shatt'ring down below;  
While darting fires around their wood-work blaze,  
And lick the water, hissing as it plays;  
Above the crackling roof fierce flames arise,  
And whirl their sparks, careering to the skies;  
Triumphantly the ravenous blazes mount,  
As if they started from a fiery fount,  
Now, cloud-like, piling up in billowy fire,  
Now quiv'ring sunk, to re-collect their ire :—  
But see! again whirl up the blood-red flames,  
In vain the rushing flood their fury tames;  
Like burning mountain-peaks, aloft they raise  
Their jagged columns of unequal blaze,  
Till the loose beams and flaking rafters fall,  
And, like a thund'ring earthquake, bury all!

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH  
PEASANTRY

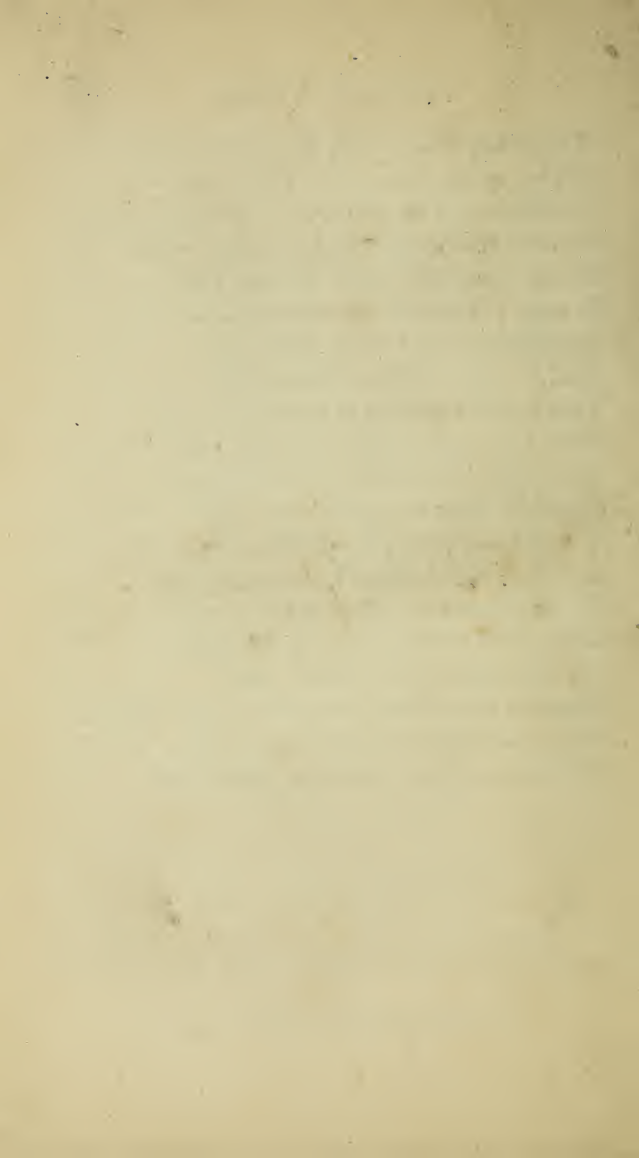
CONTRASTED WITH THAT OF FORMER DAYS.

BEHOLD our peasantry! Britannia's pride,  
While baleful Luxury her boon denied;  
The tyrant grasp of Desolation spoils  
Each homely shelter for the lab'rer's toils;  
While sad and far the houseless peasant flies,  
And mansions o'er his ruin'd hamlet rise:  
For him no more shall bloom the garden flower,  
No Sabbath guest shall greet his hazel bower,  
No winter's evening bring domestic bliss,  
No laughing infants leap to share the kiss.—  
Inhuman tyrants! whose destructive hand,  
To grasp domain, would desolate the land;  
Can barren pomp one joyous hour bestow,  
While famine fills a thousand hearts with wo?  
Can palisadoed lawns of wide extent  
Please, like the rural homes of calm Content?  
Sweeter by far, methinks, were wealth to pour  
Diffusive blessings from her ample door;  
And where the sick man pined, to visit there,  
And with the smile of mercy, hush despair.—  
And dear the scene that charm'd the pilgrim's eye,  
Ere Lux'ry rose, or Avarice peal'd her cry;

Where cottage homes, upon the green domain,  
Were health and shelter to the toiling swain :  
There many a way-worn trav'ler sighing stay'd,  
And ask'd of Heaven some equal hamlet shade,  
Where humble life flow'd undisturb'd away;  
And happiness led on each new-born day.  
The smoke enwreathing with the playful breeze,  
The glowing produce ripening on the trees,  
The laden bee low-humming in the flower,  
Or pigeon cooing from his woody tower,  
With all the nameless charms that nestle round  
The cottage garden, and the pasture ground,—  
Made every passing stranger stop awhile,  
And lit his ling'ring eye with many a smile :  
Here was the home, where toil-worn age, at last,  
Might rest secure, and muse on labours past;  
Here was the welcome round of rustic mirth,  
The family supper, and the blazing hearth,  
The happy converse, and the cheerful gaze,  
With all that Gratitude to Mercy pays!—  
Rare now a scene so simply pure as this,  
The quiet plenty and the cottage bliss!  
Oppressive Wealth usurps each lawny spot,  
Where bloom'd the garden, and where rose the cot;  
Mansions, and groves, and princely parks abound,  
Stretch o'er the plain, and seize each rood of ground,

While Pomp frowns every meaner home away,  
And leaves the peasant but a scanty pay ;  
Doom'd through the day to bear the summer blaze;  
Or mend, 'mid ice and snow, the public ways;  
Or else, beneath the bleak autumnal showers,  
In damp and pain to pass the tedious hours,—  
A pittance from the tyrant of the soil  
Is all that pays him for his dismal toil;  
Then home he wanders to a cheerless shed,  
With discontented heart, and aching head :  
Here shall no rosy babes, nor smiling wife,  
Attend, to make the sweetnesses of life;  
No social ease to keep the mind in tune,  
And shed delight around life's waning noon;  
But starving infants, with imploring eyes,  
Raising their little hands and piteous cries,  
Till agony distract the parent's brain,  
Flame the wild thought, and rack the soul with pain,  
When want bursts every tie of virtue free,  
And Crime conducts him to the gallows-tree!

THE END.











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